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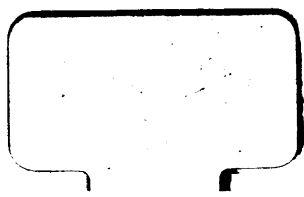
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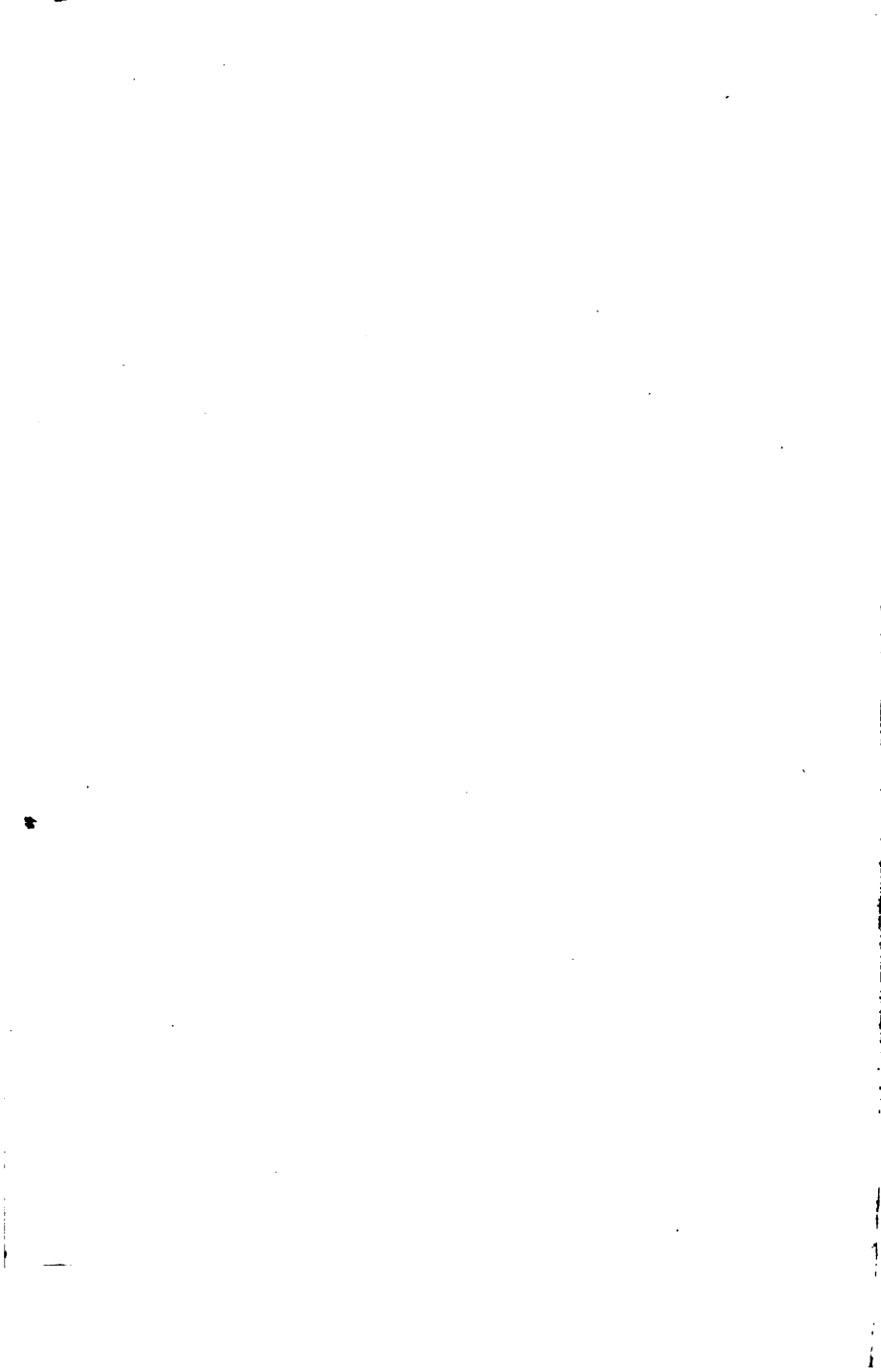
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THE  
SOUTHERN STUDENT'S HAND-BOOK  
OF  
SELECTIONS  
FOR  
READING AND ORATORY.

BY  
JOHN G. JAMES,  
*Superintendent Texas Military Institute, Austin.*

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## PREFACE.

THE South has been, from the foundation of the government, the peer, if not the superior, in political oratory, of any other section of the Union. In letters, too, it has done much—much more than it usually gets credit for ; though that it has not been equally prominent in this field is due in part to the natural predilection of the Southern mind for statesmanship and arms, and largely to that former ease of living of the educated classes, which made literature as a profession distasteful, rather than to any lack of culture, taste, or genius,—for, witness the surprising growth in volume and value of its contributions to our recent literature, made under the exigencies of its new political and social regime. And yet to American school children the very names even of Southern orators, poets, and prose writers are unfamiliar, simply because the Readers and Speakers heretofore prepared have, from ignorance or design, been *sectional* or *not national*—composed of material of either Northern or English origin, to the exclusion of almost everything Southern.

This, then, is the *raison d'être* of the present volume, which, however, does not attempt a complete survey of Southern eloquence and letters, but aims chiefly to represent the "New South" in oratory, dialectic, poetry, and general literature, in the hope of supplying to our schools a compilation which will be found fresh and interesting, as but few of the pieces used have ever before been in any text-book. While intended for a Reader and Compendium of Recent Southern Literature for advanced classes, it will be found adapted to use as a Speaker in all schools and colleges.

## PREFACE.

Though the matter is exclusively of Southern origin, the work is far from being *sectional* in a bad sense, for it contains no article that could suggest or foster in the mind of the student sectional hatred or unpatriotic sentiments. It seeks to revive no dead issues, to teach no exploded political ideas, to cultivate no party prejudices. Its object is to make of its readers not Virginians, or Carolinians, or Georgians, or "Southernners," but Americans.

To do this it uses the utterances of the greatest living leaders of Southern thought and action, as authoritative precepts for the guidance of youth—speeches which, accepting in good faith the issue of the late war, pledge the people of the South to a loyal adherence to the restored Union and to the flag of our fathers, and which cultivate in most patriotic spirit a reciprocity of good feeling and respect between the sections.

The non-political selections, which compose the bulk of the volume, are mainly from the literature of to-day, and afford specimens of the best recent work done in prose or verse by nearly every living Southern author of note.

It is earnestly desired that this little work should find circulation in the North especially, for it would do more good there than in the South, by helping to remove the general misconception in the Northern mind of Southern life, character, and sentiment, and by showing that all the virtue, patriotism, culture, and genius of the country is not confined to the former section, and that the South is entitled to a higher respect and a kindlier feeling than have heretofore been accorded it.

To his fellow-teachers of the South the editor respectfully and hesitatingly submits the result of his labors, with the hope that they may find it a real addition to our school literature, and the request that they will give him their assistance in removing from future editions such imperfections as the practical test of the class-room will make manifest. Suggestions from any source tending to increase the interest or value of the work will be gratefully received.

# CONTENTS.

<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Author.</i>	<i>Page</i>
ANTONIO ORIBONI.....	MARGARET J. PRESTON.....	27
AUTUMN IN THE SWANNANOA VALLEY.....	ZEBULON B. VANCE.....	42
AGAINST REPUDIATION.....	B. PURYEAR.....	51
ART AND ITS INFLUENCE.....	ALEXANDER DIMITRY.....	85
ADDRESS BEFORE EMORY COLLEGE SOCIE- TIES. ....	ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.....	92
AFTER THE RAIN.....	MRS. S. R. ALLEN.....	126
ADDRESS TO THE WHITE LEAGUE OF NEW ORLEANS.....	J. DICKSON BRUNS.....	138
ADDRESS ON FREEMASONRY.....	V. O. KING.....	183
AMMONS vs. ARNOLD.....	D. C. ALLEN.....	400
ACCEPTING A GOLD SEAL OF THE STATE OF GEORGIA.....	CHARLES J. JENKINS.....	48
ADDRESS TO GEORGIA LEGISLATURE, 1864.....	ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.....	326
ALABAMA, THE.....	HENRY TIMROD.....	131
ARCTIC VOYAGER, THE.....	HENRY TIMROD.....	310
BIBLE, THE.....	J. W. MILES.....	61
BALAKLAVA.....	ALEXANDER B. MEEK.....	95
BURNS' CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, CHARLESTON, S. C., 1859.....	GEORGE S. BRYAN.....	153
BURNING OF THE CAPITOL AT RALEIGH.....	KEMP P. BATTLE.....	270
BENNY. . .	MRS. CHAMBERS KETCHUM.....	283
BARGAIN AND SALE.....	R. B. MAYES.....	340
BABY POWER.....	MRS. ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.....	351
BOSTON LECTURE ON SLAVERY.....	ROBERT TOOMBS.....	390
BABE OF THE ALAMO, THE.....	GUY M. BRYAN.....	41
BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD, THE.....	THEODORE O'HARA.....	122
BAGGAGE SMASHER, THE.....	SOUTHERN MAGAZINE.....	133
BONNY BROWN HAND, THE.....	PAUL H. HAYNE.....	208
BACK LOG, THE.....	INNES RANDOLPH.....	322
BALL, THE.....	MRS MOLLIE E. MOORE DAVIS.....	335
BIBLE AND THE CLASSICS, THE.....	N. C. BROOKS.....	346
BAND IN THE PINES, THE.....	JOHN ESTEN COOKE.....	370
BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, THE.....	SIDNEY LANIER.....	140
BLUEROBBER OF THE PINK MOUNTAIN, THE.....		317
CAUSE OF STATE LOYALTY AT THE SOUTH, THE.....	WILLIAM HENRY TRESGOT.....	403
CONFEDERATE DEAD, THE.....	WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON.....	348
CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA, THE.....	JAMES BARRON HOPE.....	383
CENTENNIAL OF AMERICAN INDEPEND- ENCE, THE.....	T. M. NORWOOD.....	396
CAUCASIAN RACE MUST RULE AMERICA, THE.....	J. T. MORGAN.....	161

<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Author.</i>	<i>Page</i>
CAMBYSES AND THE MACROBIAN BOW.....	PAUL H. HAYNE.....	4
CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY.....	MRS. M. J. YOUNG.....	56
CENTENNIAL BILL.....	JOHN RANDOLPH TUCKER.....	64
COMMENCEMENT DAY.....	W. D. PORTER.....	168
COMANCHE BOY.....	FANNY A. D. DARDEN.....	182
CHARACTER AND GENIUS OF CALHOUN.....	JAMES H. HAMMOND.....	185
CARCASSONNE.....	JOHN R. THOMPSON.....	313
CHRISTMAS NIGHT OF '62.....	W. GORDON McCABE.....	321
CLAY AND CALHOUN CONTRASTED.....	B. JOHNSON BARBOUR.....	368
CHANGES WROUGHT BY THE WAR.....	JOHN S. PRESTON.....	127
CONQUERED BANNER, THE.....	FATHER RYAN.....	54
CHRISTIAN RELIGION THE ONLY SURE BASIS FOR CIVIL FREEDOM, THE.....	J. L. M. CUREY.....	393
CRY TO ARMS, A.....	HENRY TIMROD.....	247
DIFFICULTIES ESSENTIAL TO COMPLETE EDUCATION.....	W. M. GRIER.....	279
DEFENSE BEFORE THE HOUSE OF REPESEN- TATIVES.....	SAM HOUSTON.....	285
DUTY OF SOUTHERNERS AFTER THE WAR, THE.....	Z. B. VANCE.....	175
DEAD OF MOBILE, THE.....	W. T. WALTHALL.....	229
DREAM OF THE SOUTH WIND, THE.....	PAUL H. HAYNE.....	291
DUTY LOUISIANA OWES TO THE COLORED RACE, THE.....	R. M. LUSHER.....	76
DEATH OF MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE E. PICKETT, THE.....	ROBERT STILES.....	78
DEATH OF PLINY THE ELDER, THE.....	WILLIAM H. TAYLOR.....	163
DUTY OF THE HOUR, THE.....	A. H. STEPHENS.....	159
EAST TENNESSEE.....	L. C. HAYNES.....	30
EQUAL PROTECTION TO ALL CLASSES.....	T. M. LOGAN.....	34
EVERY YEAR.....	ALBERT PIKE.....	46
ELECTORAL COMMISSION BILL.....	R. Q. MILLS.....	68
EX PARTE RODRIGUEZ.....	A. W. TERRELL.....	148
EULOGY ON JOHN C. CALHOUN.....	JAMES W. MILES.....	250
EULOGIUM ON ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.....	JEFFERSON DAVIS.....	263
ESSENTIALS OF TRUE REPUBLICAN GOV- ERNMENTS, THE.....	ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.....	116
FRANCIS MARION.....	J. P. K. BRYAN.....	75
FUNERAL OF STONEWALL JACKSON, THE.....	MOSES D. HOGE.....	171
FAWN, THE.....	JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.....	345
FEDERAL DESPOTISM IN MARYLAND.....	HENRY MAY.....	366
FEDERAL PROTECTION ON THE RIO GRANDE D. B. CULBERSON.....		371
FLORENCE VANE.....	PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.....	374
FITZ LEE.....	W. H. PAYNE.....	24
FUTURE OF THE RESTORED UNION, THE.....	F. W. M. HOLLIDAY.....	338
GEORGIA LEADERS AFTER THE WAR, THE.....	R. M. JOHNSTON.....	101
GONE FORWARD.....	MARGARET J. PRESTON.....	105
GEORGIA.....	HENRY R. JACKSON.....	128
GOING OUT AND COMING IN.....	MOLLIE E. MOORE DAVIS.....	174
GARRET, THE.....	JOHN R. THOMPSON.....	185
GEORGIA VOLUNTEER, A.....	MRS. MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.....	216
GREAT VIRGINIAN, THE.....	S. T. WALLIS.....	223

# CONTENTS.

V

<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Author.</i>	<i>Page</i>
GRAY NORTHER OF TEXAS, THE.....	MRS. MARY BAYARD CLARKE.....	331
GENERAL JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW.....	WILLIAM HENRY TRESCOT.....	337
GENERAL LEE'S FAREWELL TO HIS COM- MAND.....	R. E. LEE, General.....	82
GREENMOUNT CEMETERY.....	G. W. ARCHER.....	260
HEART'S CONTENT.....	G. HERBERT SASS.....	63
HOW TO MAKE A TRUE VIRGINIAN.....	GEORGE W. BAGBY.....	119
HABIT OF READING, AND THE LOVE OF GOOD BOOKS, THE.....	THOMAS R. PRICE.....	134
HAND-WASHING MAGISTRATES.....	STUART ROBINSON.....	156
HYMN OF THE ALAMO.....	R. M. POTTER.....	202
HISTORIC RECORD OF NORTH CAROLINA, THE.....	J. M. LEACH.....	300
HONORS TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE PEA- BODY.....	S. TEACKLE WALLIS.....	328
HOMAGE TO THE DEAD OF KENTUCKY— JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.....	ALBERT PIKE.....	103
HERO OF THE COMMUNE.....	MARGARET J. PRESTON.....	354
INFLUENCE OF WASHINGTON'S EXAMPLE UPON LEE.....	T. M. LOGAN.....	140
IN FAVOR OF PEACE AND RECOGNITION.....	HENRY MAY.....	253
INAUGURATION OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S STATUE.....	JAMES L. KEMPER.....	294
I SIGH FOR THE LAND OF THE CYPRESS AND PINE.....	SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON.....	389
IDEA OF A SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY DE- LUSIVE, THE.....	J. MORRISON HARRIS.....	99
IS A TURTLE A FISH.....	ALEXANDER HUNTER.....	235
IN THE LAND WHERE WE WERE DREAMING.....	D. B. LUCAS.....	237
JOAN OF ARC AND THE TAX ON DOMREMY.....	JOHN DIMITRY.....	289
JOHN PELHAM.....	JAMES R. RANDALL.....	301
KENTUCKY.....	GEORGE W. RANCK.....	303
LAND OF MEMORIES, THE.....	ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.....	1
LET US END SECTIONAL STRIFE.....	MATT. W. RANSOM.....	66
LIONS OF MYCENÆ, THE.....	W. GILMORE SIMMS.....	111
LOVE FOR KENTUCKY AND HER PEOPLE.....	R. J. BRECKINRIDGE.....	170
LET US CONQUER OUR PREJUDICES.....	ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.....	215
LETTER TO JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.....	R. J. BRECKINRIDGE.....	282
LOOKING FOR THE FAIRIES.....	MISS JULIA BACON.....	305
LITTLE GIFFIN.....	F. O. TICKNOR.....	365
LOVE.....	JOHN S. HOLT.....	382
LET US WORK FOR THE FUTURE.....	H. A. M. HENDERSON.....	399
LEGISLATIVE INSTRUCTIONS AND OFFICIAL DUTY.....	L. Q. C. LAMAR.....	142
LAND OF THE SOUTH.....	A. B. MEEK.....	273
MANNER IN DEBATE.....	W. CROFTS.....	84
MORAL ELEMENT IN EDUCATION, THE.....	C. S. WEST.....	88
MATURNUS' ADDRESS TO HIS BAND.....	EDWARD SPENCER.....	70
MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.....	A. W. MANGUM.....	145
MATT. F. WARD'S TRIAL FOR MURDER.....	JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.....	178
MEMORIAL ADDRESS.....	WADE HAMPTON.....	220

<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Author.</i>	<i>Page</i>
MOTHER AND CHILD, THE.....	N. C. BROOKS.....	224
MUSIC IN CAMP.....	JOHN R. THOMPSON.....	256
MY CASTLE.....	S. NEWTON BERRYHILL.....	280
MATURNUS BEFORE THE EMPEROR COM- MODUS.....	EDWARD SPENCER.....	307
MOUNTAIN SCENERY OF NORTH CAROLINA.....	ZEZULON B. VANCE.....	222
MODERN KNIGHT, THE.....	SIDNEY LANIER.....	325
MODERN PROGRESS IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE.....	J. P. K. BRYAN.....	240
MOCKING-BIRD IN THE JASMINE VINE, THE.....	PAUL H. HAYNE.....	407
NO SAFETY FOR ANY PEOPLE IN ARBI- TRARY POWER.....	SEVERN TRACKLE WALLIS.....	315
ON THE BILL TO REPAVE PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.....	J. PROCTOR KNOTT.....	94
ON THE ST. CROIX AND BAYFIELD RAIL- ROAD BILL.....	J. PROCTOR KNOTT.....	197
ON THE ST. CROIX AND BAYFIELD RAIL- ROAD BILL (Continued).....	J. PROCTOR KNOTT.....	200
ON ELOQUENCE.....	WILLIAM C. PRESTON.....	228
O'HARA'S BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.....	G. W. RANCK.....	242
OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE, THE.....	W. C. RICHARDSON.....	240
OLD AGE AND DEATH.....	ALBERT PIKE.....	271
OREGON QUESTION, THE.....	JEFFERSON DAVIS.....	330
OUR DUTY AS PATRIOTS.....	T. B. KINGSBURY.....	344
OUR LANGUAGE.....	M. SCHELE DE VERE.....	349
OLD CANOE, THE.....	ANONYMOUS.....	81
ORATION AT THE FUNERAL OF JOHN A. WHARTON.....	DAVID G. BURNET.....	318
OLD FIELD SCHOOL, THE.....	F. R. FARRAR.....	342
OLD PIONEER, THE.....	THEODORE O'HARA.....	396
OLD DOMINION, THE.....	W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.....	203
PINEVILLE BALL, A.....	F. A. PORCHER.....	57
PROTEST AGAINST MODERN MATERIALISM.....	T. D. WITHERSPOON.....	107
PRESENT CRISIS AND ITS ISSUES, THE.....	B. M. PALMER.....	210
PLANTATION LIFE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.....	WILLIAM J. GRAYSON.....	213
PROFESSORS AND BOOKS.....	W. D. PORTER.....	252
PROSPERITY OF THE UNION UNDER VIR- GINIA'S INFLUENCE.....	R. M. T. HUNTER.....	278
PRINCE OF SPLENDOR, THE.....	MRS. A. M. HOLBROOK.....	316
FLEA FOR HONORABLE PEACE, A.....	T. G. C. DAVIS.....	165
POWER OF PRAYER; OR THE FIRST STEAM- BOAT UP THE ALABAMA, THE.....	SIDNEY AND CLIFFORD LANIER.....	355
PROSECUTION OF SATANTA AND BIG TREE.....	S. W. T. LANHAM.....	274
ROBERT E. LEE.....	JOHN JANNEY.....	3
RICHARD HENRY LEE MOVES THE RESO- LUTION OF INDEPENDENCE.....	WILLIAM WIRT HENRY.....	37
RE-UNION OF VIRGINIA DIVISION ARMY, OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.....	W. GORDON McCABE.....	39
RECOLLECTION OF HIS YOUTH, A.....	ANTON STEPHENS.....	378
REMOVAL OF UNITED STATES SENATE TO THE NEW HALL.....	JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.....	114
RED MEN OF ALABAMA, THE.....	A. B. MERRICK.....	144



# CONTENTS.

vii

<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Author.</i>	<i>Page</i>
RED OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA, THE.....	HENRY R. JACKSON.....	166
RESULT OF HIGHER EDUCATION, THE.....	H. A. M. HENDERSON.....	176
RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERING POOR OF IRE- LAND.....	JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.....	258
RESISTING PROBATE OF THE WILL OF HES- TER GOLDSMITH, UPON THE GROUNDS OF INSANITY.....	HENRY R. JACKSON.....	293
RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE THE LIFE OF THE NATION, THE.....	W. ARCHER COCKE.....	304
RIP VAN WINKLE.....	F. R. FARRAR.....	311
RELIGION NECESSARY TO GREATNESS OF CHARACTER.....	WHITEFOORD SMITH.....	372
REPEAL OF THE TENNESSEE DOG LAW.....	LEE HEAD.....	18
ROBERT E. LEE THE TEACHER OF SOUTHERN YOUTH.....	T. M. JACK.....	60
READY FOR DUTY.....	SOUTHERN MAGAZINE.....	265
RE-INTERMENT OF THE CAROLINA DEAD FROM GETTYSBURG.....	JOHN L. GIRARDEAU.....	358
SOUTH ONCE MORE IN THE UNION, THE.....	B. H. HILL.....	9
SOUTH ACCEPTS THE RESULT IN GOOD FAITH, THE.....	W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.....	20
SPRING.....	HENRY TIMROD.....	34
SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.....	JOHN B. GORDON.....	49
SOUTH IS RISING UP, THE.....	JOHN W. DANIEL.....	72
SOUTHERN VIEW OF SLAVERY.....	JAMES P. HOLCOMBE.....	87
SURREY'S DREAM.....	JOHN ESTEN COOKE.....	117
SOLID SOUTH, THE.....	SAMUEL MCGOWAN.....	125
SOUTH CAROLINA'S LOVE FOR CONSTITU- TIONAL LIBERTY.....	ROBERT Y. HAYNE.....	155
SOUTH CLAIMS ITS RIGHTS UNDER THE CON- STITUTION, THE.....	J. F. H. CLAIBORNE.....	268
SATANTA'S DEFENSE.....		277
SOUTH CAROLINA SPORTS—A BEAR HUNT AT CHEE-HA.....	WILLIAM ELLIOTT.....	359
SOUTH FAITHFUL TO HER DUTIES, THE.....	MATT. W. RANSOM.....	404
SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.....	LINTON STEPHENS.....	8
SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY AMONG THE GREEKS.....	LAWRENCE M. KEITT.....	12
SHAKESPEARE.....	GEORGE S. BRYAN.....	13
STATE OF THE UNION, THE.....	A. J. HAMILTON.....	89
SEAWEEDES.....	ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.....	151
SUNSET CITY, THE.....	MRS. ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.....	159
SINKING OF THE MONITOR MILWAUKEE BY A TORPEDO.....	WILL WALLACE HARNEY.....	191
SHADE OF THE TREES, THE.....	MARGARET J. PRESTON.....	297
SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.....	MATT. W. RANSOM.....	298
SOUTHERN SOCIETY AND DOMESTIC SLA- VERY.....	ROBERT TOOMBS.....	333
SENTIMENTS OF THE SOUTH IN 1860, THE.....	J. F. H. CLAIBORNE.....	398
SLAVES OF MADISON AT HIS GRAVE, THE.....	JAMES BARBOUR.....	53
SALLY JONES.....	W. T. G. WEAVER.....	143
SOLILOQUY OF COLUMBUS.....	SIDNEY LANIER.....	189

<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Author.</i>	<i>Page</i>
STARS AND STRIPES, THE.....	B. H. HILL.....	244
SOUTH ACCEPTS THE SITUATION, THE.....	L. Q. C. LAMAR.....	380
SENSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL, THE.....	W. GILMORE SIMMS.....	193
SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.....	LINTON STEPHENS.....	207
SUSAN GARTHWAITE'S WEDDING-DAY.....	JOHN S. HOLT.....	211
THRIFTLESS FARMER, THE.....	SIDNEY LANIER.....	15
TEMPERANCE PLEDGE, THE.....	THOMAS F. MARSHALL.....	44
TERRITORIES COMMON PROPERTY OF THE PEOPLE.....	ROBERT TOOMBS.....	106
TEST OF A TRUE GENTLEMAN, THE.....	ROBERT E. LEE.....	189
TEXAS CENTENNIAL ORATION.....	R. B. HUBBARD.....	204
TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.....	ALBERT PIKE.....	205
TO TIME, THE OLD TRAVELLER.....	WILLIAM H. TIMROD.....	219
TAKING LEAVE OF THE SENATE.....	JEFFERSON DAVIS.....	231
TRUE GREATNESS IN A PEOPLE.....	F. W. PICKENS.....	241
TRUE GREATNESS PERFECTED BY UNMER- ITED MISFORTUNES.....	ALBERT PIKE.....	262
THERE IS NO CONQUEROR BUT GOD.....	JOHN W. DANIEL.....	267
TEXAS BESTOWED ON THE PRINCE OF PEACE.....	ASHBEL SMITH.....	387
TINTORETTO'S LAST PAINTING.....	MARGARET J. PRESTON.....	394
TRIBUTE TO VIRGINIA.....	MATT. W. RANSOM.....	100
UNITY OF TEXAS, THE.....	GUY M. BRYAN.....	287
VIVE LA FRANCE.....	"CHRISTIAN REID" (MISS FRANCES FISHER).....	136
VINDICATION OF THE RECONSTRUCTED SOUTH.....	JOHN B. GORDON.....	226
VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY.....	F. O. TICKNOR.....	230
VETO OF INTERNATIONAL R. R. BILL.....	RICHARD COKE.....	391
VINDICATION OF THE ARMY.....	ROBERT STILES.....	373
VIRGINIA COUNTRY MANSION IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS, A.....	JOHN ESTEN COOKE.....	31
WASHINGTON THE ARTIFICER OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.....	W. D. PORTER.....	109
WE WILL STAND OR FALL WITH CAROLINA.....	ROBERT Y. HAYNE.....	264
WONDERS WORKED BY THE SUN'S RAYS.....	A. T. BLEDSOE.....	195
YOUNG WIDOW, THE.....	ROBERT JOSSELYN.....	90

## INDEX TO AUTHORS.

### ALABAMA.

MEEK, A. B.....	95, 144, 273
MORGAN, J. T.....	161
RICHARDSON, W. C.....	249
RYAN, FATHER.....	54
WALTHALL, W. T.....	229

### ARKANSAS.

ALLEN, MRS. S. R.....	126
-----------------------	-----

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

PIKE, ALBERT.....	46, 103, 205, 282, 271
-------------------	------------------------

### FLORIDA.

COCKE, W. A.....	304
HARNEY, W. W.....	191

### GEORGIA.

GORDON, J. B.....	49, 226
HAYNE, PAUL H....	4, 208, 291, 407
HILL, B. H.....	9, 244
JACKSON, H. R.....	128, 166, 293
JENKINS, C. J.....	48
NORWOOD, T. M.....	396
RANDALL, J. R.....	301
STEPHENS, A. H., {	I, 92, 116
	{ 159, 215, 326
STEPHENS, LINTON.....	8, 207, 378
THOMPSON, J. M.....	345
TICKNOR, F. O.....	230, 365
TOOMBS, R.....	106, 333, 390

### KENTUCKY.

BRECKINRIDGE, J. C.....	114
BRECKINRIDGE, R. J.....	170, 283
BRECKINRIDGE, W. C. P....	20, 203
CRITTENDEN, J. J.....	178, 258

HENDERSON, H. A. M.....	176, 399
JEFFREY, MRS. ROSA V....	159, 351
KNOTT, J. PROCTOR....	94, 197, 200
MARSHALL, T. F.....	44
O'HARA, THEO.....	122, 378
RANCK, G. W.....	242, 303
ROBINSON, STUART.....	156

### LOUISIANA.

BRUNS, J. D.....	138
DIMITRY, A....	85
DIMITRY, J.....	289
LUSHER, R. M.....	76
PALMER, B. M.....	210
TOWNSEND, MRS. M. A.....	216
HOLBROOK, MRS. A. M.....	316

### MARYLAND.

ARCHER, G. W.....	260
BROOKS, N. C.....	224, 346
HARRIS, J. M.....	99
JOHNSTON, R. M.....	101
LANIER, S. 15, 189, 140, 325, 355	
MAY, HENRY.....	253, 366
SPENCER, E.....	70, 307
WALLIS, S. T.....	223, 315, 328

### MISSISSIPPI.

BERRYHILL, S. N.....	280
CLAIBORNE, J. F. H.....	268, 398
DAVIS, JEFFERSON....	231, 263, 330
HOLT, J. S.....	211, 382
LAMAR, L. Q. C.....	142, 380
MAYES, R. B.....	340

### MISSOURI.

ALLEN, D. C.....	400
DAVIS, T. G. C.....	165

## NORTH CAROLINA.

BATTLE, K. P.....	270
CLARKE, MRS. M. B.....	331
FISHER, MISS F.....	136
KINGSBURY, T. B.....	344
LEACH, J. M.....	306
MANGUM, A. W.....	145
RANSOM, M. W....66, 100, 298, 404	
VANCE, Z. B.....42, 175, 222	

## SOUTH CAROLINA.

BRYAN, GEO. S.....	13, 153
BRYAN, J. P. K.....	75, 240
CROFTS, W.....	84
DICKSON, S. H.....	389
ELLIOTT, WILLIAM.....	359
GIRARDEAU, J. L.....	358
GRAYSON, W. J.....	213
GRIER, W. M.....	279
HAMMOND, J. H.....	185
HAMPTON, WADE.....	220
HAYNE, R. Y.....	155, 264
KEITT, L. M.....	12
MCGOWAN, S.....	125
MILES, J. W.....61, 250	
PICKENS, F W.....	241
PRESTON, J. S.....	127
PRESTON, W. C.....	228
PORCHER, F. A.....	57
PORTER, W. D.....109, 168, 252	
SASS, G. H.....	63
SIMMS, W. G.....III, 193	
SMITH, W.....	372
TIMROD, H.....34, 131, 247, 310	
TIMROD, W. H.....	219
TRESCOT, W. H.....	337, 403

## TENNESSEE.

HAYNES, L. C.....	30
HEAD, LEE.....	18
KETCHUM, MRS. A. C.....151, 283	

## TEXAS.

BRYAN, G. M.....	41, 287
------------------	---------

BURNET, D. G.....	318
COKE, R.....	391
CULBERSON, D. B.....	371
DARDEN, MRS. F. A. D.....	182
DAVIS, MRS. M. E. M....174, 335	
HAMILTON, A. J.....	89
HOUSTON, SAM.....	285
HUBBARD, R. B.....	204
JACK, T. M.....	60
JOSSELYN, R.....	90
KING, V. O.....	183
LANHAM, S. W. T.....	274
MILLS, R. Q.....	68
POTTER, R. M.....	202
SATANTA.....	277
SMITH, ASHBEL.....	387
TERRELL, A. W.....	148
WEAVER, W. T. G.....	143
WEST, C. S.....	22
YOUNG, MRS. M. J.....	56

## VIRGINIA.

BAGBY, G. W.....	119
BARBOUR, JAS.....	53
BARBOUR, B. J.....	368
BLEDSE, A. T.....	195
COOKE, J. ESTEN.....31, 117, 370	
COOKE, P. P.....	374
CURRY, J. L. M.....	393
DANIEL, J. W.....72, 267	
DE VERE, M. SCHELE.....	349
FARRAR, F. R.....311, 342	
HOLLIDAY, F. W. M.....	338
HUNTER, R. M. T.....	278
HUNTER, A.....	235
HOGUE, MOSES D.....	171
HOLCOMBE, J. P.....	87
HENRY, W. W.....	37
HOPE, J. B.....	383
JANNEY, JOHN.....	3
JOHNSTON, W. P.....	348
KEMPER, JAMES L.....	294
LEE, R. E.....82, 189	
LOGAN, T. M.....	34, 146

# INDEX TO AUTHORS.

xi

## VIRGINIA.

MCCABE, W. G.....	39, 321
PAYNE, W. H.....	24
PRESTON, MRS. M. J. {	27, 105, 297, 354, 394
PRICE, T. R.....	134
PURYEAR, B.....	51
RANDOLPH, INNES.....	322

STILES, R.....	78, 375
TAYLOR, W. H.....	163
THOMPSON, JNO. R...	180, 256, 313
TUCKER, J. R.....	64
WITHERSPOON, T. D.....	107

## WEST VIRGINIA.

LUCAS, D. B.....	237
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SOUTHERN SELECTIONS  
FOR  
READING AND ORATORY.

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"THE LAND OF MEMORIES."

**I**F the worst is to befall us; if our most serious apprehensions and gloomiest forebodings as to the future are to be realized; if Centralism is ultimately to prevail; if our entire system of free Institutions, as established by our common ancestors, is to be subverted, and an Empire is to be established in their stead; if *that* is to be the last scene in the great tragic drama now being enacted: then, be assured, that we of the South will be acquitted, not only in our own consciences, but by the judgment of mankind, of all responsibility for so terrible a catastrophe, and from all the guilt of so great a crime against humanity! Amidst our own ruins, bereft of fortunes and estates, as well as Liberty, with nothing remaining to us but a good name, and a Public Character unsullied and untarnished, we will, in the common misfortunes, still cling in our affections to "The Land of Memories," and find expression for our sentiments when surveying the past, as well as of our distant hopes when looking to the future, in the grand words of Father Ryan, one of our most eminent Divines, and one of America's best poets:

"A land without ruins is a land without memories—a land without memories is a land without liberty! A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see, but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land beautiful and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and history! Crowns of

roses fade—crowns of thorns endure! Calvaries and crucifixes take deepest hold of humanity, the triumphs of Might are transient, they pass away and are forgotten—the sufferings of Right are *graven deepest on the chronicles of nations!*

"Yes! give me a land where the ruins are spread,  
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;  
Yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust,  
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just!  
Yes, give me the land that hath legend and lays  
Enshrining the memories of long-vanished days;  
Yes, give me a land that hath story and song,  
To tell of the strife of the Right with the Wrong;  
Yes, give me the land with a grave in each spot,  
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot!  
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,  
There's a grandeur in graves—there's a glory in gloom!  
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,  
As after the night looms the sunrise of morn;  
And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,  
May yet form the *footstool* of Liberty's throne;  
And *each* single wreck in the war-path of Might  
Shall yet be a *rock* in the Temple of Right!"

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS was born in Taliaferro Co., Ga., February 11, 1812. He was left an orphan at a very early age, but with the assistance of friends, and a small patrimony, was well educated, graduating at the University of Georgia in 1832. He taught school eighteen months, and was admitted to the bar in 1834, and soon displayed such talent and ability that in 1836 he was elected to the Legislature, in which he served—in House and Senate—until 1843, when he was elected to Congress by the Whig party. He advocated the admission of Texas in 1845; took part in the exciting Kansas and Nebraska debates of 1854; and in 1859 retired to private life, declining a reelection. From this retirement he was soon called, by the voice of his people, to discuss the grave questions which then agitated the country. He took active part against secession, which he did not believe to be a *remedy* for existing evils, though a *right* belonging to Sovereign States, and in the Georgia Convention of 1861 he voted against the Ordinance of Secession. Some of the ablest and most eloquent efforts of his life were in behalf of union and peace. But secession once accomplished, he went with his State, and prepared to share the destinies of her people. He was elected a delegate to the Montgomery Convention, assisted there in organizing the Confederate Congress, and was unanimously elected provisional Vice-President of the Confederacy; and under the permanent constitution was elected by the people to the same position for a term of six years. In 1865 he was one of the commissioners to the famous Hampton Roads Conference. After the fall of the Confederacy, he was arrested by the Federal Government and confined in Fort Warren for five months, when he was released without trial. He was elected to the U. S. Senate in 1866, but was not permitted to take his seat; after the reconstruction of Georgia, he was elected to Congress and has been a member of that body ever since.

In person Mr. Stephens is very thin and frail, but in intellect and moral excellence he



combines masculine strength and power with feminine gentleness and purity. Nothing is more remarkable in his history than the independence with which he has steadily pursued his own way in the choice or conduct of public measures. He has sometimes acted with one party, sometimes with another, as they conformed to his views of right; but in spite of party and in indifference to it, he has always been able by the grandeur and goodness of his character to carry with him his own people and secure their approval and generally to demonstrate the justness of his positions. Harassed by sickness and often withdrawn by it for months at a time from his work, he yet stands to-day in the front rank of American statesmen and orators.

His published works are *School History of the United States* and *A Constitutional View of the War between the States* (2 volumes.)

---

## ROBERT E. LEE

### INVESTED WITH THE COMMAND OF VIRGINIA'S FORCES.

MAJOR-GENERAL LEE,—In the name of the people of your native State here represented, I bid you a cordial and heartfelt welcome to this hall, in which we may almost yet hear the echo of the voices of the statesmen, the soldiers, and sages of bygone days, who have borne your name, and whose blood now flows in your veins.

We met in the month of February last, charged with the solemn duty of protecting the rights, the honor, and the interests of the people of this Commonwealth. We differed for a time as to the best means for accomplishing that object; but there never was, at any moment, a shade of difference among us as to the great object itself.

When the necessity became apparent of having a leader for our forces, all hearts and eyes, by the impulse of an instinct which is a surer guide than reason itself, turned to the old county of Westmoreland. We knew how prolific she had been, in other days, of heroes and statesmen. We knew she had given birth to the Father of his Country, to Richard Henry Lee, to Monroe, and last though not least, to your own gallant father; and we knew well by your deeds, that her productive power was not yet exhausted.

Sir, we watched with the most profound and intense interest the triumphant march of the army led by General Scott, to

which you were attached, from Vera Cruz to the Capital of Mexico. We read of the sanguinary conflicts and the blood-stained fields, in all of which victory perched upon our own banners. We knew of the unfading lustre that was shed upon the American name by that campaign, and we knew, also, what your modesty has always disclaimed, that no small share of the glory of those achievements was due to your valor and your military genius.

Sir, one of the proudest recollections of my life will be the honor that I yesterday had of submitting to this body confirmation of the nomination made by the Governor of this State, of you as Commander-in-chief of the military and naval forces of the Commonwealth. I rose to put the question, and when I asked if this body should advise and consent to that appointment, there rushed from the hearts to the tongues of all the members, an affirmative response, told with an emphasis that could leave no doubt of the feeling whence it emanated. I put the negative of the question, for form's sake, but there was an unbroken silence.

Sir, we have, by this unanimous vote, expressed our convictions that you are at this day among the living citizens of Virginia, "first in war." We pray to God most fervently that you may so conduct the operations committed to your charge, that it will soon be said of you, that you are "first in peace"; and when that time comes, you will have earned the still prouder distinction of being "first in the hearts of your countrymen."

JOHN JANNEY.

---

#### CAMBYSES AND THE MACROBIAN BOW.

ONE morn, hard by a slumberous streamlet's wave,  
The plane-trees stirless in the unbreathing calm,  
And all the lush-red roses drooped in dream,  
Lay King Cambyses, idle as a cloud  
That waits the wind,—aimless of thought and will,—  
But with vague evil, like the lightning's bolt

Ere yet the electric death be forged to smite,  
Seething at heart. His courtiers ringed him round,  
Whereof was one who to his comrades' ears,  
With bated breath and wonder-archéd brows,  
Extolled a certain Bactrian's matchless skill  
Displayed in bow-craft: at whose marvellous feats,  
Eagerly vaunted, the King's soul grew hot  
With envy, for himself erewhile had been  
Rated the mightiest archer in his realm.

Slowly he rose, and pointing southward, said,  
"See'st thou, Prexaspes, yonder slender palm,  
A mere wan shadow quivering in the light,  
Topped by a ghostly leaf-crown? Prithce, now,  
Can this, thy famous Bactrian, standing here,  
Cleave with his shaft a hand's-breadth marked thereon?"  
To which Prexaspes answered, "Nay, my lord;  
I spake of feats compassed by mortal skill,  
Not of gods' prowess." Unto whom, the king:—  
"And if myself, Prexaspes, made essay,  
Think'st thou, wise counsellor, I too should fail?"  
"Needs *must* I, sire,"—albeit the courtier's voice  
Trembled, and some dark prescience bade him pause,—  
"Needs must I hold such cunning more than man's;  
And for the rest, I pray thy pardon, King,  
But yester-eve, amid the feast and dance,  
Thou tarried'st with the beakers over-long."

The thick, wild, treacherous eyebrows of the King,  
That looked a sheltering ambush for ill thoughts  
Waxing to manhood of malignant acts,—  
These treacherous eyebrows, pent-house fashion, closed  
O'er the black orbits of his fiery eyes,—  
Which, clouded thus, but flashed a deadlier gleam  
On all before him: suddenly as fire  
Half-choked and smouldering in its own dense smoke,  
Bursts into roaring radiance and swift flame.

Touched by keen breaths of liberating wind,—  
So now Cambyses' eyes a stormy joy  
Stormily filled ; for on Prexaspes' son,  
His first-born son, they lingered,—a fair boy  
(Midmost his fellow-pages flushed with sport),  
Who, in his office of King's cup-bearer,—  
So gracious and so sweet were all his ways,—  
Had even the captious sovereign seemed to please ;  
While for the court, the reckless, revelling court,  
They loved him one and all :  
“Go,” said Cambyses now, his voice a hiss,  
Poisonous and low, “go, bind my dainty page  
To yonder palm-tree ; bind him fast and sure,  
So that no finger stirreth ; which being done,  
Fetch me, Prexaspes, the Macrobian bow.”

Thus ordered, thus accomplished :—fast they bound  
The innocent child, the while that mammoth bow,  
Brought by the spies from Ethiopian camps,  
Lay in the King's hand ; slowly, sternly up,  
He reared it to the level of his sight,  
Reared, and bent back its oaken massiveness  
Till the vast muscles, tough as grapevines, bulged  
From naked arm and shoulder, and the horns  
Of the fierce weapon groaning, almost met,  
When, with one lowering glance askance at him—  
His doubting Satrap,—the King coolly said,  
“Prexaspes, look, my aim is at the heart !”

Then came the sharp twang, and the deadly whirr  
Of the loosed arrow, followed by the dull,  
Drear echo of a bolt that smites its mark ;  
And those of keenest vision shook to see  
The fair child fallen forward across his bonds,  
With all his limbs a-quivering. Quoth the King,  
Clapping Prexaspes' shoulder, as in glee,  
“Go thou, and tell me how that shaft hath sped !”

Forward the wretched father, step by step,  
 Crept, as one creeps whom black Hadëan dreams,  
 Visions of fate and fear unutterable,  
 Draw, tranced and rigid, towards some definite goal  
 Of horror; thus he went, and thus he saw  
 What never in the noontide or the night,  
 Awake or sleeping, idle or in toil,  
 'Neath the wild forest or the perfumed lamps  
 Of palaces, shall leave his stricken sight  
 Unblasted, or his spirit purged of woe.

Prexaspes saw, yet lived; saw, and returned  
 Where still environed by his dissolute court,  
 Cambyses leaned, half-scornful, on his bow:  
 The old man's face was riven and white as death;  
 But making meek obeisance to his King,  
 He smiled (ah, such a smile!) and feebly said,  
 "What *am* I, mighty master, what am *I*,  
 That I durst question my lord's strength and skill?  
 His arrows are like arrows of the god,  
 Egyptian Horus,—and for proof, but now,  
 I felt a child's heart (once the child was *mine*.  
 'Tis my lord's now, and Death's), all mute and still,  
 Pierced by his shaft, and cloven, ye gods! in twain!"

Then laughed the great King loudly, till his beard  
 Quivered, and all his stalwart body shook  
 With merriment; but when his mirth was calmed,  
 "Thou art forgiven," said he, "forgiven, old man;  
 Only when next these Persian dogs shall call  
 Cambyses drunkard, rise, Prexaspes, rise!  
 And tell them how, and to what purpose, once,—  
 Once, on a morn which followed hot and wan  
 A night of monstrous revel and debauch,—  
 Cambyses bent this huge Macrobian bow."

PAUL H. HAYNE.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE, the poet,—son of Lieut. H. Hayne of the Navy, and nephew  
 of the Hon. Robert Y. Hayne,—was born January 1, 1830, in Charleston, S. C. He

graduated at the College of Charleston, read law, and was admitted to the profession, but early abandoned it to devote himself with enthusiasm to a life of letters. For twenty-five years he has patiently striven to cultivate in the South a love of art literature. His poetical works embrace: *Poems* (1854); *Sonnets and other Poems* (1856); *Avolio, a Legend of the Island of Cos; with Poems Lyrical, Miscellaneous, and Dramatic* (1860); *Legends and Lyrics* (1872); *The Mountain of the Lovers, with Poems of Nature and Tradition* (1875). In 1857-60 he edited *Russell's*, a monthly magazine he was instrumental in starting at Charleston, which soon failed for want of popular support, though its contributors were among the ablest men in the South. He has published Biographies of Hugh S. Legaré and Robert Y. Hayne, and in 1872 edited, with a memoir, the collected poems of Henry Timrod. His contributions to the magazine and review literature of the day would fill many volumes. During the recent war he was for a time on the staff of Gov. F. W. Pickens, but chronic ill health compelled his resignation. By the bombardment of Charleston his house and library were destroyed, and in 1866, to escape negro domination, he left his native State and purchased his present country retreat—*Copse Hill*—near Augusta, Ga. In delicacy of imagination, sweetness, simplicity, and grace of style, melodious movement, purity and elevation of thought, exquisite sensibility to the manifestations of beauty under all its forms, and in sympathetic interpretation of Nature, he is not behind any singer in the modern American choir.

---

## SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

THERE has been much said, sir, about issues that are "dead"; surely here is one that is not only alive, but *very lively*. Let Americans hear and mark it! The Constitution of the United States can be changed, can be subverted by Presidential proclamation!! I once knew a man whose motto was that a lie well told was better than the truth, because, he said, truth was a stubborn, unmanageable thing, but a lie in the hands of a genius could be fitted exactly to the exigencies of the case. But even he admitted that the lie must be *well told*, or it would not serve. If it should *appear* to be a lie, it would be turned from a thing of power into a thing for contempt.

There has been progress, sir, since that man taught. It is now discovered that a *known, proven* lie is as good as the truth, provided it can only get "proclaimed" by a power having "jurisdiction" to proclaim it!! I, sir, know of no person—either on the earth, or above it, or under it—that has "jurisdiction" to "proclaim" Lies!! Nay, sir, I know of no power which has jurisdiction to proclaim Amendments to the Constitution; according to my reading of that instrument, amend-

ments constitutionally proposed "shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of the Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by Conventions of three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress." The ratification by three-fourths of the States, acting through their Legislatures or their Conventions, sets the seal of validity on the amendment and makes it a part of the Constitution. Nothing else can do it. It must be a *true* ratification, by a *true* Legislature, or a *true* Convention of the State. A false ratification by a true Legislature of the State will not do. A true ratification by a spurious Legislature will not do. The validity of the amendment, and its authority as a part of the Constitution, are made to depend upon the *historic truth* of its ratification as required by the Constitution. Proclamations of falsehoods from Presidents, or from anybody else, have nothing to do with the subject. This is plain doctrine, drawn from the Constitution itself. The validity of the Constitution in all its parts depends upon the facts of their history.

But, according to this new discovery, the President of the United States can subvert the whole Constitution, and make himself a legal and valid autocrat, by simply "proclaiming" that an amendment to the Constitution to that effect has been proposed by two-thirds of each house of Congress, and ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States; although it may be known of all men that there is not one word of truth in the proclamation. The President of the United States can legally convert himself into an autocrat by his own proclamation. Theories are quickly put into practice in these days.

Let the country beware!!

LINTON STEPHENS.

---

## THE SOUTH ONCE MORE IN THE UNION.

I DO not doubt that I am the bearer of unwelcome messages to the gentleman from Maine and his party. He says that there are Confederates in this body, and that they are going to

combine with a few from the North for the purpose of controlling this Government. If one were to listen to the gentlemen on the other side he would be in doubt whether they rejoiced more when the South left the Union, or regretted most when the South came back to the Union that their fathers helped to form, and to which they will forever hereafter contribute as much of patriotic ardor, of noble devotion, and of willing sacrifice, as the constituents of the gentleman from Maine.

O, Mr. Speaker, why cannot gentlemen on the other side rise to the height of this great argument of patriotism? Is the bosom of the country always to be torn with this miserable sectional debate whenever a presidential election is pending? To that great debate of half a century before secession there were left no adjourned questions. The victory of the North was absolute, and God knows the submission of the South was complete. But, sir, we have recovered from the humiliation of defeat, and we come here among you and we ask you to give us the greetings accorded to brothers by brothers. We propose to join you in every patriotic endeavor, and to unite with you in every patriotic aspiration that looks to the benefit, to the advancement, and the honor of every part of our common country. Let us, gentlemen of all parties, in this centennial year, indeed have a jubilee of freedom. We divide with you the glories of the Revolution and of the succeeding years of our national life before that unhappy division—that four years' night of gloom and despair—and so we shall divide with you the glories of all the future.

Sir, my message is this: There are no Confederates in this House; there are now no Confederates anywhere; there are no Confederate schemes, ambitions, hopes, desires, or purposes here. But the South is here, and here she intends to remain. Go on and pass your qualifying acts, trample upon the Constitution you have sworn to support, abnegate the pledges of your fathers, incite rage upon our people, and multiply your infidelities until they shall be like the stars of heaven or the sands of the seashore, without number; but know this, for all your iniquities, the South will never again seek a remedy in the



madness of another secession. We are here; we are in the house of our fathers, our brothers are our companions, and we are at home to stay, thank God.

We come to gratify no revenges, to retaliate no wrongs, to resent no past insults, to reopen no strife. We come with a patriotic purpose to do whatever in our political power shall lie to restore an honest, economical, and constitutional administration of the Government. We come charging upon the Union no wrongs to us. The Union never wronged us. The Union has been an unmixed blessing to every section, to every State, to every man of every color in America. We charge all our wrongs upon that "higher law" fanaticism, that never kept a pledge nor obeyed a law.

The South did seek to leave the association of those who, she believed, would not keep fidelity to their covenants; the South sought to go to herself; but, so far from having lost our fidelity to the Constitution which our fathers made, when we sought to go we hugged that Constitution to our bosoms and carried it with us.

Brave Union men of the North, followers of Webster and Fillmore, of Clay, and Cass, and Douglas—you who fought for the Union for the sake of the Union; you who ceased to fight when the battle ended and the sword was sheathed—we have no quarrel with you, whether republicans or democrats. We felt your heavy arm in the carnage of battle; but above the roar of the cannon we heard your voice of kindness, calling, "Brothers, come back." And we bear witness to you this day that that voice of kindness did more to thin the Confederate ranks and weaken the Confederate arm than did all the artillery employed in the struggle. We are here to co-operate with you; to do whatever we can, in spite of all sorrows, to rebuild the Union; to restore peace; to be a blessing to the country, and to make the American Union what our fathers intended it to be: the glory of America and a blessing to humanity.

B. H. HILL.

BENJAMIN HARVEY HILL, statesman, was born in Jasper Co., Ga., September 14, 1823, graduated at the University of Georgia, 1844; studied law and commenced practice at

Lagrange, Ga.; was a member of the State House of Representatives in 1847. He was a member of the Georgia Convention of 1861 and advocated the Union until the ordinance of Secession was adopted, then sided with his State, and was a delegate to the Confederate Provisional Congress, and subsequently Confederate State Senator. In 1865 the Federal authorities arrested and imprisoned him in Fort Lafayette. Since the war he has been twice elected a member of Congress, and in 1877 was elected U. S. Senator.

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### SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY AMONG THE GREEKS.

THE student who will take the trouble to examine the records of ancient wisdom, will wonder to find how much they contain of modern invention and discovery. In speculative philosophy ancient genius exhausted everything; at least, modern times have added nothing. In every age there is a universal spirit which concentrates and fastens itself upon some particular department of intellect, and explores and illustrates it with whatever of energy and enlightenment it may possess. Speculative science arrested the Greek mind in its noon of brightness, and a succession of splendid intellects, thronging into the heavens, till the whole firmament was in a blaze, swept the broad realm of naked mind, planted flags of discovery on every continent and isle, and bravely trod on to the last barrier of unaided thought.

Longinus is the master of Burke. Logic and rhetoric, digested into sciences or softened down into arts, trace back their history to Athens, and antedate the Gospel. Logic, since the death of Socrates, has never owned such a master. This silenic giant of the market-place wielded a colloquial elenchus which clove down and shattered the dogmas and fallacies of the sophists, and covered these "corrupters of Athenian youth" with public derision and scorn, but it lies buried in his grave. The greatest of his own successors and pupils were too weak to handle it, and the moderns have shrunk from the effort. Socrates won philosophy from the clouds, made it his companion in the market-place, and throwing into it so much of earth as to make it kindred to the mass, infused it into the concerns of

everyday life. Dying, he bequeathed his mantle to Plato. Well and worthily bestowed was the precious gift. Socrates had clothed speculative philosophy in the garments of common life. Plato stripped it of its soiled and earthly vestments, and, bearing it back to the heaven it was born in, bathed it in native effulgence and beauty. Chastened and supported by the lessons of his great master, he pursued his eagle flight through the broad realms of thought, captured richest spoil from the whole circle of learning, and urged on by the strong impulses of genius, fanned even the very curtains of revelation with the wafture of his wings. It was but a single bound between "This to the unknown God," and a knowledge of that God Himself. But this bound no mortal could take without divine interposition.

In the lapse of time, Aristotle came to take his place in the bright constellation of Grecian genius. Superb in intellect, affluent in knowledge, finished in scholastic training, and with unrivalled powers of analysis and generalization, he swept in magnificent convolutions across the intellectual firmament, scattering on every side light and lustre, beauty and beneficence. His school has been corrupted by ignorant sophists and bigoted theologians, and mystified by the cunning and multitudinous distinctions of oriental metaphysics; but in its original simplicity and grandeur—as it came fresh from the hand of the Stagyrte—it towers aloft like some proud column in old Rome, erect and massive amid surrounding ruins.

LAWRENCE M. KEITT.

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### SHAKSPEARE.

THE poet thus shut out from the busy world—denied a part, or having no proper part, in the great drama of life, like Shakspeare—with sympathies wide as creation, and sensibility deep as old ocean, and susceptible to all objects of universal nature as its watery mirror—becomes its painter and dram-

artist—and reveals the heart of man, for all time, to his fellows.

In opening his works—the Bible of nature—the eye meets his gentle countenance. Open it is and placid as some summer's sea, but it bears no painful trace of passion, no deep line of thought; it smiles upon us as if its quiet surface had never been swept by a storm of feeling, and its tranquil depths never agitated by the tumults of emotion. Its smooth mask makes no revelation. And when, passing from his portrait, we turn over his pages, we seem not to be conversing with an individual mind, or to come in contact with an individual character. The works of the god are before us, but they are so varied, and all so perfect, that they give no sign of their parent. *The creator* of this rich and boundless world is lost in his works; we cannot detect him, we cannot trace him.

We hear the passionate voice of Juliet; the gentle tones of Desdemona; the despairing wail of Ophelia; the freezing whispers of Lady Macbeth; the merry notes of Beatrice; the beguiling music of Antony; the savage cries of Shylock; the kindling utterances of Marcus Brutus; the jolly laugh of Falstaff; the devilish sneer of Iago; all voices of man or woman, witch or fairy, salute us. But which is the voice of Shakspeare? Like the principle of life, which is *everywhere*, but *nowhere* to be *seen*; which crowds the world with its ten thousand shapes of deformity and beauty, of terror, gladness, and glory; yet, is itself shrouded in impenetrable darkness,—the mystery of mysteries,—such is Shakspeare amidst his works,—he is everywhere and nowhere.

Mimic and painter of universal nature, he paints all characters with equal truth, and seemingly with equal relish. The wild and romantic love of Juliet; the saintly tenderness and meek devotion of Desdemona; the ambitious, worldly, licentious, yet weak and womanly passion of the Egyptian sorceress, find equal sympathy. Each has a perfect spell for him, and he is the proper soul of each. He bodies forth the sacred love of Desdemona, as if he were himself a saint, and had found in her a helpmate to his virtue; he decorates the girlish Juliet, he lavishes all virgin sweets and glories upon her, as if he were an

ardent, dreaming boy, and she the very mistress of his soul and idol of his wo's ip; and Cleopetra, the serpent of old Nile!—how does he dote upon her—how does he paint her to the very taste of flesh and blood—how does his imagination run riot, and teem like another Nile, with all the images of dissolving luxury and seductive beauty; and when he contemplates her, how like another Antony does he hang upon her, and drink in intoxication from her unchaste eyes! Who of these was, in truth, the mistress of Shakspeare's soul? Who shall tell us? For all his works disclose, Cleopatra may have had as much of his love and approbation as Juliet or Desdemona; and he was perfectly indifferent which of the three you might give your heart to, or whether you were saint or sinner—Romeo or Antony. He was content to paint, and happy alike, if Leonatus or Iachimo, Othello or Iago, were the sitters.

Which of these you might make the man of your counsel and the model of your life, was no concern of his. His sympathies were so universal that he seemed to have lost entirely his own individuality in the character of others, and, like the mocking-bird, to have had no song which could be recognized as his own. His distinctive self and the processes of his thought alike lie hidden in a darkness as profound as the great womb of nature itself; and amidst the multitudinous and wondrous masquerade which he has, with wizard power, conjured up for your amusement, *his form*—the master of this princely revel—is not detected, and his face alone among the maskers remains forever masked.

GEORGE S. BRYAN.

## THE THRIFTLESS FARMER.

[From CORN.]

LOOK, thou substantial spirit of content!  
 Across this little vale, thy continent,  
 To where, beyond the mouldering mill,  
 Yon old deserted Georgian hill

Bares to the sun his piteous aged crest  
And seamy breast,  
By restless-hearted children left to lie  
Untended there beneath the heedless sky,  
As barbarous folk expose their old to die.

Upon that generous-rounding side,  
With gullies scarified  
Where keen neglect his lash hath plied,  
Dwelt one I knew of old, who played at toil,  
And gave to coquette cotton soul and soil.  
Scorning the slow reward of patient grain,  
He sowed his heart with hopes of swifter gain,  
Then sat him down and waited for the rain.

He sailed in borrowed ships of usury—  
A foolish Jason on a treacherous sea,  
Seeking the Fleece and finding misery.  
Lulled by smooth-rippling loans, in idle trance  
He lay, content that unthrift Circumstance  
Should plough for him the stony field of Chance.  
Yea, gathering crops whose worth no man might tell  
He staked his life on games of Buy-and-Sell,  
And turned each field into a gambler's hell.  
Aye, as each year began,  
My farmer to the neighboring city ran ;  
Passed with a mournful, anxious face  
Into the banker's inner place ;  
Parleyed, excused, pleaded for longer grace ;  
Railed at the drought, the worm, the rust, the grass :  
Protested ne'er again 'twould come to pass ;  
With many an *oh* and *if*, and *but alas*,  
Parried or swallowed searching questions rude,  
And kissed the dust to soften Dives's mood.  
At last, small loans by pledges great renewed,  
He issues smiling from the fatal door  
And buys with lavish hand his yearly store,  
Till his small borrowings will yield no more.

Aye, as each year declined,  
With bitter heart and ever-brooding mind,  
He mourned his fate unkind.

In dust, in rain, with might and main,  
He nursed his cotton, cursed his grain,  
Fretted for news that made him fret again.  
Snatched at each telegram of Future Sale,  
And thrilled with Bulls' or Bears' alternate wail—  
In hope or fear alike forever pale.

And thus from year to year, through hope and fear,  
With many a curse and many a secret tear,  
Striving in vain his cloud of debt to clear,

At last

He woke to find his foolish dreaming past,  
And all his best-of-life the easy prey  
Of squandering scamps and quacks that lined his way  
With vile array,

From rascal statesman down to petty knave ;  
Himself, at best, for all his bragging brave,  
A gamester's catpaw and a banker's slave.

Then, worn and gray, and sick with deep unrest,  
He fled away into the oblivious West,  
Unmourned, unblest.

Old hill ! old hill ! thou gashed and hairy Lear,  
Whom the divine Cordelia of the year,  
E'en pitying Spring, will vainly strive to cheer—  
King, that no subject man nor beast may own,  
Discrowned, undaughtered, and alone—  
Yet shall the great God turn thy fate,  
And bring thee back into thy monarch state  
And majesty immaculate.

Lo, through hot waverings of the August morn  
Thou givest from thy vasty sides forlorn  
Visions of golden treasures of corn—  
Ripe largesse lingering for some bolder heart  
That manfully shall take thy part

And tend thee,  
And defend thee,  
With antique sinew and with modern art.

SIDNEY LANIER.

SIDNEY LANIER, the poet, is a descendant of a Huguenot family from the South of France, whence they fled to England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The first ancestor in America, Thomas Lanier, came over with a party of Welshmen and others who had obtained a grant of land, embracing the present site of Richmond, Va. On the maternal side, he is descended from a Virginia family of Scotch origin, that supplied members of the House of Burgesses of that State for more than one generation, and was highly gifted in poetry, music, and oratory. Mr. Lanier was born at Macon, Ga., February 3, 1842, and graduated at Oglethorpe College; he served in the Confederate army as a private, and after the war practised law several years, but his health failing, he decided to devote himself exclusively to literature. *Corn, The Symphony*, and *Psalm of the West*, which appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* in 1875,—and are his longest poems,—at once made his genius known. In 1876 he was chosen by the Commission to write the text for the *Centennial Cantata*. Since then he has written much for the magazines, but no complete collection of his poems has been published. Lippincott & Co. issued a little volume in 1876, containing a few of his best. In originality of thought and treatment, ideality, and spirituality he is not exceeded—if equalled—by any American poet; while his poetry will ever charm the cultivated reader by the beauty and novelty of its figures, wide range of metrical and rhythmical effects, rare felicity of expression, and artistic finish.

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#### REPEAL OF THE TENNESSEE DOG LAW.

NOTHING, ladies and gentlemen, that I have said is intended to apply in the most remote degree to the last Legislature of Tennessee. I would not for one moment have you think me so ungrateful, or so unmindful of the welfare of our beloved State, as to cast the slightest reflection upon that noble band of patriots, who, for the insignificant sum of four dollars a day, devoted three long months of their valuable time and talents to legislating for the peace and happiness of the dogs of our Commonwealth. While much has been said against them; while they have been assailed and abused by people of all classes and from all quarters, yet, in my humble judgment, the members of the last General Assembly are entitled to the lasting admiration and gratitude of every dog within the limits of the great State of Tennessee. And I am proud to know that, while the legislatures of other States were consuming their time and wasting



the people's money in devising schemes of retrenchment, and in adopting measures of relief for their constituents; while even the Congress of the United States was frittering away its time on the insignificant question of the electoral count; our own Legislature had the manhood to throw aside these minor considerations, and devote their time and attention to the interests of our dogs.

What mattered it whether Tilden or Hayes was declared President, or whether in fact we had any President at all, so long as our dogs remained under the oppression of the odious and infamous dog-law? Or what mattered it whether our debt was great or small, whether our taxes were high or low, or whether the expenses of our Government were increased or diminished, while this important element of our population was being hunted from one end of the State to the other, and the poor and oppressed dogs of the country were fleeing from the tax-gatherer as if from the wrath to come? What would a State be without dogs? What is home—what is man—in fact, what is life, without a dog? What is more delightful, more fascinating, more ennobling than the companionship of a dog? Take him in his infancy, even before his little eyes have opened upon the beauties of nature: watch him in his innocent childhood, as he playfully tears the leg of your pants, or hides your Sunday hat under the house; see him in his mature manhood, as he gently leads your Berkshire sow up and down the lot by the ear, or gallantly chases your favorite milch cow around the barnyard by the tail; listen to the melancholy music of his voice, as he sits beneath your window, in his old age, and, at the still and solemn hour of midnight, constantly bays the moon. If there be a man under the sound of my voice to-night, whose bosom does not swell with admiration for these noble traits of the canine character, that man is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils.

Had this odious dog-law not been repealed, who can foretell the fate which awaited us? Civil and religious liberty would have gone glimmering through the gloom of things that were; your republican institutions would soon have become a myth and a shadow; the voice of the faithful watch-dog would no

longer have been heard in the land; the trail of the raccoon and the opossum would have desecrated your highways, and the cunning fox would have pillaged your henroosts at noonday. But now, with the oppressive law repealed—with the limbs of our dogs loosed from the fetters of this infamous measure—peace will again reign throughout our land, and our beloved State will start upon a march of progress and improvement, unsurpassed in the history of any civilized country.

All honor, then, to the members of the last Legislature for the repeal of the dog-tax. It will insure them the prayers and blessings of a grateful race, while they journey through life, and will shed a halo of glory around their declining years. And when they are dead, let their epitaph be written, that in life they were the champions of canine rights, and that, true to their noble instincts, they stood by the interests of the dogs.

LEE HEAD.

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### THE SOUTH ACCEPTS THE RESULT IN GOOD FAITH.

**T**HE South" is dead. The Southern Confederacy is forever gone. There is no hope—nay, I own, here in the presence of the living and the dead—there is no desire to renew a struggle for it. We recognize the utter, irrevocable failure; the complete, crushing defeat. We submitted to it without unmanly repinings, and with a true determination to do our full part in the home we chose as become her citizens. We recognize the obligations of allegiance and obedience. We exercise with fidelity our rights, and perform with true allegiance our duties as citizens. In good faith we accepted the results, and abide by the consequences. We keep alive no personal enmities, no old antagonisms, no feuds. We know that the destiny of our children is enwrapt in that of this mother commonwealth of ours and this great imperial republic. Her flag is ours, her liberties ours, her glory ours, her shame ours. For us and our children's children it must be so. We fret not at it. We take

up the duty of American citizenship, and desire to perform it. Aye, we would fain feel the patriotic love for a common country, and the sweet interchange of equal fraternity over the great republic.

But we put not our hands over our mouths, and our mouths in the dust and cry. "Unclean, unclean!" We turn not our backs on our dead comrades, nor do we cast obloquy upon the cause we fought for. Nay, we keep in our hearts an intense love for that liberty for which we fought. If God will smile upon us, we will have our children, and their country, free. We will aid with all our might to preserve from sea to sea, from Lakes to Gulf, that freedom of person and State autonomy that we fought to maintain from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. That liberty is our birthright; our children will have it by inheritance or by conquest. The eternal spirit of liberty is unquenchable and unconquerable. History is but the narrative of the struggles of man to be free, and of the conquests of freedom. She made Greece glorious, and fled from her crimes and fall. She gave Rome a world, and survived her shame and lust. She led the hosts of the Northmen, and escaped their subsequent conquest. Amid the long ages of darkness and doubt, she found a home among the fastnesses of the Alps, and the wilds of Scotland. She came forth to lead her soldiers to victory in the struggles of the forum and amid the carnage of battle. She gave courage on the scaffold and constancy in the dungeon. She conquered Holland; she regained Britain; she has led France through blood; she is struggling in Germany. Her banners are high advanced in Italy, and in the mountains of Spain her voice rallies to victory.

In the trackless forests of America she found a home, and gave to mankind a Washington, Jefferson, and Henry; a Constitutional Congress and an American Republic of States. We are her children—true to her lineage, and faithful to her high behests. For a time in her home outrages may be committed and crimes perpetrated, but the result is certain. Stand in our places and do our duty as becomes citizens, and we can confidently trust the result to the future.

The day will come when this great country will recognize the wondrous glory of the late war, when the names of our dead will be inscribed on the common roll of illustrious sons,—not as traitors worthy of death, but sons worthy of love and reverence. Hampden and Cromwell are dear to every English heart, and if from English history every English traitor was stricken, the glory of the past would be lost. Our Lee will be hereafter what Cromwell is, but more; for to him no crimes will be imputed, no unmeasured ambition charged. Our dead will be honored and our heroes loved. God speed the day! I want my country to be at true peace; I yearn for a country of brothers, where to do right is the whole compulsion—to prevent wrong the sole restraint; where our fealty is because we love, and our obedience an act of the heart; where there are no discussions about rights, because there is no trespass, and no complaints of wrongs, because there is no oppression.

W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL PRESTON BRECKINRIDGE, LL.D., the second son of Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge and Ann Sophonisba Preston (who was a daughter of Gen. Francis Preston, of Virginia, and grand-daughter of Gen. William Campbell, who commanded at Kings Mountain), was born near Baltimore, Md., August 28, 1837; graduated at Centre College, and then in Law Department of University of Louisville. He entered the Confederate service as Captain in Gen. John H. Morgan's command, and at the close of the war was colonel of the 9th Kentucky cavalry, and acting brigadier-general in Wheeler's corps. Resumed the practice of law, and for two years edited *Lexington Observer and Reporter*. For some years he has been Professor of Law in Kentucky University. As scholar, jurist, orator, and debater, he upholds worthily the fame which for generations has made his house distinguished, yet he has never been a candidate for political office.

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## THE MORAL ELEMENT IN EDUCATION.

IT has been my purpose to impress upon you the power and the value of mental training and education, in a practical point of view, as affording the means by which the everyday work of life—let it be what it may—can be wisely and profitably done. I have told you that in this land all the prizes of this mortal life—stars, and ribbons, and decorations, and place, honors, and titles—are all within the grasp of him who is thoroughly trained

and educated, so as to be able to keep step to the onward progress of the age.

But in placing before you thus prominently these temporary advantages to arise from the right cultivation of the intellect, do not understand me as teaching that these are the only or the noblest objects of mental culture. On the contrary, it has far higher aims, and nobler purposes; and I have presented the subject to you from its lowest plane, its mere earthly level only. It was no part of my plan to discuss it with reference to its higher moral aspects, or its relations to eternal things. This much it may be proper, however, even for me to add: that science in its truest and largest meaning is nothing less than a right interpretation of nature,—a comprehension of the workings of law, wherever law prevails. It matters not whether the subjects are stones or stars, human souls or the complications of social relations, that most perfect knowledge of each which reveals its uniformities constitutes its special science; and that comprehensive view of the relations which each sustains to all in the universal system realizes the broadest import of the conception. Science is, therefore, said to be the revelation to reason of the policy by which God administers the affairs of the world.

The careful student of Nature's purposes will necessarily be averse, then, to leading a life without a purpose. Watching the evidences of design in everything around him, he cannot fail to reflect on the object of his own creation. And doing so, if his mind were imbued with the knowledge of the mutual fitness in which all the members of his body and all the parts of the whole organic world subsist and minister to each other's good, he could not conclude that he exists for his own sake alone; or that happiness would be found separate from the offices of mutual help. and of universal good-will. One who has become daily conversant with things that have a purpose in the future higher than that which they have yet fulfilled, would never think that his own highest destiny is yet achieved. Nor would he suppose that with this existence ended, his ultimate purpose would be attained. Conscious of the possession.

of an immortal nature, and of desires and capacities for knowledge which cannot be satisfied in this world, he would be sure that the great law of progress, which he had traced through all sublunary movements from a lower to a higher state, would not be abrogated in the Divine Government and disposition of that part of him which can never perish, and yet can never attain absolute perfection here. In him, in aid of a living and abounding faith, his trained and cultivated intellect would assure him that: "As we have borne in this life the image of the earthly, so we shall also, in the life to come, bear the image of the heavenly." This is the last, the true lesson of a perfect development of the human mind. Never forget that true science, so far from being an enemy to religious truth, will always stand as the mediator in the ever-pending conflict between Religious Faith and Human Reason.

In old times, in a church in Lucca, whenever Popes or Emperors or mighty Conquerors passed, a priest would stand in the door and burn before their eyes, as the gorgeous pageant swept by, a small bundle of flax, as a fit symbol of all human fame, accompanied with the cry, *Sic transit gloria mundi!* In the wise study of nature and of ourselves, we see such a symbol and daily hear the cry. Remember that all earthly fame is but as a little cloud of dust that the wind raises and disperses, why, or how, or whither, who can tell? Then, so live as to secure that immortal honor hereafter that shall survive, in another world, the dissolution of the entire system of Nature herself.

C. S. WEST.

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#### FITZ LEE.

IT is not alone as a soldier that I commend Fitz Lee to your favor, for it was not alone as a soldier that those who knew him loved him best. It was rather for the modest good sense and the warm, honest heart which beat beneath his ragged uniform; a heart that never brought a blush to the cheek or a tear to the eye of any soldier. His was no hard, ascetic temper

which substituted harshness for courage and reserve for wisdom, but a light and buoyant spirit which

“Ever with a frolic welcome took  
The sunshine and the storm.”

I commend him to your favor because under all the fierce light which beats upon high names, “he has ever worn the white flower of a blameless life.”

How could it be otherwise? Honor beats with his blood, and all things high come easy to him. He “fetches his life from men of royal liege.” The very Government under which he lives, nay, the very office to which he aspires, was fashioned into shape and usefulness by his maternal ancestor, George Mason, whose brazen image in yonder yard keeps watch and ward over Virginia’s great son. Upon the sire’s side what a pedigree! From the hour when our race first planted foot upon Virginia’s soil, some Lee has made her annals illustrious, and one has made her name to flame over the earth with such fierce light as to blind the stars.

Amongst a race of brave people—a people whose common schools were once beneath the father’s roof, where they were taught to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth—a people who believe in nobility of blood, and ever boast the purity of their own; such a people will be ready to believe that a man so fathered and so mothered is worthy to wear Virginia’s highest honors, unless his own great kinsmen have flung them beyond his reach.

I well know your intriguing politicians and smoother courtiers please you best, and that the strong men who lay up and hoard thought rather than squander it in loose-flowing speech, are too often ignored and undervalued. I well know how eager you ever are to array your lilies of the valley in more than Solomon’s glory; but before you close the doors of ambition upon the silent farmer, I pray you look over the scarred and naked bosom of our beloved—our beloved—and say who is the physician to heal her wounds.

Look abroad and see how and by whom lost States have beer.

redeemed. Look to Louisiana, the Andromeda of States, and say who was the Perseus who burst her fetters and delivered her from the embrace of her black Calibans. It was Nichols, planter, and school-fellow of Fitz Lee. Look to Carolina, the star-eyed belle of the South—she who once “set us the path to Stygian horrors with the splendor of her smile”; she who has been so long moaning with the knife at her proud and beautiful neck, and say who was her redeemer; Wade Hampton, planter, and comrade of Fitz Lee. Nay, in our own agony and bloody sweat, when Virginia was

“A looming bastion fringed with fire,”

when her people were besieging heaven with prayers, and the world with entreaties, and finding alas! that France was too far, and God too high to hear us, to whom did we turn in that supreme hour for counsel and comfort? Was it to the Congress which prattled and babbled in this city or to yonder flaming frontier—

“Where the ranks were rolled in vapors,  
And the winds were laid with sound.”

Was it to the Orrs and Wigfalls, the Footes and Pryors?  
—or to that

“Good grey head which all men knew—  
That iron nerve, to true occasion true—  
That tower of strength,  
Which stood four square to all the winds that blew.”

It is an interesting fact in Virginia's history that whenever she is assailed with danger, or stricken with suffering, she has ever beckoned these Lees to her side, and been happier when her hand was in theirs. Her eye ever “marks their coming and grows brighter when they come.” And during our terrible strife, in the days of her deepest and darkest despondency, it was upon the broad bosom of Robert Lee, her greatest son, that Virginia laid her weary head, and “with her sweet eyes slowly brightening close to his,” gathered inspiration from the beating of that mighty heart.

It is a glorious fact in the history of this family that no distance could be so great that the voice of Virginia's sorrow did



not reach and recall them. No fortune could be so great, and no rank so high that they would not surrender them at her call. They have ever loved her with a love far brought from out the historic past. There has been no pulse in their ambition whose beatings were not measured from her heart.

And now, when Peace has spread its white wings over the land and a Lee for the first time within the living memory asks something from a people for whom Lees have done so much, am I to be answered that Virginia remembers not in prosperity those upon whom she leant in adversity? She can forbear to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, but can she show no mercy to those who have loved her and kept her commandments?

W. H. PAYNE.

## ANTONIO ORIBONI.

### I.

**I**N gray Spielberg's dreary fortress buried from the light of day,  
 From the bounteous, liberal sunshine, and the prodigal breeze's play,—  
 Where no human sounds could reach him, save the mocking monotones  
 Of the sentinel whose footsteps trod the dismal courtyard stones—  
 Lay the young and knightly victim of the Austrian despot's law,  
 Worn with slow, consuming sickness, on his meagre bed of straw.

### II.

Oft he strove to press his forehead with his pallid hand in vain,—  
 For the wrist so thin and pulseless could not lift the burdening chain:  
 Though his lips were parched to frenzy, while the quenchless fever raged,

They had halved the stint of water, lest his thirst might be assuaged :  
 And because his morbid hunger loathed the mouldy food they thrust  
 Through the gratings of his dungeon, they had even withheld the crust.

## III.

Snatched from country, home and kindred, from his immemorial sky  
 Rich with summer's lavish leafage, they had flung him here to die ;  
 Not because through perjurer's witness they had stained his noble name,  
 Not because their jealous malice could adduce one deed of shame :—  
 But he learned to think that freedom was a guerdon cheaply bought  
 By the lives of slaughter'd heroes and—he dared to speak the thought !

## IV.

And for this,—for *this* they thrust him where no arm might reach to save,  
 And with youth's hot pulses thronging, sunk him in a living grave :  
 Strove to stifle in a dungeon, under-piled centurial stone,  
 Titan-thoughts whose heaving shoulders might upturn the tyrant's throne ;  
 —Motherland ! thou heard'st his groaning, and for every tear he poured,  
 Thou hast summoned forth a hero, armed with Freedom's vengeful sword !

## V.

Through the dragging years he wasted,—for the flesh will still succumb,  
 Though the inexorable spirit hold the lips sublimely dumb,—

And he yearned to clasp his brothers,—enter the o'd trellised  
 door,—  
 Fall upon his mother's bosom,—kiss his father's hand once  
 more,  
 Till he murmured, as the vision swam before his feverish  
 eye,—  
 ' O to hear their pitying voices break in blessings ere I die !

## VI.

' Thou who shrank'st with human shrinking, even as I, and  
 thrice didst pray,  
 If 'twere possible the anguish from Thy lips might pass away—  
 Lift this maddening, torturing pressure, seal this struggling,  
 panting breath,—  
 Let *Thy* mercy cheat man's vengeance,—lead me out to peace  
 through death :  
 Rend aside this fleshy fastness, shiver this soul-cankering  
 strife,  
 Turn the key, Thou Blessed Warder,—break the cruel bolt of  
 life ! ”

## VII.

In the deep and ghostly midnight, as the lonely captive lay  
 Gasping in the silent darkness, longing for the dusk of day,  
 Burst a flood of light celestial through the rayless prison cell,  
 And an angel hovering o'er him, touched his shackles,—and they  
 fell ;  
 And the wondering, tranced spirit, every thrall of bondage  
 past,  
 Dropt the shattered chains that held it, and sprang upward,—  
 freed at last.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Mrs. MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON, the leading female poet of America, is a daughter of the late Rev. George Junkin, D. D., a former President of Washington College, Lexington, Va. She comes of an ancient and honorable Philadelphia family, but the greater part of her life has been spent in Virginia, and for the past twenty years she has been the wife of Col. John T. L. Preston, of the Virginia Military Institute. Her literary and artistic tastes early manifested themselves, and fortunately circumstances have permitted their fullest cultivation, from her earliest childhood, by study, foreign travel, and surroundings. In the classics, as well as in the languages and literatures of

modern Europe, her education has been complete and critical. But with all her genius and culture, she has never stepped out before the reading public to fill the rôle of the purely *literary woman*. Her life-aim seems to be, first of all, to do worthily a woman's truest and most legitimate work—that which confines itself to the province of home; the High Art of wifehood and motherhood she places infinitely beyond all others, and to attain its ideal has occupied her years. The contributions she has made to the literature of the country are recreations, simply, from the duties of life. She has published, in prose, *Silverwood; a Book of Memories* (1856); and in poetry, *Beechenbrook; a Rhyme of the War* (1865); *Old Song and New* (1870); and *Cartoons* (1876). The last two volumes were received with great favor in both Europe and America, and widely extended her reputation. Her writings display true poetic feeling, dramatic power, high culture and womanly tenderness, combined with masculine strength, breadth of vision, and restraint of passion and utterance.

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### EAST TENNESSEE.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,—I plead guilty to the “soft impeachment.” I was born in East Tennessee, on the banks of the Watauga, which, in the Indian vernacular, is “beautiful river,”—and beautiful river it is. I have stood upon its banks in my childhood, and looked down through its glassy waters, and have seen a heaven below, and then looked up and beheld a heaven above, reflecting, like two mirrors, each in the other its moons, and planets, and trembling stars.

Away from its banks of rock and cliff, hemlock and laurel, pine and cedar, stretches back to the distant mountains a vale as beautiful and exquisite as any in Italy or Switzerland. There stand the Great Unicorn, the Great Black, and the Great Smoky Mountains—among the loftiest in the United States of North America—on whose summits the clouds gather of their own accord, even in the brightest day. There I have seen the Great Spirit of the storm, after noon-tide, go take his nap in the pavilion of darkness and of clouds. I have then seen him arise at midnight as a giant refreshed by slumber, and cover the heavens with gloom and darkness, have seen him awake the tempest, let loose the red lightnings that run among the mountain-tops for a thousand miles, swifter than eagles' flight in heaven. Then I have seen them stand up and dance like angels of light in the clouds, to the music of that grand

organ of nature whose keys seemed touched by the fingers of Divinity in the hall of eternity, that responded in notes of thunder that resounded through the universe.

Then I have seen the darkness drift away beyond the horizon, and the morn get up from her saffron bed, like a queen, put on her robes of light, come forth from her palace in the sun, and stand tip-toe on the misty mountain-tops; and while night fled from before her glorious face to his bed-chamber at the pole, she lighted the green vale and beautiful river where I was born, and played in my childhood, with a smile of sunshine. O! beautiful land of the mountains, with the sun painted cliffs, how can I ever forget thee!

L. C. HAYNES.

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#### A VIRGINIA COUNTRY MANSION IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

**W**HAT a good time and place it was—the old Hall in the days of my youth! And the “sweet fields” of that far-away time are even sweeter now, I think, in the retrospect, than then in actual reality. But they were surely charming. The sun shone so brightly then; the bloom of the flowers was so enthralling; the youths and maidens were so rosy and laughing!—Ah! I go back in memory to Oaktree Hall with delight.

It was in summer that the Hall was in its glory. A great host of relations gathered there—for never was clan more clanish than ours—and a thousand diversions sent the hours and days upon their way with mirth and pleasure. If you wished to ride, there were excellent saddle-horses in the stable; if the ladies wished to drive, the sleek and very dogmatic old coachman was promptly at the door with the roomy old carriage and the glossy old horses; if you chose to row or fish, there was a little boat balanced lightly beneath the willow, on the bright waters of the stream from the hills, which you ascended easily with a paddle, the banks on either hand fringed

with foliage of tender green, or every tint of the rainbow, as the season was summer or autumn. In the neighboring hills there were wild turkeys, partridges, and a stray deer now and then—how often I have hunted them, albeit the most unworthy of the representatives of Nimrod! and how well I remember the fat doe, just under whose left eye my dear brother planted his rifle-ball!

If you preferred in-door amusement, there was an old book-case containing a long array of volumes of the *Edinburgh* and other reviews; the Waverly novels, with a great collection of (odd) volumes of the old-time, Laura-Matilda style of romance; Charles Lamb, the English poets and orators, Pierce Egan, works on farriery, farming, and much modern literature, to fill up. If you desired to combine enjoyment of Nature, literature, and laziness, you could take a book, drag out a capacious split-bottomed chair to the grassy circle beneath the great oak, and, leaning luxuriously back there, with a cigar or a pipe, lounge, idly and dreamily, hour after hour, lulled to pleasant reverie by the sound of the piano from the drawing-room.

I cannot help repeating what a charming place the old Hall was in summer. It was the resort of uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, children and grandchildren, and cousins and friends—everybody connected with the hospitable family drifted thither as though borne on some friendly tide to the most peaceful and delightful of harbors. One year I remember there were *forty-four* children staying at the Hall, and I leave the worthy reader to draw for himself the picture of that little army of bright faces on the grassy lawn. How lovely they were! With their curls, and rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, they made it a fairy time, dotting the expanse beneath the century oaks, like flowers of the spring. And the little ones, take notice, were but one class of the population. Young maidens wandered slow in the distance, attended assiduously by their boy-lovers; elderly mademoiselles and cavaliers of eighteen or twenty decorously promenaded and discoursed; younger urchins ran, played, raced on colts, or wrestled; dimpled little ones staggered or tripped with uneven steps on the

grass and in the arms of the old negro nurse, with her head in a white handkerchief and her consequential gait, you saw the chubby-faced, curly-haired, open-and-staring-eyed darling of all, decked out by mamma in all the colors of the rainbow, the wonderful, unheard-of, most remarkable of created beings, the paragon of paragons—in a single word, *the baby!*

I grow uncommonly young again as I think of these sighing lovers, toddling little ones, and that extraordinary baby, for whose notice the maidens violently contended. I see the blue of the sky and the bloom of the flowers again, and the summer birds sing in my memory.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE has done for the historical traditions of Virginia what Simms did for those of the Carolinas, and Cooper for those of the North and West. Some of his historical novels, such as the *Virginia Comedians*, and *Henry St. John*, are the best and truest pictures anywhere to be found of Virginia in the olden time. He has shown himself an able biographer also by his *Lives of Stonewall Jackson and Lee*, and he contributed actively in other ways to the literature of the War.

He was born at Winchester, Va., in 1830, and spent the first years of his life at Glen-gary, his father's estate in Frederick County, whence on the burning of his house there, he removed to Richmond, as the place of session of the higher courts of the Commonwealth. His father, John R. Cooke, was a lawyer of the highest order of ability, a man of much sweetness of disposition, elegance of manner, and was greatly beloved and respected by his eminent associates, among whom were Chief-Justice Marshall, Judge Tucker, Watkins Lee, and Judge Stannard. His mother was Maria Pendleton, a grandniece of Judge Edmund Pendleton.

He was educated at an ordinary Virginia school, and finished at sixteen under Dr. Burke, a very excellent teacher of languages, at Richmond. He studied law with his father, beginning the practice at twenty-one, but discontinuing it three or four years afterwards, for literary pursuits, writing for the *Southern Literary Messenger* and the New York magazines until the war. During the war, he served in the Virginia campaigns, for the most part on Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's staff, from April 10, 1861, to April 10, 1865. Since the war he has resided in Clark County, Va. He was married in 1867 to Miss Page.

The following are his publications written before the war: *Leather Stocking and Silk*; *The Virginia Comedians*, 2 vols.; *The Youth of Jefferson*; *The Last of the Foresters*; *Ellie, or the Human Comedy*; *Henry St. John, Gentleman*; *Fairfax*. His war books are *Surry of Eagle's Nest*; *Mohun*; *Hilt to Hilt*; *Hammer and Rapier*; *Wearing of the Gray*; *A Life of General Lee*; *Stonewall Jackson, a Biography*. Mr. Cooke has a fine imagination, he is exceedingly well read in the old Virginia traditions, and he knows how to carry his readers with him in the scenes that he creates.—*Hart's Manual of American Literature*.

He is one of the most prolific of American writers, and since the war has produced: *Out of the Foam*; *The Heir of Gaymount*; *Dr. Vandyke*; *Her Majesty the Queen*; *Pretty Mrs. Gaston*; *Justin Harley*; *Cary of Hunsdon*; *Canolles*; besides innumerable short sketches, tales, reviews, and poems contributed to the leading periodicals.

## EQUAL PROTECTION TO ALL CLASSES.

THE Southern people should not simply promise, but should insure equal protection to all classes: and let us, fellow-citizens, do this, not because it is politic, but because it is right. It was not policy that guided Wade Hampton in redeeming South Carolina. His sense of right, his sense of justice, his sense of honor—his true manhood—inspired his statesmanship. The path of honesty was the way of wisdom, and it led to victory. Hampton urged his people to accord equal rights, equal justice—equality under the law—to all classes; these he promised on behalf of his party, and thereto pledged his honor. He was believed, because of his honor; and his cause prevailed, because it was honest. Those promises he is now redeeming; and he will redeem them all. Wade Hampton leads: let us follow. Be true to our professions; be true to our honor; be true to ourselves; and the American people will be true to us.

T. M. LOGAN.

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SPRING.

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air  
Which dwells with all things fair,  
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,  
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns  
Its fragrant lamps, and turns  
Into a royal court with green festoons  
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest-tree  
The blood is all a-glee,  
And there's a look about the leafless bowers  
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand  
Of Winter in the land,



Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,  
Flushed by the season's dawn.

Or where, like those strange semblances we find  
That age to childhood bind,  
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,  
The brown of Autumn corn,

As yet the turf is dark, although you know  
That, not a span below,  
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,  
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems  
Appear some azure gems,  
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,  
The forehead of a Fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth  
The crocus breaking earth;  
And near the snow-drop's tender white and green,  
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass  
Along the budding grass,  
And weeks go by, before the enamored South  
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn  
In the sweet airs of morn;  
One almost looks to see the very street  
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,  
And brings, you know not why,  
A feeling as when eager crowds await  
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,  
If from a bee's heart,

A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth should say,  
"Behold me! I am May!"

Ah! who would couple thoughts of war and crime  
With such a blessed time!  
Who in the west wind's aromatic breath  
Could hear the call of death!

Yet not more surely shall the Spring awake  
The voice of wood and brake,  
Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil charms,  
A million men to arms.

There shall be deeper hues upon her plains  
Than all her sunlit rains,  
And every gladdening influence around,  
Can summon from its ground.

Oh! standing on this desecrated mould,  
Methinks that I behold,  
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,  
Spring kneeling on the sod,

And calling, with the voice of all her rills,  
Upon the ancient hills  
To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves  
Who turn her meads to graves.                      HENRY TIMROD.

The sweetest singer of the South, HENRY TIMROD, was born in Charleston, S. C., December 8, 1829, and died of consumption, in Columbia, S. C., October 6, 1867. He spent some time in the University of Georgia, then read law in the office of Hon. James L. Pettigru, but finding the profession distasteful, became tutor for children of Carolina planters. Early in 1863 he joined the Confederate army of the West as war correspondent of *Charleston Mercury*, and the next year was editor of the *Columbia South Carolinian*. A small volume of his poems was published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, 1860; and, in 1872, E. J. Hale & Son, New York, published his collected poems, edited, with an admirable memoir of the poet, by his friend Paul H. Hayne. Though denied recognition during his lifetime, his genius is now fully acknowledged, and his works are a part of the permanent literature of America. "Were one to sum up the idiosyncrasies of Timrod's genius and poetic manner, I think it would be just to notice, in the first place, the simplicity, clearness, purity, and straightforward force of his imagination, which within its appointed bounds . . . is always a true enchanter. His productions do not appeal, like too many of Edgar Poe's, to our sense of rhythmic harmony *alone*, nor are they charming but mystic utterances, which here and

there may strike a vaguely solemn echo in the heart of the visionary dreamer. Not beneath the surface of his delicate imagery, and rhythmic sweetness of numbers, rest deeply embedded the 'golden ores of wisdom.' As an artist, he fulfilled one of Coleridge's many definitions of poetry ('the best words in the best order,') with a tact as exquisite as it was unerring. *And his style is literally himself.* 'His compositions—with all their elegance, finish, and superb propriety of diction—always leave the impression of having been *born*, not manufactured or made.' His *morale* is perfect. What can speak more emphatically for the native soundness, wholesomeness, and untainted virility of his genius, than the absence from his works of all morbid arraignments of the Eternal justice or mercy; all blasphemous hardihood and whining complaint—in a word, all *Byronism* of sentiment, despite the ceaseless trials of his individual experience, his sorrows, humiliations, and corroding want?"—*Paul H Hayne.*

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### RICHARD HENRY LEE MOVES THE RESOLUTIONS OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE Virginia Convention entrusted her command to Thomas Nelson, one of her delegates to Congress, and upon his arrival in Philadelphia, Richard Henry Lee was selected to make the motion. Nor could this honor have been more worthily bestowed. Of honored ancestry, large fortune, splendid intellect, and ample learning, from the time he offered his youthful sword to the unfortunate Braddock he had been conspicuous for his public spirit, and had early taken rank with the foremost of the American patriots. Tall and commanding in person, with the noble countenance of a Roman, the courage of a Cæsar, and the eloquence of a Cicero, at the bidding of Virginia, he arose on the 7th day of June, 1776, and in her name urged his countrymen no longer to hesitate, but pressing forward, to cross the Rubicon, and secure to themselves and to their posterity those inalienable rights bestowed upon them by their Creator. He moved, in the language of the Virginia Convention, "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; that it is expedient forthwith to take the most effectual measures for forming foreign alliances; that a plan of Confederation be prepared

and transmitted to the respective Colonies for their consideration and approbation."

The motion was seconded by "glorious old John Adams," and Massachusetts stood by the side of Virginia. Her ardent and eloquent son proved himself the colossus of the debate which followed and continued though several days. Nor was Pennsylvania content to be represented by her halting Dickinson, but her ardent patriotism found utterance through her profound philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, whose words of distilled wisdom fell from his lips like proverbs from the pen of Solomon. Of the eloquent speech with which Mr. Lee introduced the resolution of independence only a faint outline has been preserved. It is claimed by the historian, however, to be substantially correct. Of this I will only detain you with an extract.

"The question," said he, "is not whether we shall acquire an increase of territorial dominion, or wickedly wrest from others their just possessions, but whether we shall preserve or lose forever that liberty which we have inherited from our ancestors, which we have pursued across tempestuous seas, and which we have defended in this land against barbarous men, ferocious beasts, and an inclement sky. And if so many and distinguished praises have always been lavished upon the generous defenders of Greek and Roman liberty, what shall be said of us who defend a liberty which is founded, not on the capricious will of an unstable multitude, but upon immutable statutes and titulary laws; not that which was the exclusive privilege of a few patricians, but that which is the property of all; not that which was stained by iniquitous ostracisms, or the horrible decimation of armies, but that which is pure, temperate, and gentle, and conformed to the civilization of the age? Animated by liberty, the Greeks repulsed the innumerable army of Persians; sustained by the love of independence, the Swiss and the Dutch humbled the power of Austria by memorable defeats, and conquered a rank among nations. But the sun of America also shines upon the heads of the brave; the point of our weapons is no less formidable than theirs; here also the same

union prevails, the same contempt of danger and of death, in asserting the cause of country. Why then do we longer delay? Why still deliberate? Let this happy day give birth to the American Republic. Let her arise, not to devastate and conquer, but to re-establish the reign of peace and of law. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us; she demands of us a living example of freedom that may exhibit a contrast, in the felicity of the citizen, to the ever-increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum, where the unhappy may find solace and the persecuted repose. She invites us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant, which first sprang and grew in England, but is now withered by the poisonous blasts of Scottish tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltering under its salubrious and interminable shade all the unfortunate of the human race. If we are not this day wanting in our duty to our country, the names of American legislators of 1776 will be placed by posterity at the side of those of Theseus, of Lycurgus, of Romulus, of Numa, of the three Williams of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been and forever will be dear to virtuous men!"

WILLIAM WIRT HENRY.

## RE-UNION OF VIRGINIA DIVISION OF ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

HERE in this battle-crowned capital of our ancient Commonwealth, shall the men who wore the gray yearly gather and recall the names of those who went forth to battle at the bidding of Virginia—who now lie sleeping on the bosom of this Mother, that, not unmindful of their valor, not ungrateful for this filial devotion, shall keep forever bright the splendor of their deeds, "till earth, and seas, and skies are rended."

No "Painted Porch" is hers, like that of Athens, where, for half a thousand years, the descendants of the men who had followed Miltiades to victory might trace the glories of their Marathon—no gleaming *Chapelle des Invalides*, with the lig'ht

flaming through gorgeous windows on tattered flags of battle—no grand historic Abbey, like that of England, where hard by the last resting-place of her princes and her kings sleep the great soldiers who have writ glorious names high upon their country's roll with the point of their stainless swords.

Nay, none of this is hers.

Only the frosty stars to-night keep solemn watch and ward above the wind-swept graves of those who, from Potomac to James, from Rapidan to Appomattox, yielded up their lives that they might transmit to their children the heritage of their fathers.

Weep on, Virginia, weep these lives given to thy cause in vain;  
The stalwart sons who ne'er shall heed thy trumpet-call again;  
The homes whose light is quenched for aye; the graves without a stone;  
The folded flag, the broken sword, the hope forever flown.

Yet raise thy head, fair land! Thy dead died bravely for the Right;  
The folded flag is stainless still, the broken sword is bright;  
No blot is on thy record found, no treason soils thy fame,  
Nor can disaster ever dim the lustre of thy name.

Pondering in her heart all their deeds and words, Virginia calls us, her surviving sons, "from weak regrets and womanish laments to the contemplation of their virtues," bidding us, in the noble words of Tacitus, to "honor them not so much with transitory praises as with our reverence, and, if our powers permit us, with our emulation."

Reminding her children, who were faithful to her in war, that "the reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another," she points to the tasks left unfinished when the "nerveless hands drooped over the spotless shields," and with imperious love claims a fealty no less devoted in these days of peace.

I claim no vision of seer or prophet, yet I fancy that even now I descry the faint dawn of that day, which thousands wait on with expectant eyes; when all this land, still the fairest on the globe—this land, which has known so long what old Isaiah termed the "dimness of anguish"—shall grow glad again in the broad sunlight of prosperity, and from Alleghany to Chesapeake shall resound the hum and stir of busy life; when yonder noble

roadstead, where our ironclad *Virginia* revolutionized the naval tactics of two continents, shall be whitened by many a foreign sail, and you, her children, shall tunnel those grand and hoary mountains, whose every pass Lee and "Old Stonewall" have made forever historic by matchless skill and daring. Thus, comrades, assured of her heroic Past, stirred by a great hope for her Future, may we to-night re-echo the cry of Richmond on Bosworth Field:

Now civil wounds are stopped, peace lives again;  
That she may long live here, God say amen!

W. GORDON McCABE.

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### THE BABE OF THE ALAMO.

I INTENDED, Mr. Speaker, to be silent on this occasion, but silence would now be a reproach, when to speak is a duty. No one has raised a voice in behalf of this orphan child; several have spoken against her claim. I rise, sir, in behalf of no common cause. Liberty was its foundation, heroism and martyrdom consecrated it. I speak for the orphan child of the Alamo. No orphan children of fallen patriots can send a similar petition to this House—none save her can say, "I am the Child of the Alamo."

Well do I remember the consternation which spread throughout the land, when the sad tidings reached our ears that the Alamo had fallen! It was here that a gallant few, the bravest of the brave, threw themselves betwixt the enemy and the settlements, determined not to surrender nor retreat. They redeemed their pledge with the forfeit of their lives—they fell, the chosen sacrifice to Texan freedom! Texas, unapprised of the approach of the invader, was sleeping in fancied security, when the gun of the Alamo first announced that the Atilla of the South was near. Infuriated at the resistance of Travis and his noble band, he marshalled his whole army beneath the walls, and rolled wave after wave of his hosts against those battlements of freedom. In vain he strove—the flag of liberty, the

Lone Star of Texas, still streamed out upon the breeze, and floated proudly from the outer wall. Maddened and persistent, he reared his batteries, and after days of furious bombardment and repeated assaults, he took a blackened and ruined mass—the blood-stained walls of the Alamo. The noble, the martyred spirits of all its gallant defenders, had taken their flight to another fortress, not made with hands.—But for this stand at the Alamo, Texas would have been desolated to the Sabine.

Sir, I ask this pittance, and for whom? For the only living witness, save the mother, of this awful tragedy—"This bloodiest picture in the book of time"—the bravest act that ever swelled the annals of any country. Grant the boon! She claims it as the Christian child of the Alamo—baptized in the blood of a Travis, a Bowie, a Crockett, and a Bonham. To turn her away would be a shame! Give her what she asks, that she may be educated, and become a worthy child of the State—that she may take that position in society to which she is entitled by the illustrious name of her martyred father—illustrious because he fell in the Alamo!

GUY M. BRYAN.

GUY M. BRYAN was born January 12, 1821, in Missouri, emigrated to Texas in 1831, served as orderly to Col. Somerville in the Revolution of 1836, and graduated at Kenyon College, 1842. In 1847 he was elected a member of the Texas Legislature and served ten consecutive years—six in the House and four in the Senate; and in 1857 was elected to U. S. Congress. He entered the Confederate army upon the secession of Texas, and served through the war. In 1873, his disabilities having been removed, he was returned to the Texas Legislature and elected Speaker of the House of Representatives.

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## AUTUMN IN THE SWANNANOA VALLEY.

A CHARMING feature in these mountain ranges is the coves or glens scarped out of the sides of the ridges which enclose the valleys. Short, steep ribs rise from the brooks, and, running straight up, join the main ridge at right angles. Between these are the basin-shaped coves, down through the centres of which trickle branches of pure, sweet water. The crests of these bi-



secting ridges and the main tops are usually covered with mountain-pines, whilst the bosom of the cove, rich in the soils of disintegrating feldspar and hornblende-slates, is heavily laden with the noblest forest-trees. Poplars, beeches, hickories, many kinds of the oak, chestnut, linn, buckeye, ash, maple, sour-wood, walnut, wild cherry, locust, wild cucumber, and many others, flourish and attain great size. Close along the border of the same stream, and tracing its meanders, runs a narrow ribbon of silver spruces, lifting their dark, rich, conical tops through the paler canopy of their deciduous neighbors, like spearmen in battle array.

Now, say we stand facing such a glen as this in the beautiful valley of the Swannanoa—as I have often done, and hope to do again—in the mellow mid-autumn season. A sharp, biting frost or so has already fallen, the decreasing days and the lengthening hours of the darkness have begun that mysterious chemical change in the vegetable world which we term decay, and which notifies the glory of the forest that it must die. But there is neither haste nor despair, nor any unseemliness in the dying of nature; and these children of the forest, as if in gratitude to their Creator for the magnificence which had been vouchsafed to them for a season, receive the summons gladly, and prepare to worship Him even in the splendor of their going out. Verily, it would seem as if they knew that *resurgam* was written on all things. Each puts on its funeral attire after his kind. The oaks and the beeches turn to a pale russet, the maple and sour-woods to a deep shining purple, the red-oak to a pale yellow with iron-shot specks, the poplars, walnuts, ashes, and locusts to the light gold of the hollyhock, and the wild cucumbers and the hickories put on the flaming gold of the sunflower.

And so they “all do fade as a leaf,” except the spruces and the mountain-pines, which, like immortal spirits, die not. Oh, ye dwellers within cities and among the prosaic haunts of men, there is a scene which might kindle your souls with a strange, inexplicable fire! Behold that wondrous sea of foliage spread over the landscape as a mantle; see that multitude of gorgeous colors, and consider the unspeakable splendors of their delicate

intermingling, as they revel in the yellow beams of the setting sun, who smiles lovingly upon them and kisses his darlings good-night! Verily, it would seem that such magnificence was the joint work of both the celestial and the terrestrial powers,

“As when some great painter dips  
His brush in hues of earthquake and eclipse;”

and that some truant rainbow, based on either mountain, had bestridden the glen with its radiant arch, and whilst in the zenith of its glory had been smitten by a thunderbolt into small, glowing dust, whose shining atoms had been scattered down upon the outstretched arms of the waiting forest!

ZEBULON B. VANCE.

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### THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

SIR, if there be within this hall an individual man who thinks that his vast dignity and importance would be lowered, the laurels which he has heretofore won be tarnished, his glowing and all-conquering popularity at home be lessened, by an act designed to redeem any portion of his colleagues or fellow-men from ruin and shame, all I can say is, that he and I put a very different estimate upon the matter. I should say, sir, that the act was not only the most benevolent, but, in the present state of opinion, the most politic, the most popular, the very wisest thing he ever did in his life. Think not, sir, think not that I feel myself in a ridiculous situation, and, like the fox in the fable, wish to divide it with others, by converting deformity into fashion. Not so; my honor as a gentleman, not so! I was not what I was represented to be. I had, and I have shown that I had, full power over myself. But the pledge I have taken renders me secure forever from a fate inevitably following habits like mine—a fate more terrible than death. That pledge, though confined to myself alone, and with reference to its effect upon me only, my mind, my heart, my body, I would not exchange for all earth holds of brightest and

best. No, no, sir; let the banner of this temperance cause go forward or go backward—let the world be rescued from its degrading and ruinous bondage to alcohol or not—I for one shall never, never repent what I have done. I have often said this, and I feel it every moment of my existence, waking or sleeping.

Sir, I would not exchange the physical sensations—the mere sense of animal being which belongs to a man who totally refrains from all that can intoxicate his brain or derange his nervous structure—the elasticity with which he bounds from his couch in the morning—the sweet repose it yields him at night—the feeling with which he drinks in, through his clear eyes, the beauty and grandeur of surrounding nature;—I say, sir, I would not exchange my conscious being as a strictly temperate man—the sense of renovated youth—the glad play with which my pulses now beat healthful music—the bounding vivacity with which the life-blood courses its exulting way through every fibre of my frame—the communion high which my healthful ear and eye now hold with all the gorgeous universe of God—the splendors of the morning, the softness of the evening sky—the bloom, the beauty, the verdure of earth, the music of the air and the waters—with all the grand associations of external nature reopened to the fine avenues of sense;—no, sir, though poverty dogged me—though scorn pointed its slow finger at me as I passed—though want and destitution and every element of earthly misery, save only crime, met my waking eye from day to day;—not for the brightest and the noblest wreath that ever encircled a statesman's brow—not, if some angel commissioned by heaven, or some demon, rather, sent fresh from hell, to test the resisting strength of virtuous resolution, should tempt me back, with all the wealth and all the honors which a world can bestow; not for all that time and all that earth can give, would I cast from me this precious pledge of a liberated mind, this talisman against temptation, and plunge again into the dangers and the horrors which once beset my path;—so help me Heaven! sir, as I would spurn beneath my very feet all the gifts the universe could offer, and live and die as I am, *poor* but *sober*.

THOMAS F. MARSHALL.

## EVERY YEAR.

THE Spring has less of brightness,  
Every year;  
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness,  
Every year;  
Nor do Summer flowers quicken,  
Nor the Autumn fruitage thicken,  
As they once did, for they sicken,  
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,  
Every year;  
As the heart and soul grow older,  
Every year;  
I care not now for dancing,  
Or for eyes with passion glancing,  
Love is less and less entrancing,  
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,  
Every year;  
Of the charms of friendship ended,  
Every year;  
Of the ties that still might bind me,  
Until Time to Death resign me  
My infirmities remind me,  
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us,  
Every year;  
While the cloud grows darker o'er us,  
Every year;  
When we see the blossoms faded,  
That to bloom we might have aided,  
And immortal garlands braided,  
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces,  
Every year;  
As the loved leave vacant places,  
Every year;  
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,  
In the evening's dusk they greet us,  
And to come to them entreat us,  
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,  
"Every year;  
"You are more alone," they tell us,  
"Every year;  
"You can win no new affection.  
You have only recollection,  
Deeper sorrow and dejection,  
Every year."

Yes! the shores of life are shifting,  
Every year;  
And we are seaward drifting,  
Every year;  
Old places, changing, fret us,  
The living more forget us,  
There are fewer to regret us,  
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,  
Every year;  
And its Morning-Star climbs higher  
Every year;  
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,  
And the heavy burden lighter,  
And the dawn Immortal brighter,  
Every year.

ALBERT PIKE.

ALBERT PIKE, soldier, poet, and jurist, was born in Boston, December 29, 1809; passed his examination and entered Harvard, but was unable to remain, taught school at Gloucester six months and during the year went through the studies of two years, returned to Har-

vard to enter Junior class, was required to pay tuition there for Freshman and Sophomore years, which he refused to do, and went home to educate himself. The College afterward conferred the degree of A. M. on him. After teaching awhile in Fairhaven and Newburyport, Mass., he went West, in 1831, to Tennessee and Missouri, thence to Santa Fé, New Mexico, thence to Little Rock, Ark., in 1833, where he edited the *Arkansas Advocate* and practised law. In 1836 he supervised the publication of the revised statutes of Arkansas. He gained distinction in the Mexican war, and in the late war was brigadier-general in the Confederate service. Considering that his life has been one of action mainly, the amount and quality of literary labor performed by him is remarkable: *Prose Sketches and Poems* (1834), *Reports of Cases in Supreme Court of Arkansas* (5 vols. 1840-45), *The Arkansas Form Book* (1845), and for private distribution several editions of two volumes of poems, *Nugæ*, and *Hymns to the Gods*. He is Sovereign Grand Commander of Supreme Council, Thirty-third Degree, for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States—the highest dignity in Masonry—and has prepared for the craft seventeen volumes of Rituals, Offices, etc. His editions of the *Grand Constitutions, Institutes, etc.*, are the only collection of the laws of the Rite ever published in the world. He edits the *Official Bulletin of the Supreme Council*, and has now in course of publication, *Materials for the History of Freemasonry in France, from 1718 to 1859*—a monument of Masonic learning and historic research. A number of works,—legal, philological, and Masonic,—he holds in manuscript, declining to publish. No edition of his poems has ever been permitted by him to be published for the public. He resides at present in Washington, and practises in the Supreme Court of the United States.

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### ACCEPTING A GOLD SEAL OF THE STATE OF GEORGIA.

THE preamble and resolutions have made for me, in the archives of the State, a record I had not hoped to merit, but trust never to dishonor. The medal, having engraved thereon a *fac-simile* of the seal of the Executive Department once entrusted to me with words of domination from the State of Georgia, and a legend embodying the spirit of the resolutions, I proudly accept as a memorial possession for life and a testimonial certificate for all time. In itself a thing of beauty, wrought by the skilful hand of the artisan, in the most precious and imperishable metal of nature, it has for me a value derived neither from nature nor art—a moral significance imparted by the fiat of a noble *constituency*—a popular *sovereignty*. I would not exchange it for Star or Garter, or other badge of knighthood—nor yet for highest patent of nobility ever bestowed by king upon subject.

In view of the high position of each department of their

government in which my fellow-citizens have heretofore placed me, and of this unique testimonial, I may truly say that the measure of my ambition is full to overflowing; and that through the same channel of communication my heart sends back to the State of Georgia, measure for measure, a swelling tide of filial gratitude and devotion.

Would to God I had remaining enough of life and vigor to do more for her. But having nearly filled my span of three-score years and ten, in the retirement of my quiet home it is a cheering reflection that the noble Commonwealth numbers not by scores only, but by hundreds, sons younger, more vigorous, and no less devoted, who will achieve for her a larger material prosperity, a grander civilization, and a higher renown than she has yet enjoyed.

CHARLES J. JENKINS.

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## SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

**M**R. PRESIDENT, my humble belief is, and I say it with no asperity of feeling, that no people in the history of the world have ever been so misunderstood, so misjudged, and so cruelly maligned as the people I represent on this floor. It is known to this country and to this body that since the war not a solitary arm has been raised throughout the extent of Southern territory against the power and authority of the Federal Government by a solitary white man of the South, and yet we are charged, because of riots at elections, with manifestations of hostility to the Government of the United States!

A State government is overthrown; a committee of the Senate report that the powers which hold it are usurpers; the people attempt to assert their rights with the broad declaration that they mean no war upon the United States Government, and will acquiesce in its demands; the Federal soldiery, who have no interest in the support of any political party, cheer the people as they move upon the usurpers; a conflict ensues; men are killed;—and the Southern people are branded as murderers!

A band of misguided, deluded, ignorant negroes march upon converging lines in the dark hours of the night, with arms to murder, with hearts for plunder, and wagons and sacks to bear away their spoils from a peaceful city; the whites arm for defence; a conflict ensues; men are killed;—and the South is branded as a land of murderers and assassins!

An armed black militia rides in arrogance over a country in the midst of a disarmed people; rob, pillage, insult, drag innocent citizens from their beds at night, and perpetrate crimes not to be described on this floor; and when men resist, when they defend themselves, their wives, and their daughters, and conflict ensues,—the South is branded as a land of murderers and assassins!

Men are sent among us—I do not care otherwise to characterize them—who have no permanent habitation, no interest, no property, no sympathy with us, and whose sole purpose is to hold the offices, to levy our taxes, to gather our taxes, to disburse our taxes, to make our laws, to govern our people, and then to malign our people. We protest; we strive by all the powers given us, under the laws of the land, to overthrow their power and recover our rights; riots ensue,—and we are charged with disloyalty to the Government of the United States, and outrage, and murder!

How long is this thing to last? How long are we thus to be the subjects of misrule and of misrepresentation—the football with which political adventurers play? How long is the American Senate to be the stage for such scenes as this? How long are the material interests of every section to suffer by bankrupting the South, and the very existence of our free institutions endangered by the military support of political usurpers?

JOHN B. GORDON.

The distinguished soldier, orator, and statesman, JOHN B. GORDON, was born in Upson Co., Ga., February 6, 1832, and received his higher education at the University of that State; was admitted to the bar and practised law for a time; entered the Confederate army as Captain of Infantry, was promoted regularly through all the intermediate grades until he became Lieutenant-General, and when Gen. Lee surrendered at Appomattox commanded one wing of his army; was eight times wounded in battle. Accepting the issue of the war in good faith, he at once exerted the whole of his great influence to restore his State and people to their former harmonious relations with the general



government; in 1873, he was elected to the U. S. Senate, where, by his ability, wisdom, and patriotic devotion to the true interests of the whole country, he soon gained a national reputation as statesman.

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## AGAINST REPUDIATION.

A STATE that will not pay its honest debts has lived too long. The very existence of a State, so dishonored, is a crime, and the prolific parent of crime. The State is to its citizens the rule of right, the very embodiment of inviolable justice. To enforce among its subjects a just regard for mutual rights, the State imposes fines and forfeitures, uses chains and manacles, builds jails and penitentiaries, constructs the gallows and the guillotine. But when the State becomes itself an evil-doer, commits those acts which it punishes in its subjects, tramples under foot the eternal justice which it professes to enforce and to dispense, then it debauches the morals of its subjects, who have been taught to look to it for inspiration and for guidance.

There is among us in this latter half of the nineteenth century, a laxity about debts, public and private, which would have disgraced the ethics of pagan Rome. They called a debt *as alinum*, another's money; with us, when a man gets another's money, by borrowing or otherwise, it is, in many cases, most effectually his own. Stay laws and bankrupt acts, at once the evidence and the means of corruption, enable him in many ways to bar payment. Nor does he lose caste by his ill-gotten wealth. Luxurious parlors open to receive him, and are honored by his presence; his wife and daughters flaunt in silks and flutter in brocade; his splendid equipage flings mud from its whirring wheels on the obscure pedestrian with whose money, perchance, it was bought. When, even in the corrupt days of the Roman commonwealth, Cicero was approached with a proposition for new tablets—obliteration of debts—the indignant Consul answered he would give new tablets, but under the auctioneer's hammer. Nor is it difficult to find the cause of this

woful putridity of morals. The two Governments under which we live have, for fifteen years, shown an utter disregard, have affected, on the grand scale, an utter annihilation of the property rights of the citizen; have themselves committed, over and over, those crimes which just governments always punish in their subjects. Is it strange that the individual should forget the distinction between mine and thine, should have his sensibilities utterly obtunded, when the State, to which he has been taught to look as the impersonation of justice, as his exemplar in morals and in conduct, abuses the confidence reposed in its honor, and denies the obligations of its plighted faith? If the State, upon which rests supremely the obligation of immutable justice, can plunder and rob on the grand scale, why not he in feeble imitation on the small?

And so, descending step by step, we have learned to entertain the idea of repudiation. Calmly we walk to the edge of that awful chasm and look down into its dismal depths. Shall Virginia take that fatal plunge? No sacrifice would be too great to prevent it. But none is required. It is only necessary to be content to live as we lived in our purer and happier days. If we do this guilty thing, it will be the blackest picture in the book of time. The act will have no extenuation. For one, I say it deliberately: I prefer the annihilation of her sovereignty, the obliteration of her name from history, and from the memory of men.

If Virginia is to commit this crowning infamy, I trust it will appear that they who can justly claim the proud heritage of her glory were guiltless of the sin; that Virginia, brave in war and wise in peace, renowned in history and in romance, the lofty idol of gallant and knightly sons, preserved, so long as she was free, her honor unsullied; that the noble mother, convulsed with mortal agony—herself no longer—stooped to this last disgrace only after she had been bound and manacled, and a baser blood had been injected, at a tryant's bidding, into her indignant veins.

B. PURYEAR.

BENNETT PURYEAR is a native of Mecklenburg Co., Va., and graduated with distinction at Randolph Macon College and the University of Virginia. He was Pro-

fessor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in Richmond College (1850-58); and filled the same chair in Randolph Macon (1858-66). In 1866 he returned to Richmond College, where as Professor and Chairman of the Faculty he has contributed very largely to its growing reputation and success.

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### THE SLAVES OF MADISON AT HIS GRAVE.

MADISON was distinguished for a serenity of temper, which, under no circumstances, in public or private, did I ever see disturbed. Cheerfulness was a predominant feature in his character; and frequently he indulged in a playful Attic wit, always without a sting; it was the rose without the thorn. And, above all, as partaking of the Divine purity, I never heard him speak ill of any one. With these personal qualifications, and most happy in his domestic relations, he performed every duty of life with a scrupulous fidelity, as well from a sense of duty as the kindness of his nature; distinguished for his filial piety, whose amiable offices, fortunately for his affectionate spirit, were prolonged to the ninety-seventh year of his venerable mother, and were richly repaid by her repeated declarations that he had never given her cause of regret.

He was a devoted husband, a kind brother, a warm friend, a good neighbor, and an indulgent master. Many of you were at his funeral; you must have seen his slaves, decently attired, in attendance, and their orderly deportment; the profound silence was now and then broken by their sobs—they attended the procession to the grave. There are none of us, I fear, who have not drunk of the cup of affliction, heavily drugged by the untimely bereavement of a dear child or affectionate companion; such will but too well remember, that, so long as the remains continued on earth, the tie that connected us seemed not entirely dissolved; but, while standing on the verge of the grave, and seeing the corpse deposited, and hearing the pious man give utterance to the fearful sentence “dust to dust,” whose fulfilment by some friendly hand flung back its hollow and mournful sound, how it pierced our souls, how we felt that the separation was now final—that all was gone!

At this part of the service it was not only the body servant, who was standing directly by me, that, by his sobs and sighs, showed how severely he felt his bereavement in the loss of a kind and indulgent master, but the hundred slaves gave vent to their lamentations in one violent burst that rent the air; methought it ascended to Heaven, and was heard with joy by the heavenly host, as a redeeming item in that great account which he, in common with all the sons of Adam, had to meet. And I derived consolation at the moment from a belief that if, in that great account, slight blemishes here and there, from the inexorable law of our nature, were to be found, this alone would, in the eye of mercy, be sufficient to "blot out the unfriendly characters that bore record of his infirmity, to be remembered no more."

JAMES BARBOUR.

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### THE CONQUERED BANNER.

FURL that Banner, for 'tis weary,  
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary:

Furl it, fold it, it is best:

For there's not a man to wave it,  
And there's not a sword to save it,  
And there's not one left to lave it  
In the blood which heroes gave it;  
And its foes now scorn and brave it;

Furl it, hide it—let it rest.

Take that Banner down, 'tis tattered,  
Broken is its staff and shattered,  
And the valiant hosts are scattered,

Over whom it floated high;  
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it,  
Hard to think there's none to hold it,  
Hard that those who once unrolled it,  
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly—  
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,  
And ten thousands wildly, madly,  
    Swore it would forever wave—  
Swore that foeman's sword could never  
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,  
'Till that flag would float forever  
    O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,  
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,  
    Cold and dead are lying low;  
And the Banner, it is trailing,  
While around it sounds the wailing  
    Of its people in their woe;  
For though conquered, they adore it,  
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,  
Weep for those who fell before it—  
Pardon those who trailed and tore it—  
And oh! wildly they deplore it,  
    Now to furl and fold it so

Furl that Banner: true, 'tis gory,  
Yet 'tis weathed around with glory,  
And 'twill live in song and story,  
    Though its folds are in the dust:  
For its fame on brightest pages,  
Penned by poets and by sages,  
Shall go sounding down the ages—  
    Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly,  
Treat it gently—it is holy—  
    For it droops above the dead;  
Touch it not—unfold it never,  
Let it droop there furled forever,  
    For its people's hopes are dead.

FATHER RYAN.

## CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY.

PRUSSIA and England stand to-day in the fore-front of the world's development, with banners inscribed with those words of strength, "Freedom secured by law." The principles that seem yet with us floating in solution, are there crystallized into those political gems of declared rights, which, carried to England by our Saxon forefathers, first began to congeal and shine on *Magna Charta* upon the memorable day of the meadow council; and have, by the slow accretion of the world's progress in truth and moral rights, become the crown jewels of the lands just named.

We owe much to the German race. From them have we inherited that idea of personal liberty which makes such contrast to the centralization, unified power, peculiar classes with peculiar privileges, which is the outgrowth of the Latin race,—and which is to be as clearly seen operating this day as when the Roman eagle met the banner of the White Horse in Saxony.

There is no harmonizing these two ideas; every effort to combine them has only resulted in an increase of antagonism, leading to convulsive outbreaks of bloodshed and ruin. No nation has oftener made the attempt than France. And see the result. Look at Spain and Rome! to-day they are as far removed from England, Prussia, and those northwestern kingdoms of Europe, as when the freemen—according to Motley, the *freewomen*—of Saxony gave the legions of Cæsar the first check in their onward course of universal dominion, amid the morasses and pine-forests of Germany.

This assertion of personal freedom—this adoration of liberty guaranteed by law—so dear to the Saxon heart, caused our ancestors to struggle with the hydra of despotism from the days of Alfred to Runnemede; led to the overthrow of feudalism brought in by the Norman conquest, and to a victorious combat with all those ideas of a "one man's rule" introduced by the foreign marriages of their sovereigns; reddened a hundred plains where the rival Roses contended; and upheld the ban-

ner of the rights of the people upon the fields of Otterbourn, Shrewsbury, Bosworth, Flodden Field, and Marston Moor.

Through all the woof of the past this brave Saxon principle is seen running like a thread of gold—bright, strong, and powerful. In every struggle this has been maintained, in every conflict this has ultimately triumphed—individual responsibility, whether of Kaiser, King, or beggar; individual liberty, as well for him who toils in the hut, as for him who feasts in the hall; the right to do as seemed to us good, so long as it interferes with no other man's liberty or rights;—a freedom so based upon eternal justice as to seem an original emanation from the source of all justice itself.

MRS. M. J. YOUNG.

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### A PINEVILLE BALL.

NOTHING can be imagined more simple or more fascinating than those Pineville balls. No love of display, no vain attempt to outshine a competitor in the world of fashion, governed the preparations. Refreshments of the simplest character were provided; such only as the unusual exercise would fairly warrant, nothing to tempt a pampered appetite. Cards were furnished to keep the old men quiet, and the music was such only as the gentlemen's servants could give.

The company assembled early—no one ever thought of waiting until bedtime to go to the ball—and the dancing always began with a country-dance. The lady who stood at the head of the column called for the figures, and the old airs of *Ça ira*, *Money-musk*, *Haste to Wedding*, and *La Belle Catherine* were popular and familiar in Pineville, even long after they had been forgotten in the city. Ah! well do we remember with what an exulting step would the young man who had secured the partner of his choice, exhibit his powers of the poetry of motion, when his partner called for the air *La Belle Catherine*. How proudly would he perform the *pas seul* on one side of the column while his partner did the same on the other side; how

gracefully would they come up to the top of the column to cross hands; how gallantly would he lead her down the column; and, when the strain was closing and the leader commenced with his bow the prolonged rest on the final note, how full of sentiment, of grace, and of courtesy was the bow with which he would salute his fair lady! But these are scenes to be lived over in thought: no untutored imagination can conceive them. Even in Pineville they have become things which were, time cannot restore them; but so long as an old Pineville heart beats, so long will be embalmed in the most fragrant memory the recollection of a Pineville country-dance.

The staple dance of the evening was the cotillion, which has in these degenerate days given way for the quadrille. And now, when a country-dance and one or two cotillion sets had greatly stirred up the spirit of the dancers, the signal would be given for the exhilarating reel. A six-handed reel! Come back for a moment, thou inexorable Past, and bring again before me that most fascinating of movements! No lover now claims the hand of his beloved—here is no room for sentiment, for soft whispers, for the gentle pressure of the thrilling hand. No; this is a dance. Let none venture on it but a real lover of dancing. Your partner must be a lively, merry, laughter-loving girl, brisk, animated, and active. Here is no room for affected display—you must be self-possessed, for the movement is brisk, but with self-possession no danger is to be feared. The reel is called, the sets are formed, three couple in each; the music begins, and off the merry dancers bound! In rapid succession we have the chace, the hey, the figure of eight, right and left, cross hands, down the middle, grand round, cross again, and off the whole party darts, to recommence the intoxicating reel. If your dress become disordered, let it alone; you have no time to put it to rights, for the hands must move as quickly as the feet. And as your pulse quickens with intense delight, hark! how the fiddlers catch the inspiration and sympathize with your joy. Their stamps become quicker. The music runs on in accelerated time—and bow and fingers move



with a rapidity which Paganini might envy, but could never hope to emulate. The powers of endurance are taxed to the uttermost, and set after set retire exhausted. The last set generally contains some unlucky wight of middle age, who has ventured once more to enjoy the luxury of the dance. How wickedly do his young companions (his partner the instigator) persevere. How gayly do they strive, by keeping him on his feet, to punish his presumption in venturing among them. But they know not that men of that age possess powers of endurance beyond their tender years, and, after a protracted contest, they find that they have caught a tartar. The company look on in pleased sympathy, and the young are at last obliged to acknowledge themselves vanquished.

The evening's entertainment was always concluded with the *Boulanger*, a dance whose quiet movement came in appropriately to cool off the revellers before exposure to the chilly air. It was a matter of no small importance to secure a proper partner for this dance, for, by old custom, whoever danced last with a lady had a prescriptive right to see her home. No carriages ever rolled in the village streets after night; a servant with a lantern marshalled the way, and the lady, escorted by her last partner, was conducted to her home. And as the season drew towards a close, how interesting became those walks! how many words of love were spoken! how many hearts saddened by the discovery of the hopelessness of an attachment! How many persons are yet alive whose destiny depended upon one of these walks. To many a dancer the *Boulanger* was a season of consciousness, of apprehension, of delight reined in, of hope, and of fear; and numbers still live, in whose memories this dance is indelibly fixed.

F. A. PORCHER.

F. A. PORCHER was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1809; graduated at Yale College, and returning home, studied law, but abandoned it for planting; in 1848, was appointed Professor of History and Belles Lettres in the College of Charleston, where he still remains; is President of the South Carolina Historical Society. Besides his *Sketch of Craven County* (from which the above is extracted), which gives very graphic and interesting glimpses of bygone country life in Carolina, he has written numerous historical and literary essays.

## ROBERT E. LEE THE TEACHER OF SOUTHERN YOUTH.

THE culture and elevation of the youth of the South—what a fascinating field, what a grand enterprise! Whose eye does not kindle at the thought, and whose heart does not sympathize with the sentiment? What is required to stimulate us to the noble work? Where shall we look for an example fit to be followed and worthy of imitation?

There is one, an illustrious example to all Southern men,—without a parallel in history—the Christian knight, whose white plume waves before us in whatever direction we cast our eyes,—the commander of armies in war; in peace, “the guide, philosopher, and friend of Southern youth.” You know his name. His image has a home in all your hearts. Who shall paint the picture of his lofty life—who portray lineaments of his moral manhood? He drew his sword, not in wrath, but in defence of his native State, which he loved better than life. Upon its point for years he carried the destiny of his people, baffling the chosen and skilful leaders of the enemy, beating back their hosts from field to field, and securing the safety of the capital which sat shaking under their guns.

The struggle was vain. The contest closed. The dark curtain fell. But the white plume of the Christian knight did not go down—“the light which led him on was light from Heaven.” High above those dark and desolate fields arose a single and sublime figure—the figure of Lee. Yielding to destiny, he called about him his war-worn veterans, his old guard, the companions of his toils, his feelings, and his fame; delivered to them his farewell order; confided them to the keeping of his God and theirs; and, turning from those fatal fields forever, repaired to his own mountains of Virginia. There he dedicated all the energies of his heroic nature to the advancement of the *élite* of Southern youth. There the splendid sunset of his life lit up their minds with the light of knowledge, and inspired their hearts with the love of country.

Cicero, in the Roman forum, pleading for virtue and patriotism;

Plato, in academic groves teaching the Athenian youth lessons of philosophy and good-will—hold no higher place. There death found him. There with dying lips he ordered: "Let the tent be struck!" and passed to the front above. The great heart of the South is still bleeding over his grave. History claims him, and will surround his name with its most lasting lustre.

T. M. JACK.

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### THE BIBLE.

LET us contemplate the Bible, in contrast with the hoary and venerable lore of ages; and for this purpose enter with me, in imagination, some well-stored library, and glance around upon the stately array of tomes in which the wisdom and the mighty thoughts of the dead are garnered up. They are immortal. There they stand, so calm and solemn, as if conscious of their imperishable glory. Dare we hope that we, too, will one day be numbered among those ranks, and leave thoughts for which the wise will barter their gold? And yet, what matters it? Those creations, it is true, are great, noble, deathless; the instruction, the incitement, the very echo of the heart of humanity. But they can tell us nothing of the mysteries most necessary to be known; and which, curtailed by death, and dreadfully palled by futurity and retribution, agitate and oppress the inquiring. They can only inform us that those mysteries have also darkened other spirits, awakened fears, doubts, and fruitless speculations; and the collected wisdom of the world leaves us only more deeply conscious of the ignorance of man.

But, amidst the grand array, the eye of the weary and unsatisfied inquirer turns to one small and ancient volume. It has passed through a more fiery ordeal of criticism than all the writings collectively of India, Greece, and Rome, and it holds enthralled the faith and homage of millions of the civilized world. Strange, venerable, awful, terrible Book! It is folly to ridicule you, it is madness to reject you; with all your hard

sayings, and dark riddles, and dim traditions, and bloody stories, you have triumphed over the literature of Greece, and, what is more, over some of the noblest intellects and the finest hearts which have regaled humanity. What a triumphant, though silent concession, have you extorted from your enemies, in that they have deemed you sufficiently formidable to elicit almost everything which learning, assiduity, genius, weariless research, and the most polished intellectual armory, could furnish to combat you.

One book in barbarous dialects, against the glorious language and unrivalled genius of a library of Grecians! The true Olympian Eagle of Song—the fiery Master of the Lyric torrent—the enthroned Triad of action and passion—the lute-voiced old Chronicler—the Promethean thief of Clio's Stylus—the pure-tongued Annalist of the Immortal Retreat—the thunderbolt of winged eloquence—the mighty genius of that subtle Encyclopædist—the polished Censor and Panygerist of declining Athens—the genial Essayist and Biographer, and even the sublimely attuned soul whose thoughts and language roll on like the everlasting harmony of the spheres; yes, all,—poët, orator, historian, philosopher,—you must all doff your starry well-earned crowns, before the awful diadem of that authoritative volume.

Old Grecians, your glory is like the glitter of the starry firmament, your majesty like that of "the old rolling heavens"; but the Bible is like floods of sunshine, and stormy night, and lurid fire, and balmy morn, and life and death, and heaven and hell, in the rapidly-shifting scenes of a universal panorama. Masters of the heart and intellect as you Grecians are, your pages have no such pathos as the story of Joseph;—no psalms like the strains of David;—no sublime conceptions of the Omnipotent Jehovah like the Hebrew Prophets;—no grandeur like the empyrean-piercing flights of Pauline eloquence, an eloquence which neither the intricacies of bad Greek, nor the peculiar method of Rabbinic logic, can degrade or obscure. Your pages present nothing equal to the magnificent book of Job—nothing at all comparable with the wild sublimity of the

Apocalyptic epic, and your loftiest and most brilliant conceptions fade into insignificance and the dimmest twilight before the Divine majesty of the simple gospels.

What is the sacrifice of a raving Hercules, that he might speedily reach the blessed abodes, through the sharp, self-inflicted agonies, which swallowed up in their fiery haste the slow torments of the gnawing vest; what is Agamemnon's touching, compulsory sacrifice of the self-devoted Iphigenia; what is the grand suffering of Prometheus for the temporal benefit of the human race; what is the affecting self-sacrifice of Alkestis, for her husband's life; what all the voluntary sacrifices of Grecian story, compared with the overwhelming tenderness, the unspeakable awe and sublimity, of the loving sacrifice of the Son of God for the everlasting salvation of a sinful world?

The genius and learning of centuries have been kindled by and lavished upon the literature of Greece; but it never brought comfort to the penitent spirit, it never softened remorse into repentance, and transformed repentance into the hope of faith; it never poured balm into the broken heart, nor consolation into the bosom of the afflicted and desolate; it never took away the sting of sin, or threw a halo of triumph around the gloom of death; it never extorted from a glorious crowd of genius and learning the confession that "this is the word of God," as that same old Bible has mightily done. And after every concession is made, which true science can extort or demand, the spiritual truths of that Book will still shine, a golden chain, linking the deepest and holiest hopes of man with the heavenly throne of the Eternal God.

J. W. MILES.

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### HEART'S CONTENT.

**T**HERE is an isle far over troublous seas,  
Above whose valleys bluest skies are bent,  
Where sweetest flowers perfume the pleasant leas—  
Men call it Heart's Content.

And every prow that rides the sea of life  
Toward that dear, distant isle is turned for aye,  
Through treacherous calms and stormy shoals of strife  
Holding its doubtful way.

Oft in the midmost ocean bark meets bark,  
And as they pass, from each the challenge sent  
Comes back the same across the waters dark,  
"We steer for Heart's Content!"

For many an isle there is so like, so like  
The mystic goal of all that travail sore,  
That oft the wave-worn keels on strange sands strike  
And find an alien shore.

But ever, as the anchor drops, and sails  
From off the storm-strained yards are all unbent,  
From the tall mast-head still the watcher hails,  
"Lo yonder! Heart's Content!"

And so once more the prow is seaward set;  
Hearts still hope on, tho' waves roll dark around;  
And on the stern men write the name *Regret*,  
And fare forth, outward bound.

G. HERBERT SASS.

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### CENTENNIAL BILL.

I HAVE done with the constitutional question, as my time will not allow me to go into it further. I put it upon this ground: Show me the granted power, or how this bill is necessary and proper to carry into effect an expressly granted power, or, before God and under my oath, I cannot vote for it.

Talk about sentimental patriotism! I have as much of it as most people, but my sentimental patriotism will not allow me to trifle with the solemn obligation I took at the Speaker's desk when I was sworn in as a member of this House.

Now, sir, I put it on another ground—and I beg my democratic friends around me to hear me, and I beg the gentlemen on the republican side of this chamber to hear me—I put it on the ground *that the only limit to this growing corruption in the country is a limitation upon the power of the Government.* If you would advertise to this country that any scheme that a plausible committee or commission can induce gentlemen to strain themselves up to the point of believing to be for the general welfare is open to the exercise of power by this Congress, I tell you, sir, it will be an advertisement for jobbers; and the lobby will be so filled that its agents “will push us from our stools,” and drive its members from this House.

But whenever it comes to that, the people of the country will say, thank God, they shall not sit here any longer! Whenever you claim power to do anything which you may judge for the general welfare, you proclaim to the country and to all its schemers and jobbers this invitation: “Have any of you any scheme you think for the general welfare? If so, bring it forward!” There will be no lack of them, sir, and the lobbyists out there will corrupt this body, if it is corruptible. Your credit mobiliers, your railroad schemes, and all your thousand plans for plunder upon the public treasury and upon the tax-paying and the tax-burdened people of the land will be without remedy. There is only one remedy, and that is *to limit power*; but there is no limitation of power, if this Government can do anything it pleases, upon the ground of “the general welfare.”

You have declared in a late resolution, with great unanimity on the other side of the chamber, and with some dissension on this, that subsidies to private corporations are a thing we are too pure to indulge in. But yet, sir, so soon as a private corporation comes here and asks a subsidy for its enterprise, because it calls itself a centennial corporation, and talks spread-eagle and sentimental patriotism, we say: “O, it would be unpatriotic to refuse it!” There is logic for you!

Now, sir, I am opposed altogether to splendid governments. It is old-fashioned, sir, to say it; but I am old enough to be old-fashioned. I am opposed to a splendid government and to a

squalidly poor people. I am opposed to seeing the tax-consumer revelling in palaces and in luxury while I hear the wail of woe that comes from the tax-burdened people all over the land. I am opposed to it. It is the mission of this House, it is the mission of my political friends around me here, to say: This thing must and shall cease. Right here and now, upon the altar of what we believe to be our duty to our people, we will immolate even this sentimental patriotism, and in doing it we will go back to the simple virtues and habits and customs of our forefathers a hundred years ago.

JOHN RANDOLPH TUCKER.

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### LET US END SECTIONAL STRIFE.

FROM the summit of Bunker Hill the voice of American history and patriotism spoke to the heart of Mr. Sumner, the great apostle of emancipation, and commanded him to remember the devotion and sacrifices of the South in the "times that tried men's souls," and he could not sleep under the shadow of that eloquent stone until he had made an effort to extinguish the hostile memories of war.

From every battle of the Revolution arise the shades of immortal martyrs and command us to end the strife. From the bloody and honorable fields on the northern lakes, around this capital, and from the plains of New Orleans, from the gallant decks of the proud Navy that proclaimed that the universal seas should be free, and from the yet fresh victories in Mexico,—from all comes an appeal for peace. Ah, Mr President, does not the same appeal with more tender and touching pathos speak to us from Manassas, Fredericksburg, Sharpsburg, and Gettysburg?

The great spirits who fell there, and passed from the shadows of earth amid the roar of artillery and the red blaze of war, have long since made peace on the camping-grounds of the brave and the just; over the scenes of their last mortal combat the green grass and the sweet flowers of Nature have returned with the beautiful Spring, and from their united ranks on that



august field of review before which all human actions must pass, there descends to their countrymen the white flag of a final and unending truce, with the message that their blood has been sufficient atonement for the sins of the nation, and that over their peaceful graves their countrymen must shake hands and forever be friends.

Then, Senators, in the name of our great forefathers who for civil and religious liberty braved the ocean, the tempest, the forest, and the savage, to rescue freedom from its fate in Europe and plant it in this new world; by the memory of those patriots who one hundred years ago gave their blood and treasure like water to establish our independence; by the names of those who have fallen on every field from Lexington to Appomattox, let us be friends, countrymen, brothers. I invoke the Senators of Massachusetts by the memory of North Carolina's succor in her darkest hour. I invoke the Senators from New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware by the memories of their united struggle with Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia; I invoke the Senators from every State—from the great daughters of Virginia and North Carolina, from those mighty Commonwealths that sprang from the Louisiana purchase by Jefferson, and were saved by the valor and patriotism of Southern men, under Jackson—I invoke all, this day and this hour to gather around the family altars, and end forever and forever this fratricidal strife. And we shall rear upon the ruins of our errors and follies, over the prejudices, passions, and hates of the past, a grander and nobler temple of wisdom, justice, and liberty than the sun has yet shone upon, and all over and through that temple, from its foundation to its dome, we shall behold arrayed side by side the virtues, the valor, the sacrifices, and the immortal achievements of the North and the South. And then, as the sun rises in the east and makes his daily revolutions until he sinks to rest in the west, his beams will spread the light of American liberty and the glory of a happy and united people over the whole earth as a blessing to all mankind.

And now, Senators, I conclude with the sentiments with which I began: I thank a merciful Providence that I have been

spared to see this day, and inspired with the courage and truth to vindicate the character of the South and make a faithful effort to restore and preserve the American Union. I thank God that, if I do nothing else, I can at least leave to my sons this record, that when they shall remember that the people of the South, animated by patriotic courage, undertook, in obedience to the principles handed down to them by their fathers, to separate the Union, arrayed themselves in arms to accomplish that end, and they shall see the names of their ancestors among those whose bright bayonets on the 12th day of July, 1864, reflected the beams of the morning sun back on the dome of the nation's Capitol, my children shall also behold the name of their father, when that sad war was over, enrolled in the same Capitol among those who were striving with unalterable and unchangeable devotion to cherish and perpetuate forever the Union of the States, the Constitution, and liberty And may God bless me with the strength and patriotism to do so much for the peace, happiness, and honor of my country that no human being can doubt the sincerity of my attachment and love for her.

MATT W. RANSOM.

MATT W. RANSOM is a native of North Carolina, and was born in 1826. He graduated at the University of his State in 1847, studied law, and rapidly gained distinction in his profession, being elected Attorney-General in 1852; in 1861 he was a Peace Commissioner from his State to the Congress of Southern States at Montgomery, but finding war inevitable, he entered the Confederate army as Lieutenant-Colonel, rose to the grade of Major-General, and surrendered at Appomattox. He now represents North Carolina in the U. S. Senate.

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### ELECTORAL COMMISSION BILL.

LET me ask my friends what answer they will make when they return to their homes, and their constituents shall ask them, why they surrendered the rights of the people represented in this House?

When they shall ask you if the House of Representatives do not possess an equal power with the Senate in counting the electoral vote and determining who is President, you will

answer, "A committee of this House have so reported to it at this session, and that no vote can be constitutionally counted without its concurrence", when they shall ask you what has been the practice of the Government on that subject, you will answer them "No vote for President has ever been counted without the concurrence of the House since the Government was formed"; when they shall ask you if the Constitution does not confer on you the power to elect a President if no candidate has received a majority of all the electors appointed, you will answer, yes, when they ask you if you did not have a democratic majority, both of members and States, in the House, and the ability to elect a democratic President, you will answer, *yes!*

What, then, will be your answer when they ask you why you abandoned a certainty for an uncertainty—why you did not discharge the duty imposed upon you by the Constitution, instead of creating a tribunal for that purpose, whose determination was to be confessedly a game of chance? What answer can you make for putting up to lottery the Presidency of forty millions of people? The only answer you can make is that you were afraid of the present Executive; the assembling of soldiers and artillery here, and the open menaces of the friends and supporters of the Executive, had filled your bosoms with apprehensions of civil war. Grant it. But is it wise statesmanship to encourage intrigues and conspiracies by making concessions to them? Is it not rather our duty to stand by the Constitution and laws, and declare *him* President whom the people have elected? It is our duty to stand by the ballot-box, not the dice-box!

If in this game of chance the dice should fall against the people's choice, and elect a man reprobated by them at the ballot-box; if it should reinstate an administration which they have condemned and renounced, and continue over them the misrule that has banished their prosperity and paralyzed their industries; if, to maintain by force what they have won by fraud, they shall annihilate the political power of the South, by remanding her States to territorial vassalage, as that party is

now proposing in the Senate and House; if arbitrary power, and the swarm of vultures which follow its shadow to prey upon the victims of its lusts, shall be given again to an oppressed and suffering people, what answer will you,—what answer *can* you give for surrendering the keys to their fortress which they have entrusted to your faithful keeping?

For myself, I will stand by the Constitution and the sovereignty of the people, and leave it to them to determine whether or not they will abandon their Government to a bold, insolent, and palpable fraud. Concession to fraud never added strength to the right, and only defers the evil we would avoid, and, while deferring, increases its strength. If we are right, then let us stand by the right, for the sake of the right. If the Constitution is assailed by a powerful combination for its overthrow, we can best do our duty by rising to the highest courage in its defence. In the language of a great American statesman, let us “cling to the Constitution as the mariner clings to the last plank in the shipwreck, when night and tempests gather round him.” Let us imitate the high courage of that other great American name, and adopt his motto, “Ask nothing but what is right, and submit to nothing that is wrong.” These, sir, are the lights that fall along my pathway, and these are the lamps by which my feet are guided; and I will follow them with the faith and devotion that the philosophers followed the star that led them to the Author of truth.

R. Q. MILLS.

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#### MATURNUS' ADDRESS TO HIS BAND.

**M**EN—not slaves!—  
I speak to you! This creature tells the truth:  
We did not taste Rome's power until we turned  
To fight the legions! That power I knew full well,  
And knowing made the venture—took all risks—  
And now approve them—thus:  
I frankly tell you, we are hard bested!

We've lost three battles, and will lose another  
If we must fight to-morrow—and the last!  
Say we may chance escape from here—break through  
These serried lines—what then? 'Twere but exchange  
Of dungeons, for Rome's prison is the world!  
That sleepless tigress, once she tastes our blood,  
Must lap it every drop! We have defied  
The sacred majesty of Rome, proud sitting  
Upon her seven hills! Whither shall man fly  
When Rome pursues, or how escape when Rome  
Says he shall cease! If we flee to the desert,  
Rome's arm will reach us there! Across the sea—  
On pathless wilds—in dungeons—in the grave—  
There is no sanctuary for us anywhere—  
No refuge for us—no escape from out  
Rome's ghastly thralldom of ubiquity!

You all have heard  
How proud Achilles was made safe from wounds,  
Except in one small spot! —An arrow probed it,  
And proud Achilles died! And so proud Rome,  
Steel-crusted, shaking off assaults like spray  
Of raindrops dashed on granite, bears within  
A heart so wrung by passion's fiery thrills,  
So flushed, so overcome, so weak, subdued  
By pleasure's mad fruitions, idle ease  
And pampered luxury and cankering lust—  
So dastard in effeminate wantonness—  
That every touch afflicts it—every blow—  
Though but an infant with his bauble dealt it—  
Brings agonies! There is the spot to strike—  
Beneath the armor, past the shield, right through  
The palpitating heart! Great Jove! Rome's heart!  
Our swords are whetted!

Comrades, we have borne these toils  
Not all in vain! The deed that is to do  
Pales all our past deeds to a feeble shadow  
In its heroic glory! Day and night

Blend softly with each other, year on year,  
 When, sudden, 'thwart the startled face of night,  
 A flaming wonder, some great comet, bursts,  
 Waving her sword, and all the nations tremble!  
 So what we plan shall flash upon the world,  
 And strike Rome palsied with astonishment!

I know a path—it leads o'er yonder crag,  
 And through dim valleys, where the banished sun  
 Ne'er dreams of shining, till it finds the rills  
 That flow to the Adrian sea! Along that path  
 We steal away, to-night, unseen, until  
 We cross the mountains! Then, disbanding, creep  
 Like peaceful travellers, one by one, to Rome.  
 There will I meet you—there complete the plot  
 That gives us Rome to spoil!

To Rome, then, soldiers! Follow swift my steps!  
 Tread quick and bold—yet light! Wake not the foe  
 Who slumbers there beneath us; nor the snow  
 That trembles there above us! Guard each breath!  
 Above, below, around us, lurks swift death!

EDWARD SPENCER.

EDWARD SPENCER, the brilliant magazinist and journalist, was born in Baltimore, June 23, 1834, graduated at Princeton in 1855, and has been a professional *littérateur* ever since. He contributes to all the leading magazines and reviews, and is the author of numerous plays, including the well-known *Kit*, and the tragedy of *Maturnus*. Since 1866 he has been connected with the editorial staff of *Richmond Enquirer*, *Washington Patriot*, *New York World*, and *New York Sun*. At present he is editor-in-chief of *Baltimore Evening Bulletin*. A rare scholar and philosophic thinker, he is, at the same time, master of a style brilliant and polished, yet logical and perspicuous, which renders all his productions most attractive to cultured readers.

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### THE SOUTH IS RISING UP.

LET us rejoice, now, that our people are marching abreast of the spirit of the age. Let gallant South and generous North rejoice alike that the South is rising up. Aye, forth from dust and ashes, forth from humiliation and defeat, she is rising up! The cotton-blossoms are again resplendent in

our fields. They are the robes of our ascension; we are rising up. The waters of our rivers are being taught to turn the wheel, and I hear them chant as they murmur on to the ocean: We are rising up! we are rising up! The blades of the bountiful corn stand in serried ranks in many a field, and the winds that toy with the tassels of these foemen of labor, seem to whisper as they pass by: We are rising up! we are rising up! From the dark recess of the mine comes the merry click of pick and spade—iron and coal seem to sing in chorus: We are rising up! In the myriad public schools, I hear the myriad voices of the young—the citizens of the time to come are there: They are rising up!

Old men of the conquered South, I salute you reverently! You saw—you were a part of the past glory of the South—you shared her downfall. God be thanked that you have lived to see her thus rising up so valiantly. Your work was not in vain. Confederate bonds, wherein your fortunes took their flight, will be forever worthless on the Stock Exchange, but they will pass current in Heaven; there will they be redeemed when the Great Cashier of human accounts reads upon them the signature of your patriotism, their makers—your self-sacrifice and valor, their endorsers. Your wisdom is your country's pride, your virtue her glory; your deeds her fame. Serene be the evening of your days, and hopeful.

For age is opportunity no less  
Then youth itself, though in another dress,  
And as the evening twilight fades away,  
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

Women of the conquered South, God bless you! Two traits, conspicuous and pre-eminent, have ever characterized the old Germanic stock—the Saxon race: firm adherence to the right of local government, “home rule”; reverence for woman, the chief of all “home rulers.” Let these traits be cherished. Let not man forget that, of all the altars of religion ever reared, whether under the dome of St. Peter's or the spire of St. Paul's, there is no shrine of God so sacred as the mother's knee, that of all the schools, academies, and universi-

ties that open their doors to learning, there can be none whose light so fructifies the mind, or kindles the heart as that which radiates from the hearthstone of home.

The "drum and trumpet" histories of the world have no place for you in "the sequestered vales of life" your mission lies; there nobly, through hardship and suffering and adversity you have performed it. I cannot, I need not if I could, your story tell. It is writ on high. It is remembered here. And long may the sons of the South revere and guard its mothers and daughters.

Young men of the conquered South, to you I bring special message!

"Young men," said a wise Caliph of Arabia, "young men are more like the age they live in than they are like their fathers." Profound is the reflection. It must be so; it is well that it is so. Our fathers had their work to do. None did their work better. In their successes they were gracious; in their failures grand. We have another and different work to do, and are not called to do their's over again, or to reattempt the things which they and we together failed at. Their true glory lay in the fact that they did not tread in their fathers' footsteps, but kept on in the course where their fathers left off—not running around in a groove like the holiday race-horse; but like the battle-steed moving steadily to the front. Had they followed *their* fathers, America would have remained a British colony; had we followed *ours*, the South would have remained a Northern province.

Imitating their examples, but not repeating their acts, let us breathe the spirit of the advancing age in which we live, yet, clinging to home-right, town-right, county-right, state-right, country-right—yet clinging to those essential principles of freedom which died not in England when Harold fell at Senlac, nor died yet in America when Lee sheathed his sword at Appomattox.

Revere the past; but remember that we cannot live in it. Sacred be it as a Sabbath of the soul; but let it not prevent us from gathering the corn-ears that grow around us; for as Christ



said of the Sabbath, so may we say of the past: "It was made for man, not man for it."

Take no lot or share with "the little hearts that know not how to forgive." Be not like the perishing worms which "bite each other here in the dust." Think for yourselves, act for yourselves, and speak out right boldly that which you do think, maintaining dignity and conscience, whether conquering or conquered, echoing in your conduct the grand words of St. Paul: "Stand up; I myself am also a man."

JOHN W. DANIEL.

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### FRANCIS MARION.

**I**T is with a grateful sense of your kindness, and the honor done me, that I rise to respond to the sentiment that for you is enwrapped in "The Memory of Francis Marion," that great citizen-soldier of the State, one of the master-workers of the Revolutionary struggle, whose name is the common heritage of his countrymen. That name you have enshrined here; to that memory you have set up an altar of continual remembrance, and invoked it as the inspiration of your civic and martial life.

It is well for me that that name speaks always for itself; that it needs no interpreter; that its spell is as subtle as it is universal, living in tradition and romance and poetry, where it has eluded the slower grasp of sober history. The memories that cluster around it recall some of the noblest feeling and highest living that has ever illustrated the majesty of manhood, and ennobled the dignity of human nature. It recalls the self-sacrifice and heroism of the Huguenots—those grand exiles for conscience—the force and fervor of their creed, their deathless love of liberty and virtue. It recalls a strong character, high sentiments, simple and noble manners, the flower and fruit of a noble mind. It recalls right thinking and plain living, personal honor, undaunted courage and whole-souled devotion to the common weal. It recalls a military insight that was genius, and a martial fire that was inspiration. It recalls all the dangers and

daring of a partisan warfare on which hung the destiny of an oppressed people, and the cause of civil liberty in the modern world. It recalls the historic fame of Fort Sullivan, our own Fort Moultrie, on yonder sea-girt island—Eutaw, Savannah, and the nameless and countless battles in the forest-fortress, where, with a handful of faithful followers, he baffled or dispersed the armies sent to destroy him, and kept alive the fire of patriotism in a State that was well-nigh overwhelmed in despair.

On the very threshold of our life as a people, there is set up a great historical picture that must ever stir the heart, exalt and inspire the mind of all the children of this Niobe of States, whom we call Mother. When Charleston was taken and Moultrie was a prisoner of war, and his companions in arms were his fellow-captives—and Sumpter, sick and wounded, had retired from the field—and Gates defeated and broken—and the State garrisoned from seaboard to mountains by the foe—and her Governor was in a sister Colony pleading with his eloquence for aid for a stricken people—Marion alone led the forlorn hope, led it heroically and cheerfully, in the face of almost certain ruin, with the quenchless hope and dauntless courage of a prophet.

These are the memories that make a people great. These are the memories—familiar but immortal—that make this land, even in its ruin and desolation, a land of hope. These are the memories which, as a people, we cannot forget, which in late years, amid the perils of war and the sterner hardships of peace, have made us men.

J. P. K. BRYAN.

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#### THE DUTY LOUISIANA OWES TO THE COLORED RACE.

**L**OUISIANA must see to it that the statesmanship, which so lately ushered in the victory of Conservative principles, shall lead directly to the establishment of as absolute a

harmony as possible between the two races that make up her population. Legislation is possessed of multiplied agencies for the public good; but it must be remembered that education is by far the most potent of them all. Legislation can, with wise foresight, provide for a homogeneous population; but it is through education alone that that homogeneousness can be made at once strong and cohesive. It is education alone that can harmonize factions; reconcile differences, foster affections; create sympathies; encourage brotherhood; and call under one common banner, those who, under its own vivifying influence, shall have been made earnest and intelligent co-workers in the civilization of a great Commonwealth. It is with the aid of education alone, finally, that patriots can hope to see the vexed question of the harmonious relation between the two races settled—with no humiliation to the higher, with no degradation to the humbler.

This question is indeed one that trenches upon the imminent Present. For good or evil, a race equal to the whites—at least in numbers, passing suddenly from a condition of slavery to a condition of freedom, continuing and needed to continue in its former home—must assert itself. It should be the duty—and it is clearly the interest—of the State, to see that that race shall assert itself in knowledge—not in ignorance; in a loyal understanding of its obligations—not in a blind disregard of them; in an intelligent participation, hereafter, in the responsible duties of American citizenship—not in a dogged adherence to those prejudices which can flourish only in the Saharan Desert of moral and intellectual aridity. It is impossible to disregard the legitimate love of this race for their native State. It is equally impossible to overlook or make light of the logic of their numbers.

Political partisanship, it should be remembered, is begotten of intellectual darkness. A shining and harmonious citizenship is born only of intellectual brightness. If the next colored generations, then, are to consist of good citizens, not weak tools for designing politicians, they should be educated. If they are to be conservative American citizens, lending their aid

alike to the progress of the State and to the advancement of the public, they should be educated. If they are to make common accord with the whites, only recognizing in the latter the superiority that lies in lineage and in noble memories, indissolubly connected with the history of the world's most exalted civilization; and if they are to work with these, with good heart and earnest endeavor, to a common patriotic end, they must be taught that their State has no preferences, but that, like a kindly mother, she gathers in her tender bosom all the children who owe their existence to her.

R. M. LUSHER.

ROBERT MILLS LUSHER was born in Charleston, S. C. He graduated with distinction at Georgetown College, D. C., and emigrated soon after to New Orleans, where for some years he actively engaged in teaching, and for awhile was editor of the *Louisiana Courier*. As a director of the public schools of that city, he contributed largely to their successful development. In 1865, Mr. Lusher, to whom, during the war, had been confided important and delicate trusts by the Confederate Government, was elected State Superintendent of Public Education; was removed, in 1867, by General Mower, as "an impediment to Reconstruction," but restored by General W. S. Hancock when he assumed command of the District. He was appointed in 1868 agent for Louisiana, of the Peabody Fund. In 1872 he was re-elected State Superintendent, but through the intervention of the Federal Government did not fill the office; but in 1876 he was again elected, and once more assumed control of the educational system of the State, to which he has given shape and efficiency.

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### THE DEATH OF MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE E. PICKETT.

WE have met to pay the last sad tribute to one of the most gallant and modest of soldiers and gentlemen. Who ever heard of General Pickett's appropriating even that public attention which, since the war, was justly his due and would have been so freely accorded him? So reticent and retiring was he in his daily life among us, that we had well-nigh forgotten this quiet gentleman had been the gallant commander of perhaps the most illustrious division of infantry that ever charged a foe in modern battle—a division that deserved to rank with "The Terrible" of Marshal Victor, or the "Tenth Legion" of Cæsar.

It were idle to speak of the courage of one who lived and moved and had his being in an atmosphere of personal intrepidity. All the world were familiar with this characteristic of George Pickett; but many were ignorant of that finer kindred trait—his lofty and delicate sense of personal honor. I mean not so much the honor that is ever ready to resent an insult to oneself, as that loftier honor ever careful to refrain from injury to another; that clear, delicate, unwavering perception and grasp of the right.

But there is another proof of Pickett's greatness,—another fact in his experience and feature in his example—to which I would call special attention. Who was the quiet man who kept his quiet office just beneath my own? He was born and bred and lived a soldier—from his seventeenth to his fortieth year trained for and in the profession of arms—till in his fully-matured manhood, when all the flexibility of youth was gone and his entire being had become hard-cast in this one mould, suddenly this simple-hearted soldier and gentleman, educated to a sure dependence for the supply of every want, found himself hurled out of his place, and into the world—the world of craft and guile, of money-loving and money-getting—the world of push and drive and clutch and scrape for wealth,—aye, for bread.

Nor was this the whole or even the worst of the change. Oh! what was the life and what the place he left behind him! You know what that was to which he came. Would you realize the extent and violence of the transition? Turn back, then, just twelve years, and see him riding like a demi-god at the head of his five thousand up that slope of death at Gettysburg,—riding in that fearful hush, with lightning and thunder, death and hell, locked in the barrels of his muskets, to be loosed at his word—riding on with life and death, States and Constitutions, liberty and destiny and history flickering in the gleam of his bayonets—riding on when the tempest burst, and death and hell were loosed—on and on into the awful carnage and horror, while his undaunted soul soared above the tempest it evoked, and, calm and clear, directed the storm. From such a life and such a scene as this, General Pickett and his brothers turned and fol-

lowed their noble leader into the quiet, humdrum, uncongenial world of daily toil, setting us all an example of manly struggle with adversity that has never, no, *never* been surpassed.

Right sure that no one will question the mettle of his manhood, it remains only to say to those who knew George Pickett but as the iron man of Gettysburg, that his soul was not lacking in the womanly softness that offsets and graces the true knightly ideal. Not only genial and generous and kindly, but tender was our knight; tender and loving, not in his family relations only—oh, *so* tender, *so* loving!—but affectionate and soft-hearted as a girl to his friends also. I wish I dared call for a letter that is in this house now, resting against a man's heart, whence I saw it reverently removed this morning and read with tearful eye and heaving breast and quivering voice by one who, just before our hero died, received this last sweet token of his sympathy in a great sorrow. I assure you, I have seldom, if ever, read or heard such a letter: its gentle, loving sympathy brought fresh to mind the exquisite figure of Holy Writ for the Divine ministries of consolation,—“as one whom his mother comforteth.”

I trust I am not tearing aside the veil too far—I know I am not doing it with irreverent hand—but I fain would show you the man I see lying on his bed of pain and death—but two short hours from death itself—stretching forth his weak arms and throwing them about the neck of a beloved relative, who had just arrived, and drawing him down till the two hearts and faces met, and the two soldiers kissed each other, while the watchers about his couch were melted in uncontrollable emotion. And then, if you could hear, as I have heard, of his firm, sweet command of himself and of all his surroundings—no flicker of intellect, no terror of soul, but deepening calm as the shadows deepened, until at last the man we mourn this evening turned him gently over, and saying “Good-night,” was gone.

ROBERT STILES.

## THE OLD CANOE.

WHERE the rocks are gray, and the shore is steep,  
And the waters below look dark and deep;  
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride  
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;  
Where the reeds and rushes are long and lank,  
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;  
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through—  
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,  
Like a sea-bird's wing that the storm has lopped,  
And crossed on the railing one o'er one,  
Like the folded hands when the work is done;  
While busily back and forth between,  
The spider stretches his silvery screen,  
And the solemn owl, with its dull *tu-whoo*,  
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half-sunk in the slimy wave  
Rots slowly away in its living grave,  
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,  
Hiding its mouldering dust away,  
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,  
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;  
While many a blossom of loveliest hue  
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,  
The twilight-wind plays with the boat at will,  
And lazily in and out again  
It floats the length of its rusty chain;  
Like the weary march of the hands of Time  
That meet and part at the noontide chime,  
As the shore is kissed at each turn anew,  
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with careless hand,  
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand!  
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,  
Where the whirls are wild, and the eddies thick.  
And laughed, as I leaned o'er the rocky side,  
And looked below in the broken tide,  
To see that the faces and boats were two  
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side  
And look below in the sluggish tide,  
The face that I see there is graver grown,  
And the laugh that I hear has a sober tone,  
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings  
Have grown familiar with sterner things.  
But I love to think of the hours that sped  
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,  
Ere the blossom waved or the green grass grew  
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

ANONYMOUS.

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#### GEN. LEE'S FAREWELL TO HIS COMMAND.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }  
April 10, 1865. }

AFTER four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.



By the terms of agreement, officers and men can return to their homes, and remain there until exchanged.

You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

A country which has given birth to men like him, and those who followed him, may look the chivalry of Europe in the face without shame; for the fatherlands of Sidney and of Bayard never produced a nobler soldier, gentleman, and Christian, than General Robert Edmund Lee —*London Standard*. This illustrious man was born at Stratford, on the Potomac, in Westmoreland Co., Va., on the 19th of January, 1807. Of pure Norman blood, the long line of the Lees may be traced back to a certain Launcelot Lee, of Loudon, in France, who accompanied William the Conqueror upon his expedition to England, and, after the battle of Hastings, was rewarded for his services by an estate in Essex. From that memorable date the name of Lee occurs continually in English annals, and always in honorable connection. There is Lionel Lee, who fought by Cœur de Lion's side in Palestine, and who for his gallantry at Acre and in other battles with the infidel was on his return home made the first Earl of Litchfield, and presented by the king with the estate of Ditchley; subsequently held, as all the readers of Walter Scott must remember, by that indomitable old knight, Sir Henry Lee, who figures so conspicuously in *Woodstock*.

Then comes Richard Lee, who accompanied the unfortunate Earl of Surrey against the Scotch Borders in 1542. Two of the family were Knights Companions of the Garter, and so distinguished themselves as to have their banners suspended in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, with the Lee coat-of-arms emblazoned thereon, and the significant family motto, *Non incantus futuri*. Coming down to the time of the first Charles, we find the Lees in Shropshire, all staunch cavaliers. Then it was that the accomplished Richard Lee came over to the colony of Virginia as secretary of the king's privy council. He is described as "a man of good stature, comely visage, enterprising genius, a sound head, and generous nature," words we may apply literally to the person and character of his world-renowned descendant. With this gentleman the noble stock of the Virginia Lees originated.

Robert E. Lee was the son of Henry Lee, the celebrated cavalry leader of the Revolution—better known as "Light-Horse Harry"—and Anne Hill Carter, daughter of Charles Carter, of Shirley, on the James. After a thorough classical and mathematical training, he was admitted into the U. S. Military Academy at West Point in 1825, and graduated in 1829, second in his class, and without ever having received a demerit; was assigned to duty as Second Lieutenant of Engineers; married in 1832 Mary Custis, daughter of George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of General Washington, promoted to First Lieutenant 1836, and to Captain 1838, served in Mexican War (1846-47) as Chief Engineer of General Scott's army with such distinction that he was brevetted Colonel; was Superintendent of West Point from 1852 to 1855; commanded in person the detachment of U. S. Marines which captured the notorious John Brown at Harper's Ferry, in 1859; appointed Colonel of Cavalry March, 1861, but resigned April

# READING AND ORATORY.

His native State, which had seceded April 17, 1861, he was not here he traced further than to say he entered the Virginia Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of all her armies, and surrendered at Appomattox, April 9, 1865. He carried the despatches of his sword, and with his surrender it fell. He was offered him in this country the remainder of his life to the great work of the Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, and which had been the leading college of princely salary, which were offered him in this country. He accepted him in the summer of 1865. Thus again did he he had loved and served so well. "Thus again did he give his sons, and which had been the leading work of the English language." "Thus again did he before his death he edited the third edition of his grammar, ranking him among the greatest captains of which he prefaced a life of the college was truly great. For he possessed all those virtues human nature, and which are essential to moral

## MANNER IN DEBATE

most art of debate. In a deliberation of wills is to be obtained, majority of wills is to be obtained, having the reputation of talents, and his object, as to be deficient. The authority of intellect is difficult with all the blandishments even strength and majesty, palatable and soul-subduing fascination of an authority founded on opinion, which is as impalpable as the thoughts of an ideal supremacy which men always acknowledge which men can only perceive the affections of discerning

You can never win a man by insulting him; you can never win a man by rudeness. Frowns are the prerogatives of bullies. The

brave despise, and the wise ridicule them. They are invariable symptoms of surrender and defeat.

An angry, supercilious speaker, on a legislative floor, is a positive injury to his constituents. Invest him with what renown you please, let his praise for mind be trumpeted from the forest to the sea-shore, it avails nothing; place him in a situation where he may be rude with impunity, and without the danger of impeachment, but do not send him to a deliberative assembly, to mar the beautiful art of persuasion with the very weapons of rhetoric.

WILLIAM CROFTS.

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## ART AND ITS INFLUENCE.

ART is the exponent of the best of our feelings and the highest of our thoughts. It is, in its more perfect results, an outburst of that divine afflatus, which has been breathed into every human soul, to go back to the eternal source of all beauty; and no really great people ever lived without leaving some creations of art as testimonials to posterity.

The site of Sparta, the ideal of republican simplicity, the exemplar of devoted patriotism in Greece, is sought for in vain by the traveller to that Holy Land of genius and of art. A stolid herdsman, shepherding his few straggling goats, may point you to the place where she is supposed to have stood. But no monument, no ruin even, of Art, is there to tell you that on that spot Sparta once had lived, had fought, had sacrificed to freedom and to patriotism. And why this irredeemable death? Why, but because Sparta despised and rejected all arts save the bootless art of war? Why, but because she had nothing—painting, sculpture, or architecture—to entitle her to the life of centuries after her material life had passed away! Nothing out of which she could build herself a monument to speak for her to the after-ages of the world, and to point a glorious answer to their inquiry.

On the other hand, look at Athens, her rival in political and military power, and her mistress in all the supremacies of statesmanship and eloquence, of poetry and of art. Like her own Niobe in her "voiceless woe," with her children stricken round her by the shafts of the angry god, Athens fell, and with her fell the goodly progeny of arts which she had fostered for the wonderment of the world. She fell; but falling left behind her, even in those ruins of beauty which challenge the perfections of modern art, a monument to her high glories which will live forever. Time itself has worked its worst on her devoted head. The brutal Roman plundered the hoards of artistic magnificence which eight centuries of civilization had industriously gathered. The barbarian Gaul gleaned where the Roman had pillaged. Nay, the stupid Turk, in a supreme violation of the holiness of art, profaned the sanctuaries in which God through the plastic hand of the artist had deposited his best specimens of the Beautiful. Yet Athens still lives—lives the life of even ruined art. Still lives in the shattered beauties of the Venus of Milo; still lives in the triglyphs of her Parthenon; still lives in the gay acanthus of her marble shafts!

And yet there are some, the sceptic and the detractor, who will seriously tell us that the reign of art has either passed, or is passing away. If it be so, it must be a renewed utterance of the voices of the Janiculum which once declared that the "gods were passing away." It must be that God himself is passing away under the dissolving torch of our material interests. But He is not passing—He cannot pass away. He is the ever-living Author of the Beautiful, and the artist must come up more powerful, more holy than ever, in His conquering and sovereign train. The altar still stands, and the sacred fire still burns before the shrine. Though in discouragement, though in derision, it may be, faithful Levites will still think, create, and work under its better influences. True that, in our days of utilitarian influences, men skulk away from the worship of the Beautiful as if it were a loathsome infirmity; but the day is near at hand when we will fall back on the due realities of things: to the detractor, the realities of the dust and the worm; to the

artist, who dreams dreams, and then gives them the substance of beauty, the realities of mind.

ALEXANDER DIMITRY.

ALEXANDER DIMITRY, LL.D., linguist and scholar, was born in New Orleans, February 7, 1805. His father was a Greek, and his grandmother an Indian woman of the Alibamon Tribe. At ten years of age his knowledge of Classic Greek and Latin was marvellous, while he spoke Modern Greek, French, Spanish, Italian, and English. He graduated with distinction at Georgetown College, D. C.; was first English editor of *New Orleans Bee*; in 1847, as Superintendent of Public Instruction, organized the admirable *ante-bellum* system of Free Schools of Louisiana; appointed in 1854 translator in U. S. Department of State, Washington; in 1859, sent as Minister to Central America by President Buchanan; upon commencement of hostilities came South and filled during the war a high position in Postoffice Department, Richmond. His numerous essays, lectures, and tales, though of great merit, have never been collected and published.

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## SOUTHERN VIEW OF SLAVERY.

IF I have at all comprehended the elements which should enter into the determination of this momentous problem of social welfare and public authority, the existence of African Slavery amongst us furnishes no just occasion for self-reproach; much less for the presumptuous rebuke of our fellow-man. As individuals, we have cause to humble ourselves before God, for the imperfect discharge of our duties in this, and in every other relation of life; but for its justice and morality as an element of our social polity, we may confidently appeal to those future ages, which, when the bedimming mists of passion and prejudice have vanished, will examine it in the pure light of truth, and pronounce the final sentence of impartial History. Beyond our own borders there has been no sober and intelligent estimate of its distinctive features; no just apprehension of the nature, extent, and permanence of the disparities between the races, or of the fatal consequences to the slave of a freedom which would expose him to the unchecked selfishness of a superior civilization, no conception approaching to the reality of the power which has been exerted by a public sentiment, springing from Christian principle, and sustained by the universal instincts of self-interest, in tempering the severity of its restraints,

and impressing upon it the mild character of a patriarchal relation; no rational anticipation of the improvement of which the negro would be capable under our form of servitude, if those who now nurse the wild and mischievous dream of peaceful emancipation should lend all their energies to the maintenance of the only social system under which his progressive amelioration appears possible.

African slavery is no relic of barbarism to which we cling from the ascendancy of semi-civilized tastes, habits, and principles; but an adjustment of the social and political relations of the races, consistent with the purest justice, commended by the highest expediency, and sanctioned by a comprehensive and enlightened humanity. It has no doubt been sometimes abused by the base and wicked passions of our fallen nature to purposes of cruelty and wrong: but where is the school of civilization from which the stern and wholesome discipline of suffering has been banished? or the human landscape not saddened by a dark flowing stream of sorrow? Its history, when fairly written, well be its ample vindication. It has weaned a race of savages from superstition and idolatry, imparted to them a general knowledge of the precepts of the true religion, implanted in their bosoms sentiments of humanity and principles of virtue, developed a taste for the arts and enjoyments of civilized life, given an unknown dignity and elevation to their type of physical, moral, and intellectual man, and for two centuries, during which the humanizing process has taken place, made for their subsistence and comfort a more bountiful provision than was ever before enjoyed in any age or country of the world by a laboring class. If tried by the test which we apply to other institutions,—the whole sum of its results,—there is no agency of civilization which has accomplished so much, in the same time, for the happiness and advancement of mankind.

JAMES P. HOLCOMBE.

## THE STATE OF THE UNION, 1861.

I AM solemnly impressed, Mr. Speaker, with the condition in which I actually find myself. In travelling hither from my home, more than two thousand miles distant, for this Capitol, for the discharge of a public duty, my foot pressed no spot of foreign territory; my eye rested upon not one material object, during my journey, that was not a part and parcel of my country, as I fondly deemed it. When we assembled together, so far as I know, every State and Territory was represented upon this floor. The great fabric of the Government was then complete; but now how changed! When I go hence, it will be to find my pathway intercepted by new and strange nationalities. Without ever having wandered from my native land, I must traverse foreign countries, if I would return.

I might be excused for doubting my own identity. Surely I may be pardoned for having involuntarily prayed that this might prove a troubled and protracted dream. Yet it is too true—too many evidences force conviction of the sad reality. But a few days past, Mr. Speaker, the noble temple of American liberty stood complete in all its parts—stood in all the majesty of its vast proportions, and in the glory of its apparent strength and beauty of construction; not a pillar missing or a joint dis-severed. And its votaries were gathered about the altar, worshipping, as was their wont, with hopeful hearts. Forebodings were felt, and predictions made of the coming storm and the destruction of the temple. And the storm has come and still rages—the temple still stands, but shorn of its fair proportions and marred in its beauty. Pillar after pillar has fallen away. And though its proud dome still points to heaven, it is reeling in mid-air like a drunken man, while its solid foundations are shaken as with an earthquake. Yet there are worshippers about the shrine, and I am among them. I have been called by warning voices to come out and escape the impending danger—I have been wooed by entreaties and plied with threats. But, sir, neither entreaties nor threats, hope of reward nor dread of danger,

shall tear me away until I lay hold of the horns of the altar of my country, and implore Heaven in its own good time to still this storm of civil strife, and through such human agency as may be best again uprear the fallen pillars to their original position, that they may, through long ages, contribute to the strength and beauty of the noblest structure yet devised by man.

A. J. HAMILTON.

ANDREW JACKSON HAMILTON was born in Madison Co., Ala., January 28, 1815, and received only a common-school education; read law and was admitted to the bar in 1841. In 1846 he emigrated to Texas, practised his profession successfully, and in 1850 was appointed Attorney-General of the State by Gov. P. H. Bell; in 1858 he was elected to Congress as an independent candidate on the platform of the Union and the Constitution, and in 1861 strenuously opposed the secession of Texas—denying both the right and the policy of secession. When martial law was declared and the oath of allegiance to Confederate States demanded, he went North, and in 1862 was appointed Military Governor of Texas with the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, an empty honor, as the Federals did not occupy the State. President Johnson appointed him Provisional Governor in 1865, and to him Texas owes the reorganization of her civil government. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1867, and for two years a Judge of the Supreme Court. He died at Austin.

As a popular orator he had no equal in Texas; and to his influence is mainly due the mitigation in that State of those evils of Reconstruction which so sorely afflicted other Southern States.

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### THE YOUNG WIDOW.

SHE is modest but not bashful,  
 Free and easy but not bold,  
 Like an apple, ripe and mellow,  
 Not too young and not too old.  
 Half inviting, half repulsing,  
 Now advancing, and now shy;—  
 There is mischief in her dimple—  
 There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,  
 She is schooled in all her arts,  
 She has taken her diploma  
 As the Mistress of all Hearts.



She can tell the very moment  
When to sigh, and when to smile—  
O a maid is often charming,  
But a widow all the while!

Are you sad? How very serious  
Will her smiling face become.  
Are you angry? She is wretched,  
Drooping, sighing, tearful, dumb.  
Are you mirthful? How her laughter,  
Silver-sounding, will ring out:—  
She can lure, and catch, and play you,  
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty!  
Who have grown so bald and wise—  
Young Americans of twenty!  
With the love-locks in your eyes:—  
You may practise all the lessons  
Taught by Cupid since the fall,  
But I know a little widow  
Who can win and fool you all!

ROBERT JOSSELYN.

ROBERT JOSSELYN, poet, was born in Massachusetts, December 16, 1810, educated in Vermont, and admitted to the bar at Winchester, Va., 1831; then emigrated to Mississippi, where he practised law, served in the Legislature, was District Attorney, and for awhile engaged in journalism. Entered Mexican War as private in 1st Mississippi Rifles, Col. Jefferson Davis, but was appointed Captain and Commissary by President Polk. At expiration of term of service resigned; was State Commissioner of Mississippi, 1850-58: and clerk in Treasury Department, Washington, 1860, but resigned when Mississippi seceded. President Davis appointed him his private secretary at Montgomery, but he resigned after a year's service, on account of ill-health, and was made Secretary of Arizona Territory, as organized under the Confederacy. Since the war he has resided at Austin, Texas. His published works are: *The Faded Flower, and Other Poems*: Boston, 1848; *A Satire on the Times*: St. Louis, 1875; and *The Coquette; A Drama in Five Acts*: Austin, 1878. He is the author of many fugitive poems, two of which, *The Girl with the Calico Dress* and *The Young Widow*, have kept their places in the newspapers for more than twenty-five years, though rarely credited to the author.

ADDRESS BEFORE EMORY COLLEGE  
SOCIETIES.

IT is amongst the first order of men that Henry Clay will be assigned a place; that great man to whom we have had such frequent allusion during these exercises, and whose recent loss the nation still mourns.

Mr. Clay's success, and those civic achievements which will render his name as lasting as the history of his country, were the result of nothing so much as that element of character which I have denominated energy. Thrown upon life at an early age, without any means or resources save his natural powers and abilities, and without the advantages of anything above a common-school education, he had nothing to rely upon but himself, and nothing upon which to place a hope but his own exertions. But, fired with a high and noble ambition, he resolved, young as he was, and cheerless as were his prospects, to meet and surmount every embarrassment and obstacle by which he was surrounded. His aims and objects were high and worthy the greatest efforts; they were not to secure the laurels won upon the battle-field, but those wreaths which adorn the brow of the wise, the firm, the sagacious, and far-seeing statesman. The honor and glory of his life was—

“Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read *his* history in a nation's eyes!”

This great end he most successfully accomplished. And if he had aspirations for a position, in his own estimation, even higher, yet no one now, or hereafter, can ever indulge the opinion that its attainment would have added anything to that full measure of fame with which he has descended to the tomb! In his life and character you have a most striking example of what energy and indomitable perseverance can, do, even when opposed by the most adverse circumstances.

Young gentlemen, I have given you this brief sketch of some

of those elements of character which may be deemed essential for success in those exciting scenes and uncertain conflicts, through which life's journey will lead you. One word, in conclusion, by way of application.

It is the reply of Cardinal Richelieu upon a memorable occasion, as we have it in the play. In one of the most critical points in the fortunes of the Cardinal, as well as of France, it became a matter of the utmost importance that a particular paper should be obtained by him to be presented to the King. The Cardinal was prime minister, as he had been for a number of years. A conspiracy had been formed on the part of some of the nobles, not only against him, but against the throne itself. These nobles had succeeded, as part of their plan, in alienating the King from his minister. The paper contained the positive evidence of the conspiracy and treachery of his and the King's enemies. His fate, and the fate of his sovereign, depended upon his getting immediate possession of the paper. He was a man of energy, and had never before been thwarted, or unsuccessful in any enterprise. For years he had ruled France with almost absolute sway. At this juncture, when nothing could save his fortune but the paper in question, Richelieu called to his assistance a young man of spirit and courage, and enjoined upon him the arduous and difficult task of securing and bringing to him the packet. But the young man, being duly impressed with the importance of his mission, and providing in his mind for the various contingencies that might happen, says, "If I fail"—

Richelieu, not allowing the sentence to be finished, and stopping the utterance of a possibility of a doubt touching his success, replies:

*"Fail! Fail!"*

In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves  
For a bright manhood, there is no such word  
*As—Fail!"*

So say I to you in entering upon that career that lies before you. If, at any time, fears and doubts beset you as to your success; if the world grows cold; if friends forsake and enemies combine; if difficulties multiply, and even environ you; if the

REMARKS AT THE  
BURIAL OF THE  
LATE HONORABLE  
JAMES H. HARRIS

It is a rare privilege to be permitted to speak at the funeral of a man whose life has been so full of noble deeds and whose death has been so sudden. I am sure that all of us who have known him will feel that it is a great loss to the community. He was a man of great energy and courage, and he was always ready to stand up for the right. He was a man who was not afraid of difficulties, and he was always ready to face them. He was a man who was not afraid of death, and he was always ready to die for his country. He was a man who was not afraid of failure, and he was always ready to try again. He was a man who was not afraid of criticism, and he was always ready to listen to the truth. He was a man who was not afraid of poverty, and he was always ready to live on a shoestring. He was a man who was not afraid of loneliness, and he was always ready to stand alone. He was a man who was not afraid of death, and he was always ready to die for his country. He was a man who was not afraid of failure, and he was always ready to try again. He was a man who was not afraid of criticism, and he was always ready to listen to the truth. He was a man who was not afraid of poverty, and he was always ready to live on a shoestring. He was a man who was not afraid of loneliness, and he was always ready to stand alone.

REMARKS AT THE  
BURIAL OF THE  
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forum. When I behold him sadly contemplating his majestic features in one of those gorgeous and costly mirrors, furnished him at the public expense, my heart goes out to him in sympathy. When I see him seated sorrowfully at a miserable repast of sea-terrapin and champagne, my very bowels yearn for him. And when I see him performing perhaps the only duty for which he is fully competent—signing his monthly pay-receipt—I am so overwhelmed with pity for his miserable condition, that I wish I were in his place.

When such considerations as these, sir, have come crowding upon my mind, appealing to every generous sentiment of my better nature; when I have thought how the official nerves of our poor neglected public servants are racked by “the car rattling o’er the stony street,” I have felt, under the sudden impulse of the moment, that we ought to tear up the old cobblestone pavement on the Avenue and supply its place with one of the new-fashioned patent wooden ones, over which the splendid carriages of our government officials, with their coats-of-arms and liveried outriders might glide as smoothly and noiselessly as the aerial car of the fairy queen through the rose-tinted clouds of the upper ether.

J. PROCTOR KNOTT.

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BALAKLAVA.

O THE charge at Balaklava!  
O that rash and fatal charge!  
Never was a fiercer, braver,  
Than that charge at Balaklava,  
On the battle's bloody marge!  
All the day the Russian columns,  
Fortress huge, and blazing banks,  
Poured their dread destructive volumes  
On the French and English ranks,—  
On the gallant allied ranks!  
Earth and sky seemed rent asunder

By the loud incessant thunder!  
 When a strange but stern command—  
 Needless, heedless, rash command—  
 Came to Lucan's little band,—  
 Scarce six hundred men and horses  
 Of those vast contending forces:—  
 "England's lost unless you save her!  
 Charge the pass at Balaklava!"  
     O that rash and fatal charge,  
     On the battle's bloody marge!

Far away the Russian Eagles  
     Soar o'er smoking hill and dell,  
 And their hordes, like howling beagles,  
     Dense and countless, round them yell!  
 Thundering cannon, deadly mortar,  
 Sweep the field in every quarter!  
 Never, since the days of Jesus,  
 Trembled so the Chersonesus!  
     Here behold the Gallic Lilies—  
     Stout St. Louis' golden Lilies—  
     Float as erst at old Ramillies!  
     And beside them, lo! the Lion!  
     With her trophied Cross, is flying!  
 Glorious standards!—shall they waver  
 On the field of Balaklava?  
 No, by Heavens! at that command—  
 Sudden, rash, but stern command—  
 Charges Lucan's little band!  
     Brave Six Hundred! lo! they charge,  
     On the battle's bloody marge!

Down yon deep and skirted valley,  
     Where the crowded cannon play,—  
 Where the Czar's fierce cohorts rally,  
 Cossack, Calmuck, savage Kalli,—  
     Down that gorge they swept away!  
 Down that new Thermopylæ,

Flashing swords and helmets see!  
Underneath the iron shower,  
    To the brazen cannon's jaws,  
Heedless of their deadly power,  
    Press they without fear or pause,—  
    To the very cannon's jaws!  
Gallant Nolan, brave as Roland  
    At the field of Roncesvalles,  
    Dashes down the fatal valley,  
Dashes on the bolt of death,  
Shouting with his latest breath,  
"Charge, then, gallants! do not waver,  
Charge the pass at Balaklava!"  
    O that rash and fatal charge,  
    On the battle's bloody marge!

Now the bolts of volleyed thunder  
Rend that little band asunder,  
Steed and rider wildly screaming,  
    Screaming wildly, sink away;  
Late so proudly, proudly gleaming,  
    Now but lifeless clods of clay,—  
    Now but bleeding clods of clay!  
Never, since the days of Jesus,  
Saw such sight the Chersonesus!  
Yet your remnant, brave Six Hundred,  
Presses onward, onward, onward,  
    Till they storm the bloody pass,—  
    Till, like brave Leonidas,  
    They storm the deadly pass!  
Sabering Cossack, Calmuck, Kalli,  
In that wild shot-rended valley,—  
Drenched with fire and blood, like lava,  
Awful pass at Balaklava!  
    O that rash and fatal charge,  
    On that battle's bloody marge!

For now Russia's rallied forces.  
Swarming hordes of Cossack horses,  
Trampling o'er the reeking corpses,  
    Drive the thinned assailants back,  
    Drive the feeble remnant back,  
    O'er their late heroic track!  
Vain, alas! now rent and sundered,  
Vain your struggles, brave Two Hundred!  
Thrice your number lie asleep,  
In that valley dark and deep.  
Weak and wounded you retire  
From that hurricane of fire,—  
That tempestuous storm of fire,—  
But no soldiers firmer, braver,  
    Ever trod the field of fame,  
Than the Knights of Balaklava,—  
    Honor to each hero's name!  
Yet their country long shall mourn  
For her ranks so rashly shorn,—  
So gallantly, but madly shorn  
    In that fierce and fatal charge,  
    On the battle's bloody marge.

ALEXANDER B. MEEK.

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK, jurist and poet, was born in Charleston, S. C., July 17, 1814, and died in Columbus, Miss., November 30, 1865. He moved to Alabama in 1819, and graduated at the University of that State in 1833. In the Seminole War he was Lieutenant of Volunteers; at its close became Attorney-General of Alabama; was Judge of County Court, 1842-44; member of the Legislature and Speaker of the House in 1859. He was the father of the public school system of the State. In letters he became no less distinguished, his chief productions being *Red Eagle*, a heroic poem of considerable length; *Romantic Passages in Southwestern History*; and a volume entitled *Songs and Poems of the South*. Researches in the early history of the Southwest engaged much of his attention, and he left a manuscript *History of Alabama*, nearly completed, which it is hoped will yet be published.



## THE IDEA OF A SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY DELUSIVE.

I have never been able, Mr. Speaker, to regard with any favor this idea of a Southern Confederacy, even in its merely economic aspects, and I am not able with any complacency to consider the possibility of my own State being its frontier line. I cannot hope for its permanency, based, as it must be, upon the recognized right of secession, and the consequent ability of any of its component parts at any moment to destroy it. Nor do I desire to see the great mechanical and industrial interests of my State and city subjected to the policy of the Cotton States, which are so likely to be its element of controlling power. Free trade and direct taxation do not harmonize with the interests, nor accord with the temper of Maryland; and I have little faith in it. Born in revolt, cradled in passion, nurtured upon excitement; overriding freedom of opinion; disregarding individual rights; burdened with taxation; environed by fearful perils in the present, and destined to encounter more terrible troubles in the future; based, as its foundation stone, upon the right of any one of its component parts at any moment to secede from the structure, and thus break it up, I regard its promises as delusive, and its results as "Dead Sea fruits, that turn to ashes on the lips"; and to me the "gorgeous palaces and cloud-capped towers" that it presents to the dazzled gaze of the youthful and ambitious, are as the sunlit battlements and lengthening vistas of some treacherous mirage, that flees into airy nothing before the straining gaze and the advancing step of the desert traveller. Rather give to me, and to my people, the government that has been tested by eighty years of successful trial. Let not my ears be greeted with the music of the *Marseillaise*, that stirs no pulse of my American blood. Flaunt not before my eyes the flag of a divided nationality, that rouses no emotion of my American heart; but let me and my people, I pray you, go down to our graves with the consecrated melodies

of the nation ringing in our ears, and over us the dome of the Union, glorious with all its constellated stars.

J. MORRISON HARRIS.

J. MORRISON HARRIS, one of the most popular living orators of Baltimore, was born in that city about fifty years ago, and educated at Lafayette College. He made law his profession and soon acquired prominence. In 1854 he entered Congress and served six years—his term closing in the stormy session of 1860, in which he took the strongest grounds, on right and policy, against secession, and in favor of a peaceful settlement of difficulties. After the war he resumed the practice of law, and in 1875 was the Citizens' Reform candidate for Governor of Maryland, but was defeated.

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### TRIBUTE TO VIRGINIA.

THE honorable Senator from Illinois says, that "it would not interfere materially with Virginia, whether certain resolutions presented to her Legislature were constitutional or not." I cannot restrain my astonishment at this expression. My knowledge that the Senator is eminently patriotic increases my surprise. Virginia indifferent to the Constitution, while she holds in her bosom the ashes and cherishes in her heart the memories of Madison and Marshall! The Mother of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Tyler, Taylor, Scott, Maury, Thomas, the theme for a jest, the subject of a taunt! When the Senator or myself, or thousands like us, shall have achieved for liberty and glory a shadow of what Virginia has, then a jeer or slur upon her great name may have some grace.

Has the Senator forgotten how much this nation owes to Virginia? He must for the moment have forgotten that she had given to the Union the States of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Had the Senator reflected that his own State was one of the monuments of Virginia's patriotism, these words could never have fallen from his lips. Nor, sir, are these a tithe of her contributions to the Republic. She has borne seven Presidents, who at the head of the Government have illustrated her devotion to liberty. She has nurtured on her breast the soldiers who have covered your arms with renown, the sailors who have brightened your flag with honor, the

scholars who have extended the conquest of science from the bottom of the sea to the verge of the stars. Her trophies, her memories, her great names, her priceless virtues are before the world; they are the brightest jewels of the Republic—they are the noblest heritages of humanity. I pray the day may never come when the great spirit at Mount Vernon shall not protect her from insult and avert her from error. Her proud sorrows are sublime, and, like her glories, will be immortal. When she sheathed her sword and returned to the Union, her constancy to her national duties and her loyalty to her sister States were renewed with all their original vigor and truth. Her care for the Constitution and her devotion to the rights of man had never slumbered.

Great State! Whatever is grand and patriotic and excellent should be compared to thee. When thy name does not inspire the respect, excite the admiration, and kindle the affections of American patriots, the love of liberty and of country will be expiring in our hearts.

MAT. W. RANSOM.

## THE GEORGIA LEADERS AFTER THE WAR.

THE Georgia of to-day, in some respects, is not the Georgia she was. Her living men are the equals of those of any former time; but having expended their greatest endeavors in behalf of a cause that was as unfortunate as it was dear, overcome, impoverished, bereft of many things without which life seems of little value, and, after four years of such bereavement, yet proscribed and persecuted, they are away from public places, and, like Achilles in his tent, view from afar the actions of those who appear to be heroes only because the truly heroic are without their armor and absent from the field. Not that it is profitless to contemplate these living men in their quiet lives. For an important lesson may be learned in beholding what a brave mind may suffer, and yet, instead of losing any of its virtue, become braver through affliction. The lives that some of them

are leading now will be compared hereafter with the best of any period. The dignity with which they endure proscription, the serenity with which they contemplate the loss of all but honor, the fidelity with which they observe the pledges exacted by those to whom they surrendered under promises of peace and security; their deep grief, not for themselves, not so much for their children and friends, whether living or dead; but for their country—their whole country—which they long to see reunited and at peace upon the principles of right and justice,—all these are a lesson which we may study with ever-increasing profit.

Some of them, like Fabricius and Cincinnatus, are following the plough and eking a frugal living from their wasted fields. Some, like Camillus and Cicero, are travelling in foreign countries and anxiously waiting the time when they may return to the service of their people. Some, like Sallust and Varro, have betaken themselves to literary labors and are making for posterity the records of their times. Some have returned from the Forum to the Bar, and men may sometimes hear the old ring which was wont to move them to rapture in happier days. Some are yet ministering to the sick, now more numerous and necessitous because of the wastings of a protracted war. Some are reopening the long-obstructed channels of trade and commerce. Some are rebuilding and rehabilitating the nurseries of education. And some yet stand on Sabbath mornings in holy temples, and from having shared, like Daniel, in all the afflictions of their people, have come to a better trust in God, and can draw from His oracles truer and more consoling interpretations.

We may look upon such men in these, their less exalted estates, and admire the more the virtue which grows purer in those fires through which it is passing; but we may not obtrude upon their privacy, nor disturb their labors and meditations. To them even the voice of praise would bring little pleasure while they are brooding over an unhappy country which they have not the power to serve, and, in the knowledge that the active days of their careers are over, are solemnly waiting for the end. Their eulogy will be best pronounced hereafter.

They have appealed to the next ages for their vindication, and they neither fear their judgment nor doubt that the honors which are now withheld will hereafter come and cluster around their graves.

R. M. JOHNSTON.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON was born in Hancock Co., Ga., March 8, 1822. He was educated at Mercer University, and practised law in partnership with Judges Baxter, Thomas, and Linton Stephens, successively; and was afterwards (1858-1862) Professor of English Literature in the State University at Athens. During the war he was *aide-de-camp* to Governor Brown, with the rank of Colonel. In 1867 he removed to Waverly, Md., and established the Penn Lucy school for boys.

*Dukesborough Tales.* By *Philemon Perch*, Baltimore: Turnbull Brothers, 1871, established his reputation as one of the leading humorists of the South. It is a faithful picture of "the grim and rude, but hearty old times in Georgia," and their racy spirit is embalmed in a humor as innocent as it is quaint.

"Even in the slight sketches the reader can see that 'Philemon Perch' has that rare gift, the power of dramatic presentation of characters. By this power things in themselves trivial become invested with strange interest, and we follow the persecutions of a hardly-used schoolboy (in *The Goose-pond School*) with as rapt attention, and exult as triumphantly in the peripeteia, when he thrashes his brute of a master, as if we had been witnessing some grand drama of heroic suffering and heroic victory."—*Southern Magazine*.

In connection with William Hand Browne he published in 1872, *English Literature*; New York: University Publishing Co.; and the same authors have now in press, *Life and Speeches of Alexander H. Stephens*.

## HOMAGE TO THE DEAD OF KENTUCKY—

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

IT was the faith of our ancient Aryan ancestors that the spirits of their great wise bards and teachers ascended to the sky at their death, and became stars, immortal revealings of that universal light, the life of the universe, which they called the great god Indra. If that were still our creed, and if we, like our ancestors, kindled our sacrificial fires, at early dawn, upon the summits of the mountains, and worshipped Mitra, the glorious morning star, and the stars that had been great and good men, none of those that look benignly down upon the fair fields and woods of Kentucky would shine with a brighter and purer radiance than the star-spirit of our Illustrious Brother Breckinridge. Then monuments and statues were not needed to perpetuate the names and memories of Aryan sages

and heroes; for, as often as the stars ascended into the sky, the herdsman upon the steppes, and the husbandman upon the alluvial plains of Samarkand or the Oxus, saw the benefactors of his race shining in the heavens, and revered them as guides protectors, and defenders.

Neither will the people of Kentucky need the monument or the statue to perpetuate *his* name and memory. His monument, more durable than marble, is builded in the people's heart, and when we who are men and women shall have been long gathered to our fathers, those who come after us, sitting of autumn eventides under the branching arms of the old oaks, or of winter nights around the hearths of the old homesteads, will talk of the eloquent advocate, the great statesman, the heroic soldier, and the noble gentleman, whom their fathers and grandfathers knew and loved and honored, as in France they talked, in after ages, of Bayard, and in Spain of Ruy Diaz and Pelayo.

He won, almost at a bound, the highest civic honors, while others toiled slowly after him up the rugged and difficult paths that lead to the summit of fame; and, deserving all the honors that he attained, he was not found unequal to the duties of any station, and wore no laurels that he did not nobly win. I knew him well when the great civil war was about to begin. Reluctant to believe in the necessity of a separation of the States, he put aside, when at last convinced, all other considerations than that of duty, and turned away from the higher places that he might have reached, to become the Paladin of the weaker cause, an illustrious leader, peer in everything of the old knights loyal and true, whose virtues and excellences lived again in him. Brave as Ney, and generous as brave, beloved by his men and the idol of his State, nothing was wanting to his fame; and, like Bayard, he needed not more years of life to be immortal.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

In the loving bosom of his mother-land, Kentucky, his body lies, and there his brain and heart will moulder into dust and become a part of her; but his influences live after him, and will be eternal. Always the past is the lawgiver of the present and the future. The past of Kentucky has been great, illustrious, and fortunate. Her future will be no less so, if, standing upon the old ways, she *thence* makes progress, obeying the legislation which the past has enacted for her in the wise thoughts, the great examples, and the beneficent influences of the generous and gallant sons who have lived and died in her service, crowning her with honor and glory.

ALBERT PIKE.

## GONE FORWARD.

YES, "Let the tent be struck:" Victorious morning  
 Through every crevice flashes in a day  
 Magnificent beyond all earth's adorning:  
 The night is over; wherefore should he stay?  
 And wherefore should our voices choke to say,  
 "The General has gone forward?"

Life's foughten field not once beheld surrender,  
 But with superb endurance, present, past,  
 Our pure Commander, lofty, simple, tender,  
 Through good, through ill, held his high purpose fast,  
 Wearing his armor spotless,—till at last,  
 Death gave the final "Forward!"

All hearts grew sudden palsied: Yet what said he  
 Thus summoned?—\* "*Let the tent be struck!*"—For when  
 Did call of duty fail to find him ready  
 Nobly to do his work in sight of men,  
 For God's and for his country's sake—and then,  
 To watch, wait, or go forward?

\* Dying words of General R. E. Lee.

We will not weep,—we dare not! Such a story  
 As his large life writes on the century's years  
 Should crowd our bosoms with a flush of glory,  
 That manhood's type, supremest that appears  
 To-day, *he* shows the ages. Nay, no tears  
 Because he has gone forward!

Gone forward?—Whither?—Where the marshall'd legions,  
 Christ's well-worn soldiers, from their conflicts cease,—  
 Where Faith's true Red-Cross Knights repose in regions  
 Thick-studded with the calm, white tents of peace,—  
 Thither, right joyful to accept release,  
 The General has gone forward!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

### THE TERRITORIES COMMON PROPERTY OF THE PEOPLE.

THE Territories are the common property of the people of the United States, purchased by their common blood and treasure. You are their common agents; it is your duty, while they are in a Territorial state, to remove all impediments to their free enjoyment by all sections and people of the Union, the slaveholder and the non-slaveholder. You have given the strongest indications that you will not perform this trust—that you will appropriate to yourselves all this Territory, perpetrate all these wrongs which I have enumerated, yet, with these declarations on your lips, when Southern men refused to act in party caucuses with you in which you have a controlling majority—when we ask the simplest guarantee for the future—we are denounced out of doors as recusants and factionists, and in doors we are met with the cry of “Union, Union!”

Sir, we have passed that point. It is too late. I have used all my energies, from the beginning of this question, to save the country from this convulsion. I have resisted what I deemed



unnecessary and hurtful agitation. I hoped against hope, that a sense of justice and patriotism would induce the North to settle these questions upon principles honorable and safe to both sections of the Union. I have planted myself upon a National platform, resisting extremes at home and abroad, willingly subjecting myself to the aspersions of enemies, and, far worse than that, the misconstruction of friends, determined to struggle for, and accept any fair and honorable adjustment of these questions. I have almost despaired of any such, at least from this House. We must arouse and appeal to the Nation. We must tell them, boldly and frankly, that we prefer any calamities to submission to such degradation and injury as they would entail upon us, that we hold that to be the consummation of all evil. I have stated my positions. I have not argued them. Give me securities that the power of the organization which you seek will not be used to the injury of my constituents, then you can have my co-operation; but not till then. Grant them, and you prevent the recurrence of the disgraceful scenes of the last twenty-four hours, and restore tranquility to the country. Refuse them, and, as far as I am concerned, "let discord reign forever!"

ROBERT TOOMBS.

ROBERT TOOMBS, jurist, orator, and statesman, was born in Washington, Wilkes Co., Ga., July 2, 1810. He graduated at Union College, N. Y., in 1828, studied law at the University of Virginia, and began the practice in his native town. In 1836 he was Captain of Volunteers in the Creek War. He served several terms in the Georgia Legislature, and in both Houses of Congress, being in the Senate from 1853 to 1861, when on the secession of Georgia, he withdrew. As a member of the Montgomery Congress he helped to organize the Confederate Government, and for a time was Secretary of State of the Confederacy, but preferring active service he was given a brigade in the field.

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## PROTEST AGAINST MODERN MATERIALISM.

**A**GAINST that system of Materialism whose advocates are found in the highest walks of literature and science to-day, and which is boldly put forward by them as the "new faith," before which all our old faiths, as things effete and worn out, are to disappear, I enter my solemn protest. As one who stands upon

the dyke which protects fair cultivated fields from the encroachment of devastating floods, and detects the oozing of the tiny drops which are heralds of the incipient crevasse, so stand I to-day between a civilization the fairest on which the sun ever shone, and a turbid, encroaching flood whose waters are dark as Erebus, and deadly as the fabled vapors of the Asphaltic Sea. Between this civilization and the desolating flood, the great bulwark under God is that spiritualistic philosophy which Materialism seeks to undermine.

I protest against that system because of the dishonor which it puts upon human nature. It degrades man to the level of the brute. It profanes all the sanctities of his nature. It pollutes all the fountains of his life. My nature resents, with an infinite scorn, such an insult to its dignity and such a libel upon its birth.

I protest again because of the coarse utilitarianism which it engenders. It exalts the material above the spiritual, makes more of the body than of the soul, and in its rude march of labor-saving, wealth-accumulating, resource-developing progress, tramples under foot everything which cannot be immediately applied to the practical business of life. Material prosperity is its highest goal. Civilization is estimated by the length of a nation's railways, the extent of its commerce and manufactures, and the number of its arms-bearing men; and thus, under the rough granite of a simply material civilization, is buried all that is most beautiful in art, most true in philosophy, and most sacred in religious faith.

I protest against it because of the wrecks with which its historic pathway is strewn. Whenever a nation has become infected with this philosophy, it has yielded to disintegration and decay.

Ancient Assyria in the time of her greatest splendor seemed possessed of a civilization that would never decay. But intoxicated with her wealth, her numbers, her resources, she worshipped at the shrine of Materialism, and soon all her private virtue had decayed, all true heroism and nobility of character

had evaporated, and a people of higher intellectual culture and hardier virtue laid her in the dust.

Greece, so long as she remained under the dominant influence of those systems of philosophy which taught the personality of the gods and the spirituality of the men who worshipped them, wielded resistless empire in the world of nations and the world of thought. But the day came when the Epicurean philosophy was supreme, and, then as has been plaintively said, "for lack of light and for want of hope, everything of beauty in the literature of Greece, everything of grace in its art, all of truth in its philosophy, all of heroism in its character, withered and vanished away."

It was when honeycombed by this materialistic philosophy that the vast fabric of the Roman empire crumbled to pieces, when, as the same writer has said, "Art expired, letters were lost, and for a thousand years the genius of barbarism brooded over the melancholy ruin."

It was under the baleful influence of Materialism that the awful drama of the French Revolution was enacted. Introduce it here, and it will not be long until all civil and social order will be upheaved, and anarchy and sedition run riot in blood.

T. D. WITHERSPOON.

## WASHINGTON THE ARTIFICER OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.

I SHALL not speak now of the merely intellectual qualities of Washington. I rise to higher ground, and maintain that his character, the habitual tenor and manifestation of his active being—as displayed in his life, public and private—is of itself and in a true sense, one of the highest achievements of what is called the creative power. This power displays itself in the discovery of new truths and principles, or in new applications of old ones. It does not literally create anything: it discovers, modifies, or reproduces.

The character of Washington presented combinations of na-

ture and discipline: of intellect, knowledge, and virtue; of mental qualities and moral excellencies such as had never before been embodied in the person of any great actor on the theatre of public affairs. Particular parts of it, doubtless, had their counterparts in other persons, but the complete, rounded whole was new, fresh, and original. In its production, nature, inspiration, the divine afflatus, or whatever else we may call it, had much to do, but self-culture also played a most conspicuous part. Born in a country which was then regarded as almost a wilderness, untaught in the schools of learning; coming into rough contact at an early age, first as a surveyor, and then as an officer, with outward nature in her wildest forms, and with human beings still more wild; thrown upon the bare resources of his judgment in untried situations, and compelled to provide against hunger and thirst, wind and rain, savage ambuscades and all the privations and perils incident to pioneering and campaigning life on hostile forest frontiers, he drew from the depths of his own soul, and from the lessons of a hard and stern experience, that self-reliance and self-control—that activity and decision of character, and coolness in the presence of danger—those rules of military prudence, and, above all, those maxims of moral and civil conduct, which pointed him out in advance as a man designed by Providence to render some important service to his country, and which fitted him, when the time came, to be her natural and consummate leader in war and in peace.

No man was ever more truly the artificer of his own character, as well as of his own fame and fortunes. And if to the philosopher who drags to light some hidden law of nature;—if to the inventor who, combining skill with knowledge, constructs some new machine for the economy of labor and the multiplication of power;—if to the poet who calls up to life the beings of his fancy and robes them with forms of beauty and qualities of excellence, to excite the delight and the imitation of men—if to these be attributed the God-like faculty of *creation*,—on what principle, and with what justice, shall it be denied to him who, working in all faithfulness and truth with the elements of

nature within him and with the outward facts and influences around him, made conquest after conquest in his own bosom, till he possessed his soul in patience—and then, adding knowledge to knowledge, and duty to duty, and virtue to virtue, built up within that soul—fit temple for such ministry—a real, vital, living *character*, clothed with all attributes of physical and mental and moral power—grand in repose and grand in action—till he stood, confessed before men, a type and a pattern of that true, heroic, and world-embracing manhood, of which poets had sung and philosophers dreamed, and which the good of all ages had longed to behold!

W. D. PORTER.

W. D. PORTER is a native of Charleston, S. C., a lawyer by profession, and was for twenty-five consecutive years a member of the General Assembly—a large portion of the time President of the Senate. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor by the people at the first election after the war, but, under the Reconstruction Act, was removed from office by the U. S. Military Commander of the District of South Carolina. He took a very active and prominent part in the redemption of his State from negro rule, and upon the election of Governor Hampton accepted the appointment of "Master in Common Pleas and Chancery." As orator, scholar, and jurist, he ranks among the leading men of the South.

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### THE LIONS OF MYCENÆ.

There they rise,  
 The Lions of Mycenæ—rampant, stern,—  
 Gigantic triumphs of an elder art  
 That shames the best of ours;—though Ruin works  
 Ruthlessly on them, with a mocking smile,  
 Through lichen and green mosses to persuade  
 All colors from the rainbow and the sky,  
 To garnish fondly the gray hurts of Time!

Still stand these famous Lions as of yore,  
 Guardians of dwellings that no more demand  
 Protection from without. No foe assails  
 The City of the Atridæ; nor, within,  
 Clamor those warrior-hosts that once went forth,  
 Following the king of men! In vain we seek

The tomb of Agamemnon! Could we find,  
 We doubtless should behold at dawn of day,  
 The filial shade of his avenging son,  
 Close tended by the faithful Pylades;  
 And hear, from out the sepulchre, the cry  
 Of sorrowful Electra, with her urn!

The tragedy, without a parallel,  
 Which made this Gate of Lions, and these Courts—  
 Now shapeless ruins—a dread monument,  
 Rises to vision as we gaze upon them.  
 There Clytemnestra comes, the terrible queen,  
 With horrid hands, still reeking with red gore,—  
 While yet she pleads for poor humanity,  
 In fond excuse, for that her husband slew  
 Her daughter, to “appease the winds of Thrace”:—  
 That child, o’er all beloved, Iphigenia,  
 “For whose dear sake she bore a mother’s pains!”

The Lady Macbeth of Mycenæ, she  
 Had but one human sentiment to plead  
 To justify her passions in her lust;—  
 Even as the Scottish woman stayed the stroke  
 By her own hands, for that the destined victim  
 “Resembled her own father as he slept.”

The passions sleep at last! The criminals  
 Lie in their several dungeons of deep earth,  
 Resolved to dust, and what is living of them  
 Gone to their dread account Another fate  
 Works on the crumbling Cyclopean walls:  
 That worst destroyer, Time! As fell his stroke  
 As that which in his chamber smote the king,  
 Great Agamemnon!

That a tale should live,  
 While temples perish! That a poet’s song  
 Should keep its echoes fresh for all the hills

That could not keep their cities!—should preserve  
 The fame of those, thrice honored in their lives,  
 And at their dying, and in mightiest tombs,  
 While the tombs perish!

What a moral's this!—

That the mere legend of a blind old man,  
 A beggar, outcast, wanderer—all in one—  
 A chanter by the sea-side to poor sailors,  
 Weaving his wanton fancies, skein by skein,  
 So that no man shall need to weave anew,—  
 That his mere tale, his name and fame should live,  
 While cities waste away, and temples blasted  
 Leave bare the mortal greatness with no tomb!

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, LL. D., poet, novelist, and historian, was born in Charleston, S. C., April 17, 1806. He began to write verses at the age of eight years; unable to obtain a collegiate education, he mastered such books as he had access to, and when nineteen years old published his first important poem, *A Monody on Gen. C. C. Pinckney*. In the nullification troubles he espoused the cause of the Union with much ardor, became editor and proprietor of the *City Gazette*, the chief organ of his party, and in its failure lost his small patrimony. About the year 1832 he entered fairly upon his career as a professional author. Attention was first called to his merits by a sea-tale in verse, *Atalantis*, which was favorably reviewed even in Europe. After this appeared *South-ern Passages and Pictures*, 1839; *Donna Florida*, 1843; *Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies*, and *Areytos, or Songs of the South*, 1846; *Lays of the Palmetto*, 1848; *The Eye and the Wing*, and *Cassique of Accubee*, 1849; *The City of the Silent*, delivered at the consecration of Magnolia Cemetery, 1850. These are all poems. Besides, he has written two dramas, *Norman Maurice*, and *Michael Bonham, or The Fall of the Alamo*, with a great number of fugitive verses. In fiction he has been the most prolific of American writers: an enumeration of his novels and tales would fill a page. Many of his romances present characters and incidents of Revolutionary times, or life upon the border: *Guy Rivers*, *The Yemassee*, *The Partisan*, *Mellichampe*, *Katherine Walton*, and *The Scout* are regarded as the best of this class. In history he has given us a *History of South Carolina*, and *South Carolina in the Revolution*. Four volumes of Biography—*Lives of Marion*, *John Smith*, *Green*, and *Chevalier Bayard*—are from his pen. Besides all these, he has contributed a vast number of critical, historical, biographical, etc., papers to various magazines and reviews. In his last years he was oppressed with great calamities—the death of his wife, and the destruction by the Federals of his country home, *Woodlands*, and his large library, together with manuscripts whose loss was irreparable. With unflinching resolution, however, he continued to work, and died, as he had wished, “in harness,” June 11, 1870.

REMOVAL OF UNITED STATES SENATE TO  
THE NEW HALL.

THE Senate is assembled for the last time in this Chamber. Henceforth it will be converted to other uses, yet it must remain forever connected with great events, and sacred to the memories of the departed orators and statesmen who here engaged in high debates, and shaped the policy of their country. Hereafter the American and the stranger, as they wander through the Capitol, will turn with instinctive reverence to view the spot on which so many and great materials have accumulated for history. They will recall the images of the great and the good, whose renown is the common property of the Union; and chiefly, perhaps, they will linger around the seats once occupied by the mighty three, whose names and fame, associated in life, death has not been able to sever; illustrious men, who in their generation sometimes divided, sometimes led, and sometimes resisted public opinion—for they were of that higher class of statesmen who seek the right and follow their convictions.

There sat Calhoun, *the* Senator, inflexible, austere, oppressed, but not overwhelmed by his deep sense of the importance of his public functions; seeking the truth, then fearlessly following it—a man whose unsparing intellect compelled all his emotions to harmonize with the deductions of his rigorous logic, and whose noble countenance habitually wore the expression of one engaged in the performance of high public duties.

This was Webster's seat. He, too, was every inch a Senator, Conscious of his own vast powers, he reposed with confidence on himself; and scorning the contrivances of smaller men, he stood among his peers all the greater for the simple dignity of his senatorial demeanor. Type of his Northern home, he rises before the imagination, in the grand and granite outline of his form and intellect, like a great New England rock, repelling a New England wave. As a writer his productions will be cherished by statesmen and scholars while the English tongue is spoken. As a senatorial orator, his great efforts are historic-



ally associated with this Chamber, whose very air seems yet to vibrate beneath the strokes of his deep tones and his weighty words.

On the outer circle sat Henry Clay, with his impetuous and ardent nature untamed by age, and exhibiting in the Senate the same vehement patriotism and passionate eloquence that of yore electrified the House of Representatives and the country. His extraordinary personal endowments, his courage, all his noble qualities, invested him with an individuality and a charm of character which, in any age, would have made him a favorite of history. He loved his country above all earthly objects. He loved liberty in all countries. Illustrious man!—orator, patriot, philanthropist—whose light, at its meridian, was seen and felt in the remotest parts of the civilized world, and whose declining sun as it hastened down the west, threw back its level beams, in hues of mellowed splendor, to illuminate and to cheer the land he loved and served so well.

All the States may point with gratified pride to the services in the Senate of their patriotic sons. Crowding the memory, come the names of Adams, Hayne, Wright, Mason, Otis, Macon, Pinckney, and the rest—I cannot number them—who, in the record of their acts and utterances, appeal to their successors to give the Union a destiny not unworthy of the past. What models were these, to awaken emulation or to plunge in despair! Fortunate will be the American statesmen who, in this age or in succeeding times, shall contribute to invest the new Hall to which we go with historical memories like those which cluster here.

And now, Senators, we leave this memorable Chamber, bearing with us unimpaired the Constitution we received from our forefathers. Let us cherish it with grateful acknowledgment to the Divine Power who controls the destinies of empires and whose goodness we adore. The structures reared by men yield to the corroding tooth of time. These marble walls must moulder into dust; but the principles of constitutional liberty, guarded by wisdom and virtue, unlike material elements, do not decay. Let us devoutly trust that another Senate, in another

age, shall bear to a new and larger Chamber this Constitution vigorous and inviolate, and that the last generation of posterity shall witness the deliberations of the Representatives of American States still united, prosperous, and free.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE was born at Lexington, Ky., January 16, 1821. His grandfather, John Breckinridge, was Attorney-General under Jefferson and author of the famous Kentucky Resolutions of 1798; his mother was a daughter of President Smith, of Princeton, and a descendant of John Knox. He graduated from Centre College in 1838, was one year at Princeton, and was then admitted to the bar. He emigrated to Iowa, but soon returned, married Miss Mary Burch, and practised law at Lexington. As Major of Kentucky Volunteers he went with Gen. Scott to the City of Mexico. Returning after the war, he entered the Legislature, but was soon elected over Gen. Leslie Combs to the U. S. Congress, and was re-elected. In this new field of politics his reputation as an orator and debater soon became national. He was offered by President Pierce the mission to Spain, and declined; and in 1856 he was elected Vice-President of the United States, having barely attained the constitutional age, and was the youngest man who has ever held that high office. The Convention which met at Charleston to nominate a successor to President Buchanan, after adjourning to Baltimore, chose him to be the Presidential candidate of the States' Rights wing of the Democracy. He was at this time in the U. S. Senate, having succeeded Mr. Crittenden. After the election of Lincoln, he remained some time in the Senate, endeavoring with great boldness to promote constitutional measures and to preserve peace; but finding his efforts vain, he retired to his home, whence he was soon driven by threats of arrest. A brigade was given him in the Confederate army, and in 1862 he was made Major-General. He became as distinguished in war as he had been in statesmanship, and in 1865 he became Secretary of War. At the close of the war he escaped through Florida to Cuba—thence to Canada and Europe, but he returned in a year to his old home, where he lived, proscribed by the Federal powers, until his death, May 17, 1875.

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### THE ESSENTIALS OF TRUE REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.

A YOUNG man starting out in life on his majority, with health, talent, and ability, under a favoring Providence, may be said to be the architect of his own fortunes. His destinies are in his own hands. He may make for himself a name, of honor or dishonor, according to his own acts. If he plants himself upon truth, integrity, honor, and uprightness, with industry, patience, and energy, he cannot fail of success. So it is with us. We are a young republic, just entering upon the arena of nations; we will be the architects of our own fortunes. Our destiny,

under Providence, is in our own hands. With wisdom, prudence, and statesmanship on the part of our public men, and intelligence, virtue, and patriotism on the part of the people, success, to the full measure of our most sanguine hopes, may be looked for. But if unwise counsels prevail—if we become divided—if schisms arise—if dissensions spring up—if factions are engendered—if party spirit, nourished by unholy personal ambition, shall rear its hydra head, I have no good to prophesy for you. Without intelligence, virtue, integrity, and patriotism on the part of the people, no republic or representative government can be durable or stable.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

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### SURREY'S DREAM.

THE Rappahannock flows serenely yonder through the hills, as in other years; the autumn forests burn away in blue and gold and orange, as they did in the days of my youth, the winds whisper, the sunshine laughs,—it is only we who laugh no more.

Was that a real series of events, I say, or only a drama of the imagination? Did I really hear the voice of Jackson and the laughter of Stuart in those glorious charges on those bloody fields? Did Ashby pass before me on his milk-white steed, and greet me by the camp-fire as his friend? Was it a real figure, that stately form of Lee, amid the swamps of the Chickahominy, the fire of Malvern Hill, the appalling din and smoke and blood of Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville—of Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, and Petersburg? Jackson, that greater than the leader of the Ironsides,—Stuart, more fiery than Rupert—Ashby, the pearl of chivalry and honor—Lee, the old Roman, fighting with a nerve so splendid to the bitter end—these were surely the figures of some dream, the forms of an excited imagination! Did Pelham press my hand, and fight and fall in that stubborn charge on Averill? Did Farley smile and fight and die near the very same spot? And was it

really the eyes of Stuart that dropped bitter tears upon the pallid faces of these youths dead on the field of honor? It is like a dream to me that I looked upon these faces, that I touched the honest hand of Hood, gave back the friendly smile of Ambrose Hill, spoke with the hardy Longstreet, the stubborn Ewell, Hampton the fearless, and the chivalric Lees! Souls of fire and flame! with a light how steady burned these stately names!—how they fought, these hearts of oak! But did they live their lives, these heroes and their comrades, as I seem to remember? It was surely a dream—was it not—that the South fought so stubbornly for those four long years, and bore the blood-red battle-flag aloft in so many desperate encounters? But the dream was glorious—not even the *immedicabile vulnus* of surrender can efface its splendor. Still it moves me and possesses me, and I live forever in that past.

As I awake at morning, the murmur of the river breeze is the low roll of drums from the forest yonder, where the camps of infantry are aroused by the *réveille*. In the moonlight nights when all is still, a sound comes borne upon the breeze from some dim land—I seem to hear the bugles. As the sunlight falls now on the landscape of field and wood and river, a tempest gathers on the shores of the Rappahannock. The sunshine disappears, sucked in by the black and threatening clouds which sweep from the far horizon; the lightnings flicker like quick tongues of flame; and as these fiery serpents play around the ebon mass, a mighty wind arises, swells, and roars on through the splendid foliage. Is it only a storm?—No! yonder variegated colors of the autumn leaves are the flaunting banners of an army drawn up there in line of battle, and about to charge. Listen!—that murmur of the Rappahannock is the muffled tramp of a column on the march. Hush! there is the bugle! and that rushing wind in the trees of the forest is the charge of Stuart and his horsemen! How the hoof-strokes tear along!—how the phantom horsemen shout as they charge!—how the ghost of Stuart rides!

See the banners yonder, where the line of battle is drawn against the autumn woods—how their splendid colors burn,

how they flaunt, and wave, and ripple in the wind, proud and defiant! Is that distant figure on horseback the man of Port Republic, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, with his old faded cap, his dingy coat, and his piercing eyes?—and is that the cheering of the “foot cavalry,” as they greet him? Look how the leafy banners, red as though dyed in blood, point forward, rippling as they come! See that dazzling flash! Is it lightning, or the glare of cannon? Hear that crash of thunder, like the opening roar of battle!—Jackson is advancing!

A quick throb of the heart—a hand half reaching out to clutch the hilt of a battered old sword upon the wall—then I sink back in my chair.—It was only a dream!

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

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## HOW TO MAKE A TRUE VIRGINIAN.

**T**HERE is a connection between diet and the ethnological characteristics of the human race, and I take it for granted, first, that a Virginian could not be a Virginian without bacon and greens; and second, that in every Virginian traces of bacon and traces of greens are distinctly perceptible. How else can you account for the Virginia love of good eating, the Virginia indifference to dress and household economy, and the incurable simplicity of the Virginia head? It has been affirmed by certain speculative philosophers that the Virginian persists in exhausting his soil with tobacco, because the cabbage he eats is itself exhaustive of the soil; and that, because the hog is fond of wallowing in mud-puddles, therefore the Virginian takes naturally to politics.

I am not prepared to dispute these points, but I am tolerably certain that a few other things besides bacon and greens are required to make a true Virginian.

He must, of course, begin on pot-liquor, and keep it up until he sheds his milk-teeth. He must have fried chicken, stewed chicken, broiled chicken, and chicken-pie; old hare, butter-beans, new potatoes, squirrels, cymblins, snaps, barbecued shoat, roas'n

ears, buttermilk, hoe-cake, ash-cake, pancake, fritters, pot-pie, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, June apples, waffles, sweet milk, parsnips, artichokes, carrots, cracklin-bread, hominy, bonny-clabber, scrambled eggs, gooba-peas, fried apples, pop-corn, persimmon beer, apple-bread, milk and peaches, mutton-stew, dewberries, batter-cakes, mus'melons, hickory nuts, partridges, honey in the honeycomb, snappin'-turtle eggs, damsom-tarts, cat-fish, cider, hot lightbread, and cornfield peas all the time. But he must not intermit bacon and greens.

He must butt heads with little negroes, get the worst of it, and run crying to tell his ma about it. Wear white yarn socks with green toes, and yarn gallowses. Get the cow-itch, and live on milk and brimstone for a time. Make frog-houses over his feet in the wet sand, and find woodpecker nests. Meddle with the negro men at hog-killing time, and be in every body's way generally. Upset beehives, bring big wasps'-nests into the house, and get stung over the eye by a yellow-jacket. Watch setting turkeys, and own a bench-leg fice and a speckled shoat. Wade in the branch, eat too many black-heart cherries, try to tame a cat-bird, call doodle-bugs out of their holes,—and keep on eating bacon and greens.

He must make partridge traps out of tobacco-sticks, set gums for "Mollie-cottontails," mash-traps and dead-falls for minks, fish for minnows with a pin hook, and carry his worms in a cymlin; tie June-bugs to strings, and sing 'em under people's noses; stump his toe and have it tied up in a rag; wear patched breeches, stick thorns in his heel, and split his thumb open slicing horse-cakes with a dog-knife, sharpened contrary to orders on the grindstone. At eight years old he must know how to spell *b a*, *ba*, *b e*, *be*, and so on; and be abused for not learning his multiplication table, for riding the sorrel mare at a strain to the horse-pond, and for snoring regularly at family prayers.—Still he must continue to eat bacon and greens.

About this time of life—or a little later—he must get his first suit of "store-clothes," and be sorely afflicted with freckles, stone bruises, hang-nails, mumps and warts, which last he delights in trimming with a Barlow knife, obtained by dint of

hard swapping. He must now go to old-field school, and carry his snack in a tin bucket, with a little bottle of molasses, stoppered with a corn-cob stopper, and learn how to play marbles "for good," and to tell lies about getting late to school, because he fell in the branch. Also, to steal June apples, and bury them that they may ripen the sooner for his big sweetheart, who sits next to him. He must have a pop-gun, made of elder, and cut up his father's gum-shoes to make trap-balls, composed of equal parts of yarn and India-rubber.—At the same time he must keep steadily eating bacon and greens.

He must now learn to cut jackets, play hard ball, choose partners for "cat" and "cherminy," be kept in, fight every other day, and be turned out for painting his face with pokeberry juice and grinning at the schoolmaster. After a good whipping from his father, who threatens to apprentice him to a carpenter, he enjoys his holiday by breaking colts and shooting field-larks in the daytime, and by 'possum hunting, or listening to ghost stories from the negroes, in the night. Returning to school, he studies pretty well for a time, but the love of mischief is so strong within him, that for his life he can't refrain from putting crooked pins on the benches where the little boys sit, and even in the schoolmaster's chair. The result is a severe battle with the schoolmaster, and his permanent dismissal. Thrown upon the world, he consoles himself with bacon and greens, makes love to a number of pretty girls, and pretends to play overseer.

Failing at that, he tries to keep somebody's country store, but will close the doors whenever the weather is fine to "ketch chub" or play knucks. Tired of store-keeping, he makes a trip, sometimes all the way on horseback, to the far South, to look after his father's lands. Plays poker on the Mississippi, gets cheated, gets strapped, returns home, eats bacon and greens, and determines to be a better man.

But the first thing he knows, he is off on a frolic in Richmond, where he loses all his money at faro, borrows enough to carry him home and buy a suit to go courting in. He next gets religion at a camp-meeting, and loses it at a barbecue or fish-fry.

Then he thinks he will teach school, or ride Deputy Sheriff, or write in the Clerk's office, and actually begins to study law, on the strength of which he becomes engaged to be married and runs for the Legislature. Gets beaten, gets drunk: reforms all of a sudden; eats plenty of bacon and greens; marries, much to the satisfaction of his own, and greatly to the honor of his wife's family;—and thus becomes a thorough-going Virginian.

GEORGE W. BAGBY.

Perhaps the best known of all living Southern humorists is GEORGE WILLIAM BAGBY, M. D., who was born in Buckingham Co., Va., August 13, 1828. He attended Edgehill School, Princeton, N. J. (1838-41), Delaware College (1843-4), and graduated in medicine at University of Pennsylvania in 1849, but has never practised. Began his literary career as editor of *Lynchburg Daily Express* in 1853, and since then has been a constant correspondent and contributor of the leading journals and magazines, North and South. In 1860 he succeeded John R. Thompson as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and edited it until 1864.

His principal productions are *My Wife and my Theory about Wives*, in *Harper's Magazine*; *Letters to Moses Addums and Billy Irvins*; *Blue Eyes and Buttermilk*; *John M. Daniel's Latch-Key*; pamphlet, 1867; *What I Did with my Fifty Millions*, Philadelphia: 1875; *Meekin's Twinses*, Richmond: 1877.

He began his humorous lectures in 1865, and met with great success. In graphic and truthful delineation of old-time Southern life and character, in all their lights and shades, he is unexcelled. The most popular of his lectures are: *Bacon and Greens, or the Native Virginian*; *Womenfolks*; *An Apology for Fools*; *The Disease called Love*; *The Virginia Negro, Past and Present*; and *The Old Virginia Gentleman*. Since 1870 he has been First Clerk to the Secretary of State, and State Librarian at Richmond.

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## THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
 The soldier's last tattoo;  
 No more on life's parade shall meet  
 The brave and daring few.  
 On Fame's eternal camping-ground  
 Their silent tents are spread,  
 And Glory guards with solemn round  
 The bivouac of the dead.

No answer of the foe's advance  
 Now swells upon the wind.



No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind;  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms:  
No braying horn nor screaming fife  
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;  
Their pluméd heads are bowed;  
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
Is now their martial shroud;  
And plenteous funeral tears have washed  
The red stains from each brow,  
And their proud forms, in battle gashed,  
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,  
The trumpet's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout, are past;  
No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,  
Shall thrill with fierce delight  
Those breasts that never more shall feel  
The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane  
That sweeps the broad plateau,  
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,  
Came down the serried foe.  
Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt  
To meet them on the plain;  
And long the pitying sky hath wept  
Above our gallant slain.

Sons of our consecrated ground,  
Ye must not slumber there,  
Where stranger steps and tongues resound  
Along the heedless air.

Your own proud land's heroic soil  
Shall be your fitter grave:  
She claims from war his richest spoil—  
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,  
Far from the gory field;  
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast,  
On many a bloody shield.  
The sunshine of their native sky  
Smiles sadly on them here,  
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by  
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!  
Dear as the blood you gave;  
No impious footsteps here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave.  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While fame her record keeps,  
Or honor points the hallowed spot  
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone  
In deathless songs shall tell,  
When many a vanquished age hath flown,  
The story how ye fell.  
Nor wreck, nor change, or winter's blight,  
Nor time's remorseless doom,  
Shall dim one ray of holy light  
That gilds your glorious tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.

The soldier-poet, THEODORE O'HARA, was born in Danville, Ky., February 11, 1820. A child of misfortune and disappointment, the pressure of a narrow fortune, combined with the aspirations of a noble ambition, conspired to make his life singularly erratic. After receiving a thorough classical education at Bardstown, he read law, but in 1845 accepted a position in the Treasury Department at Washington, from which he was appointed to a Captaincy in the U. S. regular army, and served through Mexican War with such distinction as to be brevetted Major. Resigning his commission, he practised law

in Washington until the breaking out of the Cuban fever, when he embarked in that ill-starred enterprise as colonel of one of the regiments, and was badly wounded in the battle of Cardenas. He now turned his attention to journalism, and as editor of the *Mobile Register*, the *Louisville Times*, and the *Frankfort Yeoman* displayed signal ability. He was often called on by the Government to conduct diplomatic negotiations of importance with foreign nations, and his services were specially valued in the Tehuantepec Grant business. Entering the Confederate service as Colonel of 12th Alabama Regiment, he was subsequently on the staff of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and it was into his arms that his great chief fell when he received his death-wound at Shiloh. He was then made Chief-of-Staff to Gen. John C. Breckinridge, his old fellow-student in law. The close of the war left him penniless, but he struggled bravely against poverty until his death in Alabama, June 6, 1867. In 1874 the Legislature of Kentucky caused his remains to be brought to Frankfort and there reinterred with appropriate honors in the State Cemetery. Like Gray, his fame rests chiefly upon one poem—*The Bivouac of the Dead*, which alone is sufficient to make his name immortal. "The hold of this elegy upon the popular heart grows stronger and more enduring. It is creeping into every scrap-book; it is continually quoted upon public occasions. Every year or two it makes the round of the American press, and recently it has excited enthusiastic admiration in England. One stanza of it was inscribed upon a rude memorial nailed to a tree upon the battle-field of Chancellorsville; another was engraved upon a military monument at Boston, Mass., and still another adorns a memorial column that marks the place where occurred one of the most bloody contests of the Crimean War. It will gain the high place in literature that it merits, and there it will remain."—*G. W. Ranck's "O'Hara and His Elegies."* *Baltimore: Turnbull Brothers.*

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## "THE SOLID SOUTH."

IT has sometimes been charged as a matter impugning the good citizenship of the Southern people, that since the war they have been identical in political opinion and action. The complaint, as made, takes the form of an arraignment of "The Solid South." Whether the unanimity of a people be a just ground of reproach against them depends entirely upon the principles on which they are united. It is hoped that all are united for virtue in the abstract. If by this complaint it is implied that the people of the Southern States, morbid from misfortune, are united in opposition to measures, right or wrong, and for purposes of obstruction and revenge, it is a great injustice, and one calculated to produce the very state of affairs it deploras. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. The calamities and sufferings of the Southern States being the same, it would be strange indeed if they were not unanimous in seeking relief, and upon all questions touching their common condition. There is

nothing unpatriotic—nothing inconsistent with duty as good citizens, in being united—"solid," if you please—for deliverance, for equal rights, and for honest government; and "solid!" too, against all opposed thereto—against injustice, extortion, oppression, and especially against all that make it their business to preach the gospel of hate, and to perpetuate strife between the sections and the races.

SAMUEL MCGOWAN.

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### AFTER THE RAIN.

**B**UT yesterday the vines hung bare;  
O work of rain and night!  
See where these morning-glories swing  
Their bells of blue and white.

But yesterday the thirsty corn  
Its tasselled banners furred;  
The misty fingers of the rain  
Have every leaf uncurled.

Stay! Spirit of the sun and rain,  
Thy silent lessons teach;  
Bid juices purple in the grape;  
And crimson in the peach.

Aye, stay till gen'rous Plenty comes  
To sit at Labor's feet;  
And mark the emerald of her corn,  
The golden of her wheat.

Stay, for thy smile makes glad the earth,  
Thy breath perfumes the air;  
Thy unseen presence fills our hearts—  
Thy peace is everywhere.

MRS. S. R. ALLEN.

## CHANGES WROUGHT BY THE WAR.

THE forms, the deep convictions, the very life of ages dissolve like fading dreams. The vestiges of human energy, worn deepest, and most gilded by the proudest civilizations, are levelled, overgrown, hidden, lost. Time itself seems but a graduated scale to mark inexorable change. The earth beneath us, with its forests and mountains and seas, is hourly changing; the wide expanse around us dawns, glows, and fades; the heavens over us, with all their soaring worlds, change. No mountain or wave, no radiance or star, is the same to-day and to-morrow—all is change; but nothing of God's making can perish. death itself is but a change of form, nature passes from shape to shape, but its element, its primal principle is the same. The hardest granite, the purest diamond, may be crushed, pulverized, sublimated, but new crystallizations will gather around the imperishable nucleus.

Now it is a grievous and pitiable spectacle to contemplate the mouldering vestiges of our own departed greatness and lost liberty, the rolling and pestilential fragments which are left to us. It is too heart-rending to see the dreary desolation which has invaded our pleasant places, the homes of our industry, our opulence, and our happiness. Indeed, it seems unnatural that a land so young, so vigorous, and seemingly so blessed of God, should thus early sink into decrepitude and exhaustion; our fields, our vines, and our flowers, so soon encroached upon by the forest and jungle, from which, but the other day, our fathers had conquered them, and to see, too, the cedars and the palms, which were the pillars of our temples and the shelter of our people, prostrate; and the inner and the upper places at our altars held by the robber, the Pharisee, and the hypocrite. To you this change is terrible; it is so to my old eyes, now growing too dim to see even the bright things of earth, but must look beyond for their visions. You are just entering on the veiled path of life. What living light is before you, what sun-capped mountain, what beacon in the skies to guide your darkling

steps? You look along the dead waste and level, disturbed only by the dust of the earth. Like the lost wanderer of the desert, you gaze before you and see no living thing. You may sink in blank despair, but from your knees look upward, behold, deep-shining in the heavens, those bright eternal spheres which will give you light to guide your way, and cheer your heart with their divine melodies.

Then, young men, rise up! make one more effort. Draw from the funeral pyre of Virginia the memory of her transcendent past, and like the Eastern Magi, it will reveal visions of a new life, and gladden your souls with dreams of a bright enduring future. In that past you will see a noble Commonwealth, reared by wisdom and valor on the granite of Truth and Right, and building thereon a pure system of national liberty, with institutions the fruit of that liberty, and illustrated by men who guarded that fruit with the courage, and the deep, clear wisdom of unspotted patriotism, men who looked straight into the bright countenance of Truth, and drew from her all their inspiration. There, too, you will find the stern sublimity of that true love of country which was incarnate in the dust now reposing at Mount Vernon and Monticello. And if, with the drawn sword over us, the chains on our arms, the lash at our back, and the torch at our chamber doors, we dare draw from a still nearer past, and speak of a people whose name is now blood-blotted from the rolls of nations, we might say, in God's hearing, that the records of those nations will be hunted in vain for a people, who, in devotion to their rights, in stern resolve, in heroic valor, in calm endurance, in meek submission to and humble reliance on a God of Truth, in the very piety of patriotism, surpassed that people who five years ago called themselves Virginians.

JOHN S. PRESTON.

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### GEORGIA.

I WOULD that I had the power of presenting, with the brevity which becomes an occasion like this, a worthy ideal of Georgia, the land of my love. But not as she lies upon the

map, stretching from the mountains to the ocean, dear as she must be to her sons in all of her variegated features;—in her mountains and her valleys, in her rivers and her cataracts; in her bare red hills and her broad fields of rustling corn and of cotton snowy white, in her vast primeval forests that roll back in softer cadence the majestic music of the melancholy sea; and, last but not least, in our own beautiful but modest Savannah, smiling sweetly through her veil of perennial, and yet of diversified green.

It is not the Georgia of the map I would invoke before you to-night. I would conjure up, if I could, the Georgia of the soul—majestic ideal of a Sovereign State, at once the Mother and the Queen of a gallant people;—Georgia as she first placed her foot upon these western shores and beckoned hitherward from the elder world the poor but the virtuous, the oppressed but the upright, the unfortunate but the honorable; adopting for herself a sentiment far nobler than all the armorial bearings of “starred and spangled courts, where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride”;—taking for her escutcheon the sentiment, **POVERTY AND VIRTUE! TOIL AND BE HONEST!**

Next I would present you the Georgia who assumed to herself, in companionship with her sister colonies, the right to the exclusive exercise of original sovereign power, declaring and achieving her independence of the British Crown.

And next the Georgia who, through the lapse of nearly a century, was illustrated in a Union of Confederate Sovereignties, by the gallantry of her soldiers on the field of battle, by the wisdom of her statesmen in public council, by the virtue and self-abnegating devotion to the discharge of duty of her daughters in the modest seclusion of domestic life. And when I speak of her sons and daughters, I do not mean those simply who were born upon her bosom. I mean also, and I mean emphatically, those who, like Crawford, and Berrien, and Forsythe, and Wilde, came to her from abroad, and added the rich bloom of their genius, learning, and eloquence to the pure wreath with which her children have encircled her regal brow—the only crown she cares to wear! I mean also, and I mean emphatically,

those like the distinguished commander of the gallant corps whose guests we are to-night [*Captain Wheaton, of the Chatham Artillery*], who brought to her his whole heart, to plant it and to root it here: ever ready to take his place among the foremost in repelling her enemy, whether he come, with streaming banners, amid the thunders of war, or steal silently upon the poisoned currents of the midnight air.

When the winter of our discontent was resting heavily, gloomily, upon us, at the holiest hour of the mysterious night a vision of surpassing loveliness rose before me: Georgia, my native State, with manacled limbs, and dishevelled locks, and tears streaming from weary eyes over a mangled form which she clasped, though with convulsed and fettered arms, to her bosom. And as I gazed, the features of the blood-stained soldier rapidly changed. First I saw Bartow, and then I saw Gallie, and then I saw Cobb, and there was Walker, and Willis, and Lamar; more rapid than light itself successively flashed out the wan but intrepid faces of her countless scores of dying heroes; and she pressed them close to her bosom, and closer still, and yet more close, until, behold, *she had pressed them all right into her heart!*

And quickly, as it were in the twinkling of an eye, the fetters had fallen from her beautiful limbs, and the tears were dried upon her lovely cheeks, and the wonted fire had returned to her flashing eyes, and she was *all* of Georgia again; an equal among equals in a Union of Confederate Sovereignties. Yes! the Georgia of Oglethorpe, the Georgia of 1776, the Georgia of 1860, *is* the Georgia of to-day;—is Georgia now, with her own peculiar memories, and her own peculiar hopes, her own historic and heroic names, and her own loyal sons and devoted daughters;—rich in resources, intrepid in soul, defiant of wrong as ever she was.

God save her! God save our liege Sovereign! God bless Georgia, our beloved Queen! God save our only Queen!

HENRY R. JACKSON.

HENRY R. JACKSON, soldier, orator, poet, and jurist, was born in Athens, Ga., June 24, 1820. He attended Princeton College; graduated at Yale College, 1839; and was ad-



mitted to the bar of Georgia, 1840. He practised at Savannah, and, in 1843, was appointed U. S. District Attorney; distinguished himself in Mexican War and was Colonel of Volunteers; was Judge of Circuit Court, 1849-53, when he was appointed U. S. Minister to Austria, a position he held until 1859, when he resigned and resumed the practice of his profession in Savannah, conducting this year for the U. S. Government the prosecution of the celebrated case against the slaver *Wanderer*, which had landed a cargo of Africans on the coast of Georgia. In the civil war he served (by appointment of the Governor) as Major-General of the military forces of Georgia, and then as Brigadier-General of Volunteers in the Confederate army until captured in the disastrous Tennessee campaign. He has ever had a fondness for letters—contributing numerous articles to the reviews and other periodicals of the day, and publishing in 1850 a volume, *Tallulah, and Other Poems*, which was very popular; and is now President of Georgia Historical Society. He resides still in Savannah, actively engaged in his profession.

### THE ALABAMA.

THE bones of the noble *Alabama*, full fathom five under the English channel, have, perchance, long ere this, suffered “a sea change into something rich and strange.” Precious jewels these bones would be if they could be fished up now—yet not, thank Heaven, of that sort of value which would make our Destructive friends think it worth while to bring them into the Admiralty courts. A Southron might possibly be permitted to treasure a shell-covered rib, without fear of having it torn from him by the myrmidons of the law. And well might that Southron—well, indeed, might the citizen of any section of the United States, if he would consider the matter magnanimously—cherish any relic that could be recovered of this dead lioness of the seas. For what a wonderful history was hers. A single ship matched against one of the mightiest navies of the world, yet keeping the ocean in defiance of all pursuit for—we forget—how many years! Flitting like a phantom across the waters, appearing at astonishingly short intervals in the most opposite quarters of the globe, we used to follow her track with something of that weird interest which was wont to thrill us in our boyhood when pouring over a tale of the ghostly Dutchman of the Cape. At one time lost in the fogs of the Northern Atlantic, at another popping up in the region of the trade winds, scattering dismay among the clippers; and anon, far away in

the direction of the dawn, where much more precious spoil might be reaped, or, if not reaped, then consigned to that vast locker of which the mythic "Davy" of the sailor is said to keep the key—such were the reports that reached us from month to month of this almost ubiquitous vessel.

Now we heard, perhaps, that, in the neighborhood of the Golden Chersonesus, or under the rich shores of that "utmost Indian isle Toprobane," some homeward-bound Englishman had been startled by the dull boom of guns across the billows, while a red light upon the horizon informed him that the *Alabama* was illuminating those remote seas with the fires of Confederate revenge; and, again a little later, it was bruited from port to port that she was speeding across the main—haply amazing the gentle islanders of the Pacific with the gleam of her beautiful but unfamiliar flag—to complete the circuit of her awful mission with the destruction of a few treasure ships of the Ophir of the West.

The repeated achievement of the adventure has rendered the circumnavigation of the globe in these modern days a commonplace thing; but there was that in the errand upon which the *Alabama* was bound, which reinvested the voyage with its old romance; so that, in accompanying the Southern cruiser upon her various paths, we used to experience a feeling somewhat resembling that imaginative one which Wordsworth has expressed in these deep-toned lines:

"Almost as it was when ships were rare,  
From time to time, like pilgrims, here and there,  
Crossing the waters, doubt and something dark,  
Of the old sea some reverential fear,  
Were with us as we watched thee, noble bark."

The career of the *Alabama* was worthily closed. Challenged by a foe more powerful than herself, she sallied forth bravely to battle and went down in the sight of the coast of one people and of the ships of another, who each knew how to admire the valor which she had displayed. What a pity and what a wonder it is that the same generous appreciation of her glorious story, and its not less glorious end, is not shared in the country

which enshrines the name of LAWRENCE! Who could believe, that did not know it, that we Southrons are expected by those who call us brethren to remember this gallant ship only as a corsair, and its venerated commander as a pirate!

HENRY TIMROD.

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### THE BAGGAGE SMASHER.

SOMETIMES, by luck, at dock or train,  
When helping, I have found  
The baggage of a long campaign  
Snug in an iron bound,  
A monstrous trunk, a high three-decked,  
Stout linen-wrapped affair,  
Some belle's or widow's wardrobe packed  
With most painstaking care.  
Ah, blessed vision! in a trice  
Upon that trunk I dash,  
And toss, bang, twist, and ne'er desist  
Till all within is mixed to hash!

How sweet the ladies' looks that see  
Me handle thus a trunk;  
The cry, half rage, half agony:  
"Oh, Charles, the man is drunk!"  
My heart beats high within me then,  
I slam the baggage worse and worse;  
My strength grows as the strength of ten  
To hear their husbands curse.  
The husband swears, the lady weeps,  
And should the trunk wide open spring,  
And silks, lace, flowers, fly out in showers,  
For rapture I could sing!

Sometimes in Dodd's great wagon borne  
Through all the town I go;

I ring some bell at early morn,  
Plunging through slush and snow;  
And when the door is oped to me,  
Into the nice, clean hall I tramp,  
And everywhere, on floor and stair,  
My muddy footprints stamp:  
I mount the steps, I snatch the trunks,  
I wrench and jerk them half apart;  
I bump them down, I sling them round,  
And chuck them in the cart.

With glee I lift each parcel high,  
And fling it down again;  
To smash the biggest trunks I try  
With all my might and main.  
Their wretched insides I shake up,  
And mix and stir in endless coil,  
Till boxes shiver and bottles pop,  
And silks and cambrics soil.  
And when the nice and costly things  
Are all besmirched and mussed,  
Like a schoolboy I laugh with joy  
Till I am fit to bust!

—SOUTHERN MAGAZINE.

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### THE HABIT OF READING AND THE LOVE OF GOOD BOOKS.

**F**OREMOST among all the means of education, highest among all the duties of the teacher, stands the pleasant privilege of reading with his classes the great English authors. For this, if skilfully managed, will serve not only to give solidity to young men's knowledge of their language, but also, what is even more weighty, to stimulate their love of reading and to shape their principles of taste. In doing this, or in failing to do it, lies after all the true criterion of education. With a love of books formed into the habits of his life, a young man, how-

ever small his stock of knowledge, goes into the world with his grasp upon all the possibilities. For him life becomes a long schooling in wisdom. Succeeding years, in spite of all their sorrows, will bring a deeper peace to his soul, a nobler outlook to his mind. But without this love of reading, all efforts at education are efforts thrown away, pearls before swine. If we cannot waken in our pupils love for the knowledge that lies in books, if we cannot guide that love to worthy objects, and lift the character by means of it into the regions of intellectual delights, then all our work is vain. For amid the distractions and the sensualities of life, the habit of reading is the only ballast of character. Teachers, therefore, must develop strength for noble living by love of noble reading. They must fight the influences of the present by weapons bequeathed from the past. They must match the charms of books against the charms of the world, the power that flows from the page of Shakspeare against the power that flows from vulgar men's wealth or from knaves' success.

If education fail to result in this, such education is a failure; for, in a few years, the scanty knowledge gained at school will be scraped off like veneering, and the soul be left naked against the world. Such was the thought in the mind of the Greek philosopher when he uttered his famous adage, that "the habit of using books is the instrument of education." For this habit lifts the mind above the contagion of vulgarity in language and in opinion. It lifts the soul above what is sensual or sordid in its surroundings. It strengthens the heart and the brain of the worker in his struggle for bread; it enables him to do his daily work without losing the glow of his humanity. It is, in fact, the only means of keeping the young from the vulgar contaminations and from the ignoble rust of the world; the only means of keeping alive a reverence for knowledge, the only means, therefore, of leading our people upward to true culture. Hence I should rather see a scholar of mine leave college with the habit of daily reading and with the love of good reading, than to see him, without that, decked with the sheepskin of all the faculties.

THOMAS R. PRICE.

THOMAS R. PRICE, born in Richmond, Va., March 18, 1839. Entered University of Virginia in 1856, and graduated with the master's degree in two years, a very rare thing; studied law, and went to Europe in 1859, where he changed line of study from Law to Greek Philology, studying at Berlin, Keil, and Athens till 1862, when he returned to enter Confederate army as private; was promoted to Captain of Engineers and served until close of the war. In 1868 he was elected Professor of Ancient Languages in Randolph Macon College, and in 1870 transferred to the Chair of English Philology in that College—the first attempt ever made in a Southern institution to place the philological study of the English language as a part of the regular *curriculum*,—the inception and successful conduct of which added greatly to his reputation. He was elected, in 1866, to the Professorship of Greek in the University of Virginia, to succeed Dr. Basil L. Gildersleeve. His published writings—besides a few short poems—have been essays on philological and educational subjects, never collected into book form.

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### VIVE LA FRANCE!

A THOUSAND hearts beat fast to-day,  
 A thousand hopes burn high,  
 A thousand prayers like incense rise  
 Toward the bending sky!  
 Across the wave our blessings go,  
 To find some ear, perchance,  
 Not deafened quite by grief and pain,  
 In distant, bleeding France.

O fairest land of Art and Song,  
 Hushed is thy music now!  
 O land of Glory, not the bay,  
 But cypress wreathes they brow!  
 O brightest home of Chivalry!  
 O land of fair Romance!  
 Our hopes, our prayers are all for thee,  
 God bless thee, sunny France!

The music of thy Song is mute,  
 But nobler strains are thine!  
 All trampled lie thy vintage fields,  
 But thou hast rarer wine!  
 Thy music is the tramp of hosts  
 Who rush to arms for thee,

Thy wine the blood of gallant hearts,  
Who die to keep thee free!

They have one voice, those patriot hosts,  
One cry as they advance,  
A million lips catch up the strain  
And echo, *Vive la France!*  
A million hands are clasped in prayer,  
That fain would use the lance—  
Ah, could another Joan rise  
To bid thee hope, O France!

O eldest daughter of the Church!  
O land of saintly Kings!  
O land, where once the Cross stood first  
Before all earthly things!  
How has thy valor been abased,  
How has thy glory died,  
How has thine ancient honor waned,  
How fallen is thy pride!

Land of St. Louis, turn thy gaze  
To where the Tiber flows,  
See that old man who stands alone,  
Begirt by countless foes:  
Take up the sword of Charles Martel,  
Which drove the Paynim home,  
Then bid thy sons to fight for thee,  
And after thee for Rome!

O land of Bayard and De Foix,  
Brave hearts are thine at need,  
From every side warm voices rise  
To bid thy cause God-speed!  
Turn thee to Him from whom alone  
Triumph and glory are,  
Then win thine ancient name and fame  
Upon the fields of war!

"CHRISTIAN REID" (Miss Frances Fisher).

## ADDRESS TO WHITE LEAGUE OF NEW ORLEANS.

NOT in martial guise, not with draped ensigns, nor arms reversed, nor sobbing drums, nor long-drawn wail of mournful bugles, nor volleyed thunders of farewell, but with hearts full of a tender and proud regret, you have assembled to-night to do reverence to the memory of those martyred patriots who fell in our streets, one year ago, fighting for freedom.

If from the height where their valor planted our standard on that memorable day we have given ground by so much as one foot; if time has dulled the edge of our high purpose, or worn into slovenry our set resolve; if the principles which they illustrated by their courage and sealed with their blood have been shaken from their steadfast roots by any wind of popular caprice or storm of hostile menace, if the guile of traitors' promises or the fear of tyrants' threats have turned us from the straight and narrow way by which they moved—over yawning graves—to one fixed end, then, burying in the tomb which holds their ashes our memories and our hopes, nothing remains, henceforward, but for them tears, and for us silence and eternal shame.

Not so do I interpret the meaning of this vast concourse. In the solemn purpose for which it has spontaneously gathered; in the influence which rains from the brimming eyes of matron and virgin; in the calm, grave faces of the sons and husbands and lovers whom they sent to battle without a tear; in the unbending mien of the citizen-soldier who led your arms then, as he holds your affections now, and who crowned his consummate victory with a prudence and moderation unexampled in the history of civil war; in the presence of your chief magistrate elect, that loyal and unselfish patriot who has laid everything he had, or was, or hoped—fortune, home, the best and brightest years of his chivalrous manhood—upon the altar of Louisiana; and in yonder hatchment, blazoned with the names of



our dead heroes, for whom to-night we lift up our hearts, and whose dauntless spirits still rule us from their urns, I read the same unaltered and unalterable determination that Louisiana "is of right, ought to be, and means to be FREE!"

If you have bowed, perforce, to the usurpation which still broods over us like some hideous nightmare, you at least have not consented to it. If you have been dumb under the mockery of a so-called "adjustment," it has been the silence of indignation, and not of acquiescence. If you have submitted to the odious sway of alien adventurers, set up and sustained by Federal power, as taskmasters over a people whom they insult and plunder, it has been solely in the interests of civil peace and domestic order. Never to such a government will you give your confidence or support; never to such a pact, I am sure, will you set your hands, and to-day, as through all your past, you will continue to resist, by every rightful means, the intolerable despotism under which we groan. You surely will take no step backward. To the maintenance of this resolve you are pledged, not less by the memory of the dead than by the hopes of the living. Unseduced where others waver, unterrified where others quail, you will still oppose to the threatening front of the tyrant, free hearts and free foreheads; still will you stand, the bulwark of your people, still give to the State the cheap defence of your unbought service,

" And if some dreadful need should rise,  
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke."

J. DICKSON BRUNS.

JOHN DICKSON BRUNS, M. D., was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1836. In 1857 he became editor of the *Charleston Medical Journal*, immediately after having graduated in medicine with the highest honors. He was chosen Professor of Physiology in the New Orleans School of Medicine in 1866. Besides having written much pertaining to his profession, he has distinguished himself in general literature; his best-known productions being his successful lectures on Tennyson and Henry Timrod, and his poems, *The Christmas Hymn*, *Schiller, Charleston*, *Wrecked*, and *The Legend of Santa Claus*. He is a polished scholar, a brilliant talker, and an eloquent and impassioned public speaker.

## THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

[ FROM PSALM OF THE WEST ]

THEN haste ye, Prescott and Revere!  
Bring all the men of Lincoln here;  
Let Chelmsford, Littleton, Carlisle,  
Let Acton, Bedford, hither file—  
Oh, hither file, and plainly see  
Out of a wound leap Liberty.

Say, Woodman April! all in green,  
Say, Robin April! hast thou seen  
In all thy travel round the earth  
Ever a morn of calmer birth?  
But morning's eye alone serene  
Can gaze across yon village-green  
To where the trooping British run  
Through Lexington.

Good men in fustian, stand ye still;  
The men in red come o'er the hill.  
*Lay down your arms, damned rebels! cry*  
The men in red full haughtily.  
But never a grounding gun is heard,  
The men in fustian stand unstirred;  
Dead calm, save may be a wise bluebird  
Puts in his little heavenly word.  
O men in red! if ye but knew  
The half as much as bluebirds do,  
Now in this little tender calm  
Each hand would out, and every palm  
With patriot palm strike brotherhood's stroke  
Or ere those lines of battle broke.

O men in red! if ye but knew  
The least of the all that bluebirds do,  
Now in this little godly calm,

Yon voice might sing the Future's Psalm—  
The Psalm of Love with the brotherly eyes  
Who pardons and is very wise—  
Yon voice that shouts, high-hoarse with ire,  
*Fire!*

The red-coats fire, the homespuns fall:  
The homespuns' anxious voices call,  
*Brother, art hurt? and Where hit, John?*  
And *Wipe this blood, and Men, come on,*  
And *Neighbor, do but lift my head,*  
And *Who is wounded? Who is dead?*  
*Seven are killed. My God! my God!*  
*Seven lie dead on the village sod—*  
*Two Harringtons, Parker, Hadley, Brown,*  
*Monroe and Porter,—these are down.*  
*Nay, look! Stout Harrington not yet dead!*  
He crooks his elbow, lifts his head.  
He lies at the step of his own house-door;  
He crawls and makes a path of gore.  
The wife from the window hath seen, and rushed;  
He hath reached the step, but the blood hath gushed;  
He hath crawled to the step of his own house-door,  
But his head hath dropped: he will crawl no more.  
Clasp, Wife, and kiss, and lift the head:  
Harrington lies at his doorstep dead.

But, O ye Six that round him lay  
And bloodied up that April day!  
As Harrington fell, ye likewise fell—  
At the door of the House wherein ye dwell;  
As Harrington came, ye likewise came  
And died at the door of your House of Fame

SIDNEY LANIER.

## LEGISLATIVE INSTRUCTIONS AND OFFICIAL DUTY.

**M**R. PRESIDENT,—Having already expressed my deliberate opinions at some length upon this very important measure now under consideration, I shall not trespass further upon the attention of the Senate. I have, however, one other duty to perform, a very painful one, I admit, but one which is none the less clear. I hold in my hand certain resolutions of the Legislature of Mississippi, which I ask to have read. \* \* \*

Mr. President, between these resolutions and my convictions there is a great gulf. I cannot pass it. Of my love to the State of Mississippi I will not speak. My life alone can tell it. My gratitude for all the honors her people have done me, no words can express. I am best approving it by doing to-day what I think their true interest and their character require me to do. During my life in that State it has been my privilege to assist in the education of more than one generation of youth; to have given the impulse to wave after wave of young manhood that has passed into the troubled sea of personal and political life; upon them I have always endeavored to impress the belief that truth is better than falsehood; honesty better than policy, courage better than cowardice.

To-day my lessons confront me. I must be true or false, honest or cunning, faithful or unfaithful, to my people. Even in this hour of their legislative displeasure and disapprobation I cannot vote as these resolutions direct. I cannot and will not shrink the responsibility which my position imposes. My duty, as I see it, I will do, and will vote against this bill.

When that is done, my responsibility is ended. My reasons for my vote shall be given to my people. Then it will be for them to determine if adherence to honest convictions has disqualified me from representing them, whether a difference of opinion on a difficult and complicated subject, to which I have given patient, continued, conscientious study, to which I have brought entire honesty and singleness of purpose, and upon

which I have spent whatever ability God has given me, is now to separate us.

Whether the difference is to override that complete union of thought, sympathy, and hope which on all other, as I believe, even important subjects, binds us together, I must stand or fall, be the present decision what it may. I know the time is not far off when they will recognize my action wise and just, and armed with honest convictions of duty, I shall calmly await results, believing in the utterance of a great American, who never trusted his honored countrymen in vain, that "truth is omnipotent and public justice certain."

L. Q. C. LAMAR

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SALLY JONES.

I ENVY not the monarch's lot,  
His crowns and golden thrones;  
I'd rather share an humble cot  
With pretty Sally Jones!  
I'd tread the tropic's burning lands,  
Or seek the icy zones,  
Or wander o'er the desert sands,  
For little Sally Jones.

Yes, had I Europe's proudest thrones,  
And Bonaparte's renown,  
I'd give them all for Sally Jones,  
And throw away my crown!  
Were I the laurelled bard of earth,  
With all that Rothschild owns,  
I'd count it all as nothing worth,  
Compared with Sally Jones!

W. T. G. WEAVER.

## THE RED MEN OF ALABAMA.

THE Red Men of Alabama, if properly reviewed, would be found to present more interesting facts and features, upon a more extended scale, than any other American tribes. The peculiarities which had ever invested the character of the Indian with so much romantic interest, making him the chosen child of fable and of song, were here exhibited in bolder relief than elsewhere. In numbers; in the extent of their territories, all converging to the heart of our State; in their wide and terrific wars; in intercourse and traffic with the whites; in the mystery of their origin and migration; in the arts, rude though they were, which gradually refine and socialize man; in their political and religious forms, arrangements, and ceremonies; in manifestations of intellectual power, sagacity, and eloquence; in all those strange moral phenomena, which marked "the stoic of the woods, the man without a tear,"—the native inhabitants of our soil surpassed all the other primitive nations, north of Mexico. The study of their history is peculiarly our province,—for they are indissolubly connected not only with the past, but the present and future of the State.

Yes! "though they all have passed away,—  
That noble race and brave,  
Though their light canoes have vanished  
From off the crested wave;  
Though, 'mid the forest where they roved,  
There rings no hunter's shout,—  
Yet their names are on our waters,  
And we may not wash them out!  
Their memory liveth on our hills,  
Their baptism on our shore,—  
Our everlasting rivers speak  
Their dialect of yore!"  
'Tis heard where *Chattahoochee* pours  
His yellow tide along:  
It sounds on *Tallahpoosa's* shores,  
And *Coosa* swells the song;  
Where lordly *Alabama* sweeps,  
The symphony remains;

And young *Cahawba* proudly keeps  
 The echo of its strains;  
 Where *Tuscaloosa's* waters glide,  
 From stream and town 'tis heard,  
 And dark *Tombeckbee's* winding tide  
 Repeats the olden word;  
 Afar where nature brightly wreathed  
 Fit Edens for the free,  
 Along *Tuscumbia's* bank 'tis breathed  
 By stately *Tennessee*;  
 And south, where, from *Conecuh's* springs  
*Escambia's* waters steal,  
 The ancient melody still rings,—  
 From *Tensaw* and *Mobile*!

A. B. MEEK.

## MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I AM kneeling by my mother's grave. How holy the influence that sinks upon my heart! Memory carries me back to the days when she was with me, and tells me of a thousand pleasures her sacred presence gave me—pleasures I shall never know again—and sadness is upon my heart, and a tear is in my eye, but still it is sweet to be here. I feel her love as I felt it in my childhood—and all around is musical in its silence, like the language of affection that speaks in the voiceless glance and smile of tenderness.

Ah, grave! thou hast a precious treasure! Within thee are the hands that led me, the arms that embraced me, the tongue that gently taught me, and the face that smiled in holiest sympathy upon me. Alas! and shall I never see them any more?

Be still! my soul: dost thou not hear spirit-echoes? This is, indeed, holy ground. I am nearer Heaven here than at any other spot on earth. I feel that she is near me, and yet I know that she is in Heaven. Oh! it is sweet to be here. The Father is strangely kind, and my heart is full of melting love.

There's a mighty eloquence proving to my spirit, as I kneel by thy grave, dear mother, that we shall meet again! Glorious hopes appeal to thee, my soul, to cheer thee in thy sorrows and

make thee faithful unto death. Thou still hast her blessing and love; for the prayers of a mother do not die when she dies, and the real heart and its sinless sympathies are never buried in the tomb. Her love is purer and warmer now, for it comes from the "sainted spirit shore." Thou shalt find her again in "the bosom of bliss."

A. W. MANGUM.

A. W. MANGUM, A. M., was born in Orange Co., N. C., April 1, 1834; graduated with first-honor grade at Randolph Macon College, 1854; entered the ministry of the M. E. Church, South, in 1856, and has been a member of the North Carolina Conference ever since. In 1875 he was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy and English Literature in the State University at Chapel Hill. His published writings are: *Myrtle Leaves*, 1858; and *The Safety Lamp, or Light for the Narrow Way*, 1866—both religious works which met with a generous welcome, and were eminently successful in their mission.

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### THE INFLUENCE OF WASHINGTON'S EXAMPLE UPON LEE.

LORD BACON has told us that success was the blessing of the Old Testament, but adversity that of the New, and that the virtues of adversity are of a higher order than the virtues of success.

While Washington represents in the history of this country the virtues of success, Lee represents the virtues of adversity. The classic matron was wont to study the lives of great heroes, hoping thus to transmit to her sons their virtues and their valor; and in one sense there was deep philosophy in the idea, as the mother must herself have become fully imbued with the spirit of those virtues she would impart to her son. Lee's parents revered and venerated Washington, and the happiest of maternal influences presided over his infancy and youth. Their love for Washington naturally impressed itself upon the son, who adopted him as the ideal of his youth, as the model by which he sought to mould his own character. It is not surprising, therefore, that the good seed of Washington's example, sown in such soil, should have yielded an abundant harvest of virtue and of valor; and that we should accordingly



have, in Lee, a greater even than Washington for our matrons to admire and honor, and for our youth to imitate.

Lee himself, then, is the choice fruit of Washington's example, and furnishes a distinguished illustration of the value of great exemplars in forming the character of youth. When we recollect that Lee, lavishly endowed by nature, was reared under these hallowed influences; that duty (which he styled the sublimest word in our language) was the "keynote" of his life, the pole-star of his every thought and action, and that he was ever sustained by his religion in this unwavering and conscientious adherence through life to the call of duty, we recognize the presence of every essential for developing the most exalted of mankind. We had accordingly in Lee that rare combination, the highest order of genius, with the purest morality of its day; the supreme valor of an Alexander, with the unswerving justice of an Aristides; the brilliant talents of a Cæsar, with the stern virtues of a Cato; the transcendent genius of a Napoleon, with the unselfish patriotism of a Washington:

"A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man."

We have accordingly in Lee the last, best gift of the Mother of States and Statesmen, uniting the valor of the warrior with the gentleness of the woman, the wisdom of the sage with the purity of the saint; the virtue of the patriot with the humility of the Christian; the brilliancy of genius with the simplicity of faith. We have accordingly in Lee the most perfect embodiment yet developed of the ideal manhood of our Christian civilization—nature, birth, home influence, and social advantages, with his own aspirations for moral and Christian excellence, all combining most happily to produce in him the purest and greatest man of all the ages. May his grand character, as a bright example, a shining light, bless his countrymen to remotest generations.

T. M. LOGAN.

## EX PARTE RODRIGUEZ;

CONCLUSION OF ARGUMENT BEFORE SUPREME COURT OF TEXAS.

COURTS as well as Legislatures derive their authority from the constitution; and if that instrument be superior to an act of the Legislature, it also limits and prescribes the powers of this court. If, by the terms of the constitution, the election of the people's representatives and of their governor is to be judicially ascertained and announced by another department and not by yours, then you have no more right to exercise original jurisdiction of that question than had the money-changers and those who sold doves to ply their vocation in the temple. Any other construction of your powers would violate the genius of our government, and inflict a fatal stab on the freedom of the people.

It was well said by an able jurist, that a constitution grants no rights to the people, "*but is the creature of their power, the instrument of their convenience.*" It is the creature of the people's power, and you are but the creatures of that constitution, which limits your power in the very sentence which confers it. It declares that "no person or collection of persons, being of one department, shall exercise any power properly attached to another," except in the instances "herein expressly permitted." It makes each House the judge of the election of its members; and wherein does it expressly permit you to invade their power by anticipating that judgment, or revising their action?

From the days of James I. until now, no king or judge in England has dared to treat as a judicial question, before the courts, the legality of an election at which a House of Commons was chosen. If such was the right of our ancestors—boldly asserted and fearlessly maintained as their traditional right, under the very shadow of the throne, and in defiance of the royal order which claimed jurisdiction for the judges—upon what pretence can this court invade and curtail like privileges of a legislative body to-day, which are solemnly secured to it

by a written constitution? Truly was it said by the British Commons, in the case to which I have referred, that "our rights, once lost, are not recovered but with much disquiet"; and if lost, can the fact that they are usurped by a court instead of a king afford consolation?

I have attempted to show that the courts, in an unbroken series of decisions from the days of Chief-Justice Marshall to the case of *Georgia vs. Staunton*, in deciding upon questions which are political *per se* in their character, adopt and follow the construction of the political department,—that the jurisdiction over the question is not here but elsewhere, because the people, in making their constitution, wrote it down in language so plain that one must understand, that "each House shall be the judge of the election and qualification of its members." It will not do, in the face of these authorities, to say that this court is charged with the duty of passing on the constitutionality of *all* acts of the Legislature.

Let us contemplate the future, if the jurisdiction which you are invited to assume be exercised. If you discharge Rodriguez, on the ground that the election was illegal, you cannot control the Legislature elect, which will assemble, organize, and inaugurate a governor. The various county officers elect will be commissioned, and it requires no prophet to foresee that, under the auspices of a majority of forty thousand, they will enter on the discharge of their official duties. You will, of course, be consistent, and regard them as criminals, for we have a statute which punishes with imprisonment those who assume the functions of public office to which they are not entitled; and the district judges will enforce your construction. We will then have the spectacle of a Supreme Court filling the prisons with officers of co-ordinate departments, from governor down—this court remaining the sole surviving representative of the sovereign power in the State. Contemplating such a contingency, pardon me if I ask your honors, in the language of a distinguished jurist who once presided here, "Who administers the government, the governor or this Court?"

In the division of the powers of the government, some checks

were placed, also, on the courts. They have no power to usurp the functions, or destroy the existence, of co-ordinate branches of the government.

If the Federal Government, instead of suffering but yesterday a shipload of her citizens, who were seized under her flag on the high seas by a third rate-power, and murdered without form of trial in sight of our coast, had declared war to avenge the outrage, would her courts, while her navy was thundering on the ocean in vindication of her flag, entertain, on *habeas corpus*, a plea that no just cause for war had occurred, or decide that none in their judgment existed? No! because that question was committed by the Constitution to the judgment of another department, and placed beyond the control of the judiciary. Should the sergeant-at-arms be ordered by the House of Representatives to seize and hold in confinement a member for an indignity to the House, could you inquire, on *habeas corpus*, into the cause of his confinement, and reversing the judgment of the House, release the prisoner? No, because each House "may punish members for disorderly conduct." Though the action might be despotic and flagrantly wrong—that would deprive whole counties of representation by expelling their members—who but the House shall judge of it?—for of this also they are made exclusive judges by the constitution.

If one single case can be found, from the earliest dawn of American jurisprudence until now, in which any court has ever held illegal an act under which a Legislature was chosen, and under a constitution like ours, I will admit that I have misunderstood the theory of this government. The power of the Legislature to pass on its election is final and conclusive;—can there be two final and distinct judgments on the same question, by two separate and independent departments in one government? Rather, did not the people intend to place forever beyond the grasp of the judiciary and the executive their right to elect their representatives, by denying to those departments all discretion over that question? Thus, and thus only, can their voice be heard through a free ballot.

I will be pardoned for reminding your honors of a fact not

before referred to by any one, namely: that you have, more than most men, a direct, personal interest in the question we are considering. It is known to all that one of the effects of the late election, if valid, was, by ratifying a constitutional amendment, to change the tenure of your office. Your official existence is directly involved, and I may be permitted to indulge the hope that you will imitate the pure example of Lords Thurlow and Ellenborough, and that you will not, without due reflection, pronounce a judgment against the people, in which your own interests are so clearly involved.

Three times have the people of Texas, since the surrender, attempted to establish civic government. Once they were remanded by the Federal powers to a condition of territorial vassalage; once, if we may believe the eloquent adversary, they were defrauded of their choice by a military commander; and now he himself leads the van in the third assault, and attempts by the more insidious approaches of judicial construction, to stifle again the popular voice, and substitute a reign of anarchy.

By as much as the blessings of social order, now in jeopardy, are the dearest man can enjoy on earth, by so much I earnestly ask you to consider well the judgment you are about to render. Your province is to preserve and build up, not to destroy. Let not anarchy take the place of order, and violence supplant quiet and security. You must at least doubt the existence of the jurisdiction claimed. Let me, in the name of the people, ask you to resolve that doubt, as it is your duty to do, in their favor. Do this, and from the people of Texas, who have been sorely tried, will go up a voice of gratitude that should be more pleasing to your honors than any benefit that can come to you from beyond the borders of this State.

A. W. TERRELL.

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## SEA WEEDS.

**F**RRIEND of the thoughtful mind and gentle heart,  
Beneath the citron-tree—  
Deep calling to my soul's profounder deep—  
I hear the Mexique Sea.

White through the night rides in the spectral surf,  
    Along the spectral sands,  
And all the air vibrates, as if from harps  
    Touched by phantasmal hands.

Bright in the moon the red pomegranate-flowers  
    Lean to the yucca's bells,  
While with her chrism of dew sad midnight fills  
    The milk-white asphodels.

Watching all night—as I have done before—  
    I count the stars that set,  
Each writing on my soul some memory deep  
    Of pleasure or regret;

Till, wild with heartbreak, toward the east I turn,  
    Waiting for dawn of day;  
And chanting sea, and asphodel, and star,  
    Are faded, all, away.

Only within my trembling, trembling hands—  
    Brought unto me by thee—  
I clasp these beautiful and fragile things,  
    Bright sea-weeds from the sea.

Fair bloom the flowers beneath these northern skies,  
    Pure shine the stars by night,  
And grandly sing the grand Atlantic waves  
    In thunder-throated might;

Yet, as the sea-shell in her chambers keeps  
    The murmur of the sea,  
So the deep echoing memories of my home  
    Will not depart from me.

Prone on the page they lie, these gentle things,  
    As I have seen them cast  
Like a drowned woman's hair along the sands  
    When storms were overpast;

Prone, like mine own affections, cast ashore  
 In battle's storm and blight.  
 Would they could die, like sea-weed! Bear with me,  
 But I must weep to-night.

Tell me again, of summers fairer made  
 By spring's precursing plough;  
 Of joyful reapers gathering tear-sown sheaves;  
 Talk to me—will you?—now

ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

Mrs. ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM is a native of Kentucky, and the child of Virginia parents. Her mother's family are the Bradfords of Devonshire, England; her father's, the Chambers family, of Kent, England. Through her grandmother she is a Scotch Stuart, and on the father's side has French and Spanish blood. Her family has been in America only since 1750. Composed verses at a very early age, and published a romance, *Nelly Bracken*, Philadelphia: 1855, highly praised by the critics. In 1878 appeared *Lotos Flowers*, a collection of her poems published by Appleton & Co., New York. She has now in press *Gypsy in Europe*, and will publish soon a romance, entitled *Casta Diva*. For writing the stirring battle-songs *Nec Temere, Nec Timide*, and *The Bonny Blue Flag*, she was banished from Memphis when the Federals captured that city. She has been twice married, and is now a widow, her last husband, Mr. Leonidas Ketchum, of Memphis, having been killed in the battle of Shiloh.

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## BURNS CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, CHARLESTON, 1859.

IT is something, indeed, for a country to have produced a great poet—it is the rarest of all distinctions. He is of those who give rank to nations, not of those to whom a nation can give rank. Like the sun in the heavens—a fountain of original light—he is sufficient to himself. In the fullness of his rays his country is glorified, and humanity itself is brighter in his beams. He is of all times and all countries, and, like our Burns, is the companion of David, and Homer, and Virgil; of Shakspeare and Gray, and Schiller and Dante, and Goldsmith, and Moore, and Bryant. All men in all times repeat his words, all hearts in all times will echo to his piercing notes of nature.

We have all loved, and who has told the tale of love like

Burns? We are all lovers of our country, and who has sung the sacred transports of patriotism like Burns? We are social all, and love as now to gather round the festive board; whose heart more than his was the seat of all good fellowship, of all social delight and jollity? We are all proud of our country's arms and the brave deeds of our fathers; where are the war songs which, like his, fired as by the souls of Washington or Wallace in the fury of battle, are terrible as the clash of arms, fierce and shrill and piercing as the cry of victory?

Creatures of sympathy—craving it as the light, needing it as the vital air—all men turn to the poet as the heart's universal confessor and friend, companion and comforter, and find, as in Burns, a charmed echo to all our feelings, sadness for our sorrows, gladness for our mirth, and triumph for our victories!

But in doing homage to the poet, and to Burns as a genius, let us not forget Burns the man. Let us not forget his glorious manhood. Gifted as he was, and famous for all time as he will be, let us to-day remember that, faithful as he was to the "ten talents"—the largest measure of mind with which his Maker had distinguished him—he was faithful also to a still nobler trust, more valuable than the treasure of genius, higher than the prerogatives of birth or the distinction of office—he was faithful to truth. He never betrayed her. His was the ardent soul to love her, his the heroic soul to defend her, his the sympathetic soul to celebrate in deathless strains all who had done, or suffered, or triumphed in her cause. He was truthful and natural and faithful in all things, in all relations. He revered his Maker with the humility of the publican. He loved his country as if she wielded the sceptre of universal empire; he honored his peasant father as if born to a kingdom, and he respected himself and his class as if of the noblest of the earth. Peasant as he was, he was too proud to be jealous of a peer, and he gloried in his order as the very pith and bulwark of his country, and in the plough as the symbol of heroic independence, the very type of an unstinted manhood. He was content in his "humble sphere to shine," and preserved "the dignity of man with soul erect." In him there was no guile, no pretence, no assump-



tion, no deceit. It was this nature, so simple, loving, truthful, and brave, that made him the poet that he was, and sent his every word straight to the hearts of all men; and it is this nature, too, that makes us love the man as much as we admire the genius, and that enshrines his memory in the hearts of his countrymen and the world.

GEORGE S. BRYAN.

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### SOUTH CAROLINA'S LOVE OF CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY.

**I**F such, fellow-citizens, should be our lot—if the sacred soil of Carolina should be polluted by the footsteps of an invader, or be stained with the blood of her citizens, shed in her defence—I trust in Almighty God that no son of hers, native or adopted, who has been nourished at her bosom, or been cherished by her bounty, will be found raising a parricidal arm against our common mother.—And even should she stand alone in this great struggle for constitutional liberty, encompassed by her enemies, that there will not be found in the wide limits of the State one recreant son, who will not fly to the rescue, and be ready to lay down his life in her defence.

South Carolina cannot be drawn down from the proud eminence on which she has now placed herself, except by the hands of her own children. Give her but a fair field, and she asks no more. Should she succeed, hers will be glory enough, to have led the way in the noble work of REFORM. And if, after making those efforts due to her own honor and the greatness of the cause, she is destined utterly to fail, the bitter fruits of that failure—not to herself alone, but to the entire South, nay to the whole Union—will attest her virtue.

The speedy establishment, on the ruins of the rights of the States and the liberties of the people, of a great CONSOLIDATED GOVERNMENT, “riding and ruling over the plundered ploughman and beggared yeomanry” of our once happy land—our glorious confederacy broken into scattered and dishonored fragments—

the light of liberty extinguished, never perhaps to be relumed—*these—these* will be the melancholy memorials of that wisdom which saw the danger while yet at a distance, and of that patriotism which struggled gloriously to avert it;—memorials over which repentant though unavailing tears will assuredly be shed by those who will discover, when too late, that they have suffered the last occasion to pass away, when the liberties of the country might have been redeemed, and the Union established upon a foundation as enduring as the everlasting rocks.

ROBERT Y HAYNE.

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE was born in Colleton District, S. C., November 10, 1791. In early youth he gave little promise of unusual ability, though remarkable for energy of purpose and steadiness of character. He entered the law office of the Hon. Langdon Cheves in Charleston, in his eighteenth year; and upon that gentleman's election to the U. S. Senate his extensive practice fell into the hands of young Hayne, who soon established his reputation as a most able lawyer. As Captain of a militia company he served in the war of 1812, and after the close of hostilities was elected to the Legislature of his native State, where he soon became prominent and was elected Speaker of the House. In 1823 he was elected U. S. Senator, and became famous as the antagonist of Clay and Webster during the exciting debates on the Tariff and State Sovereignty. He reported the Ordinance of Nullification in the State Convention; and soon after its passage was elected Governor, in which, at that time, difficult position, he displayed great executive ability and singular tact. At the expiration of his term of office, in December, 1834, he retired to private life, and until his death, September 25, 1839, devoted his energies to schemes of internal improvement.

Mr. Hayne's style is remarkable for logical force and vigor, as well as for impassioned glow and a tone of profound sincerity which inspired his hearers with irrepressible enthusiasm. He was a worthy contemporary of the great statesmen who made his times illustrious; and few public men, indeed, have left behind them reputations for such lofty morality and purity of private life as that which attaches to his name.

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### HAND-WASHING MAGISTRATES.

LET us endeavor to transfer ourselves back to that memorable Friday morning in Jerusalem, and study the scenes which are enacted there, after this formal act of apostasy by the representatives of the nation in shouting, "No king but Cæsar!" We shall find in them rich lessons of instruction, both on the human and the divine side of the gospel system.

Attracted toward the court by this shout, "No king but Cæsar," we find the judge just in the act of yielding, under the

popular cry, "If thou let this man go, thou—art not Cæsar's friend", for he dreads the utterance of such a charge, however absurd, in the ears of the irritable Tiberius, his master. Therefore he gives sentence as they demand; but "he took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person."

Singular paradox; a magistrate innocent of the blood of one whom judicially he murders, while declaring him just in the same breath! No, no! Pilate, think not with water to wash off that stain of blood from thy hands. For, falling upon the official hand that pretends to weigh justice in the balance, its stain hath struck too deep for any water's cleansing. The untitled, powerless, private man, forced by the mob to deeds of cruelty, might perhaps with the tears of ingenuous sorrow wash out the blood spot! But thou art imperial Cæsar's legate, Pilate. Thine is the strong arm of the law, flashing its gleaming sword, by God's ordinance, in the defence of innocence, as well as in vengeance on guilt. Thy gorgeous ermine is full wide to shelter in its ample folds this torn and bleeding lamb that the fierce dogs of bigotry are thus savagely pursuing. With all thy pompous pretence to dignity and chivalrous Roman honor, thou art but a miserable pedler in blood! Baser than Judas, whose narrow soul thought thirty pieces of silver a worthy price, thou art selling him over again for a worthless smile from these ecclesiastical bloodhounds, whom every manly instinct of thy nature loathes and abhors! Thou art a poor coward, Pilate, that thou fearest such a mob, with the strong arm of Cæsar to defend thee, and the broad shield of eternal justice to hold before thee! No, Pilate, no! Not all the waters of Jordan, that washed leprous Naaman clean; not all the waters that ever gushed from the rills of Siloam; not all the tears of sorrow that shall flow through eternity for thy sin, shall ever wash off that stain of blood!

Yet how common seems this mistake of Pilate, that the unrighteous judgment of an official, given under pressure of strong temptations from personal consideration,—either of desire to win popular favor; or avaricious hankering after gain; or the

impulses of partisan malice or party obligations,—may be atoned for by giving the innocent the benefit of one's personal convictions and professions as an offset against the damage to him of one's villanous official deed; and that it is enough to perform a little penitential hand-washing for the filthy job done to popular order! How little do men seem to comprehend the solemn truth that, as in the Church, under His revealed law, God hath appointed his ministers to be his representatives, and will surely punish the corrupt and unfaithful servants, so in the State, under that natural law which He hath revealed to all men alike. "The powers that be are ordained of God," and will likewise be held accountable to God. That the magistrate, called by the public voice to office, is, in his sphere, "the minister of God for good," to the upright citizen, and "a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." And every curse threatened against official unfaithfulness in the Church, lies with all its force, in the other sphere also, against the magistrate who misrepresents and caricatures God's essential justice.

Ye cowardly hand-washers! If ye have not the manly courage to breast the billows of popular fury, and make your official voice heard above all the howls of the mob, then why thrust yourself into places to which, obviously, God hath not called you? If Tiberius, moved by the popular clamor, threaten you, then tell Tiberius and the mob, "we ought to obey God rather than men," and go into exile with a clear conscience for your companion. To the sort of men whom God calls to represent him, the passion of Tiberius and the curses of the mob are sweet music compared with the accusings of conscience! Beware how ye make light of bartering justice, either for the popular smile, or for place, or for gold. If by a righteous Providence ye be not driven to Pilate's doom of exile, and suicide, like Judas; yet, be assured that, amid the curses of the ruined, the wails of the heartbroken, and the moans of the murdered ringing in your ears, ye shall wash, and wash in vain, at that blood-spot throughout eternity!

STUART ROBINSON.

## THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

THE first step toward local or general harmony is the banishment from our breasts of every feeling and sentiment calculated to stir the discords of the past. Nothing could be more injurious or mischievous to the future of this country, than the agitation, at present, of questions that divided the people anterior to or during the existence of the late war. On no occasion, and especially in the bestowment of office, ought such differences of opinion in the past ever to be mentioned, either for or against any one, otherwise equally entitled to confidence. These ideas or sentiments of other times and circumstances are not the germs from which hopeful organizations can now arise. Let all differences of opinion, touching errors, or supposed errors, of the head or heart, on the part of any, in the past, growing out of these matters, be at once and forever in the deep ocean of oblivion buried. Let there be no criminations or recriminations on account of acts of other days. No canvassing of past conduct or motives. Great disasters are upon us and upon the whole country, and without inquiring how these originated, or at whose door the fault should be laid, let us now, as common sharers of common misfortunes, on all occasions, consult only as to the best means, under the circumstances as we find them, to secure the best ends toward future amelioration. Good government is what we want. This should be the leading desire and the controlling object with all; and I need not assure you, if this can be obtained, that our desolated fields, our towns, and villages, and cities, now in ruins, will soon—like the Phoenix—rise again from their ashes; and all our waste places will again, at no distant day, blossom as the rose.

A. H. STEPHENS.

## THE SUNSET CITY.

I SAW a strange, beautiful city arise  
On an island of light, in the sapphire skies,  
When the sun in his Tyrian drapery drest,

Like a shadow of God floated down to the west.  
A city of clouds,—in a moment it grew  
On an island of pearl, in an ocean of blue,  
And spirits of twilight enticed me to stray  
Through these palaces reared from the ruins of day.

In musical murmurs, the soft sunset air,  
Like a golden-winged angel was calling me there,  
And my fancy sped on, till it found a rare home—  
A palace of jasper, with emerald dome,  
On a violet strand, by a wide azure flood,  
And where this rich city of sunset now stood,  
Methought some stray seraph had broken a bar  
From the gold gates of Eden, and left them ajar!

There were amethyst castles whose turrets were spun  
Of fire drawn out from the heart of the sun;  
With columns of amber, and fountains of light,  
With their warm aureolas, so changingly bright,  
That Hope might have stolen such exquisite sheen  
To weave in her girdle of rainbow, I ween,  
And arches of glory grew over me there,  
As these fountains of sunset shot up through the air.

Looking out from my cloud-pillared palace afar,  
I saw night let fall one vast, tremulous star  
On the calm brow of Even—who then in return,  
For the gem on her brow, and the dew in her urn,  
Seemed draping the darkness and hiding its gloom  
With the rose-colored curtains that fell from her loom,  
All bordered with purple, and violet dyes,  
Floating out like a fringe, from this veil of the skies.

And lo! far away on the borders of night  
Rose a chain of cloud mountains as wondrously bright  
As if built from those atoms of splendor that start  
Through the depths of the diamond's crystalline heart,  
When light with a magical touch has revealed

The treasure of beams in its bosom concealed,  
While torrents of azure, all graceful and proud,  
Swept noiselessly down from these mountains of cloud.

But the tide of the darkness came on with its flood,  
And broke o'er the strand where my frail palace stood,  
While far in the distance the moon seemed to lave,  
Like a silver-winged swan in night's ebon wave,  
And then,—like Atlantis, that isle of the blest,—  
Which in olden time sank with the billows to rest  
—Which now the blue water in mystery shrouds—  
Dropped down in the darkness this city of clouds.

MRS. ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

MRS. ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY—*née* GRIFFITH—was born at Natchez, and being adopted by maternal aunt, Mrs. Vertner, took her name. She lived with her adopted parents at Port Gibson, Miss., then in Lexington, Ky., where she was educated, and still resides. While but a girl she contributed poems to *Louisville Journal*, *Home Journal*, and other papers. Her first volume, *Poems by Rosa*, appeared in 1857. She has also contributed to Southern literature *Woodburn: A Novel*: New York, 1864; *Daisy Dare, and Baby Power*, Philadelphia: 1871; and many tales, plays, and poems to the periodicals. She has now in her hands ready for publication several novels. At the age of seventeen she married Mr. Claude M. Johnson, by whom she had six children. After his death she married Mr. Alexander Jeffrey, a Scotchman of great culture and refinement. Mrs. Jeffrey's rare social attractions and literary genius have given her a place in *Queens of American Society*, *Court Circles of the Republic*, *Women of the South distinguished in Literature*, and other notable volumes.

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## A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up  
Of loveliness alone,  
A woman, of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragon;  
To whom the better elements  
And kindly stars have given  
A form so fair, that, like the air,  
'T is less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,  
Like those of mourning birds,  
And something more than melody  
Dwells ever in her words;  
The coinage of her heart are they,  
And from her lips each flows,  
As one may see the burdened bee  
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,  
The measures of her hours;  
Her feelings have the fragrancy,  
The freshness of young flowers;  
And lovely passions, changing oft,  
So fill her, she appears  
The image of themselves by turns,—  
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace  
A picture on the brain,  
And of her voice in echoing hearts  
A sound must long remain;  
But memory, such as mine of her,  
So very much endears,  
When death is nigh my latest sigh  
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up  
Of loveliness alone,  
A woman, of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragon;  
Her health! and would on earth there stood  
Some more of such a frame,  
'That life might be all poetry,  
And weariness a name.

EDWARD COATE PINCKNEY.



## THE DEATH OF PLINY THE ELDER.

POMPEII was overwhelmed on August 24, A. D. 79, by showers of ashes accompanying an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which occurred at that time. Sixteen years before it came near going down under the operation of an earthquake which engulfed six hundred sheep and ran several citizens crazy,—as Seneca circumstantially records. The eruption which finally destroyed it is minutely described by Pliny the Younger, who saw it. His uncle, old Pliny, also saw it; and I may be doing a service to some of my readers who have an itching for looking into things, by recalling to their minds what he saw, how he saw it, and what came of his seeing it.

This old man was an extraordinary person. He rose before other people went to bed, and himself frequently never went to bed at all. When he took his meals, instead of eating he read; and when he took his bath, instead of washing himself he read also. When he was so broken down that he could no longer hold his book before his eyes, he made somebody read to him. It made no difference to him what the book was, for it was a maxim of his that no book can be so bad as not to have some good in it. When he was not reading he was writing, and when his fingers became so cramped that they refused to wriggle, he ordered up an amanuensis. He never went out of the house without his note-book, and took down every bird, beast, and fish, stratum of brick-bats, ash formation, and bilge-water current that he set eyes on. What it was impossible for him to find out by his individual researches he got from anybody that he thought ought to know, and hence consulted much with the country people and sea-faring men, whose accounts of natural phenomena he carefully recorded. By proceeding in this manner he accumulated an awful amount of inestimable facts, coming at last to be steeped to the very eye-brows in wisdom, and knowing more or less of everything.

One day while on duty with the Roman fleet at Misenum—for he was a great office-holder as well as man of science—he

espied a good-sized cloud of vapor, shaped like a pine-tree, issuing from some mountain on shore. A common man in such a neighborhood, seeing such a sight, would have jumped at the conclusion that it portended a dangerous outbreak of Vesuvius, and run away. Not so this uncommon man. Nothing short of close and minute ocular inspection could satisfy the rigid requirements of his practical mind. This thing must be looked into, said he; and gathering up his note-book, he ordered a vessel to take him on the expedition. His nephew, young Pliny, was at that time a student of his, and the old man wishing to afford him every opportunity of improving himself in knowledge, kindly invited him to go along. This youth subsequently became extremely erudite himself, and even at this early age showed that he was rather wiser than his uncle, for on the present occasion he declined the offer with thanks,—ingeniously alleging that he wished to do some studying,—a plea than which none upon earth could have been more satisfactory to the old man.

Pliny the Elder accordingly put off alone, courageously poking about in places into which his crew begged him for Heaven's sake not to venture. But like any man of supereminent talent, he had a proper contempt of these illiterate ignoramuses, and heartily despising their fears pushed along till he reached a point where even his strong and sappy head began to crack and bake under the hot ashes and big rocks that came down upon it by the cart-load. And now for a moment he had a mind to shut up his note-book and go back, especially as the land seemed to be turning inside out, and the sea to be flowing away, and probably he would have done so, had not the unlettered ass of a pilot strenuously urged it upon him. As it was, however, the intrepid old philosopher concluded to make the best of his way to the house of Pomponianus, a friend of his residing at Stabiae. "Fortune favors the brave," screamed he, though the event proved him to have been something too credulous in this aphorism, for he was suffocated that self-same night.

He appears to have maintained his philosophical equanimity

to the last, for on reaching Pomponianus's premises he very coolly lay down and went fast asleep, which no one else dared to do, and was getting very comfortably blocked in and buried alive by the stones which were constantly falling around the entrance to his chamber, when his friends ventured to wake him up. A crisis being thought to have now arrived, a council of war was held to determine what was best to be done, old Pliny assisting. It was resolved to take to the fields—a resolution which, says Pliny the Younger point-blank, the council was scared into—"except my uncle," says he, "who embraced it upon cool and deliberate consideration." And here his uncle was peremptorily obliged by the force of circumstances to sacrifice somewhat of the dignity of mien characteristic of the sage, for he had to surmount his head with a pillow tied thereupon to save it from being staved in by the descending stones. Thus arrayed, he proceeded with the rest to the sea-shore, where he lay down again—being, it should seem, in these stirring times, most remarkably sleepy for a man commonly so wide-awake. A great burst of sulphurous vapor compelled him to rise immediately, and at that moment he died. So ended Pliny the Elder—a martyr to science, say we men—a victim to curiosity, will say the women.

WILLIAM H. TAYLOR.

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### A PLEA FOR HONORABLE PEACE.

**I** AM for peace, gentlemen. There is nothing on earth which I so much desire. I pray for peace. The Saviour of mankind was the Prince of Peace. His mission among men was to establish peace and good-will upon earth. The spirit of peace is the foundation of all true happiness and greatness among men. It mangles no bodies—it desolates no fields—burns no towns—sends up no wail from fields of carnage. Disease, famine, and pestilence are not the attendants of peace.

The war may be continued for months and for years; but peace must ultimately come. Will you have an honorable

peace now, while it may be obtained, or wait till the spirit of desolation itself cries for peace; and the ghost of a once great and prosperous nation, pale and emaciated with loss of blood, shall remain the scorn and contempt of all wise and magnanimous people?

Your Government may pass, without right, acts of confiscation, and execute them by the sword; but such acts will neither restore the Union nor conquer the free spirit of the South. The British Parliament, between the reign of Edward I. and the thirty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., passed no less than fifteen acts of confiscation against the little principality of Wales, without producing the slightest change in the minds of the Welsh people. The first-named King caused the Bards—the poets of the ancient Cymri—to be murdered, from policy, because by the songs and hymns of freedom which they composed and sang they kept the fire of public liberty burning in the hearts of the people. It was hoped that when the voice of freedom was thus stifled, the Welsh would yield their necks to the yoke which the King wished to impose, renounce their ancient Celtic tongue, and blend with the English. But neither force nor fraud could conquer and enslave them. “No! spite of the massacres of Bards and the burning of records—spite of political extinction—there are a million of these Cymri in Wales and its marshes; and nine out of ten of these speak their old tongue—follow their old customs—sing the songs which the sleepers upon Snowden made—have their religious rites in Cymric, and hate the Logrian as much as ever their fathers did.”

T. G. C. DAVIS.

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### THE RED OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA.

THE red old hills of Georgia!  
So bold, and bare, and bleak—  
Their memory fills my spirit  
With thoughts I cannot speak.

They have no robe of verdure,  
Stript naked to the blast;  
And yet of all the varied earth  
I love them best at last.

The red old hills of Georgia!  
My heart is on them now;  
Where, fed from golden streamlets,  
Oconee's waters flow!  
I love them with devotion,  
Though washed so bleak and bare;—  
How can my spirit e'er forget  
The warm hearts dwelling there?

I love them for the living,—  
The generous, kind, and gay;  
And for the dead who slumber  
Within their breast of clay  
I love them for the bounty  
Which cheers the social hearth;  
I love them for their rosy girls,  
The fairest on the earth.

The red old hills of Georgia!  
Where, where, upon the face  
Of earth is freedom's spirit  
More bright in any race?—  
In Switzerland and Scotland  
Each patriot breast it fills,  
But sure it blazes brighter yet  
Among our Georgia hills!

And where, upon their surface.  
Is heart to feeling dead?—  
And when has needy stranger  
Gone from those hills unfed?  
There bravery and kindness  
For aye go hand in hand,  
Upon your washed and naked hills,  
"My own, my native land!"

The red old hills of Georgia!  
I never can forget;  
Amid life's joys and sorrows,  
My heart is on them yet;—  
And when my course is ended,  
When life her web has wove,  
Oh! may I then, beneath those hills,  
Lie close to them I love!

HENRY. R. JACKSON.

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### COMMENCEMENT DAY.

COMMENCEMENT DAY! All hail the one great college holiday and festival! The Independence Day of Baccalaureates, the Saturnalia of under-graduates! How many hearts have bounded to this day! How many bound every year, and will bound to the end of the chapter! To-day Seniors are transformed into Alumni, students into men of the world; and all collegians, of whatever class and degree, are jubilant, and pour forth heart and voice in joyous greetings; for what is it but a foretaste of the felicity that is in reserve for each one in his turn? Who that has participated can ever forget the accessories of the occasion? *The day*, is it not always, by express bespeaking, "the very bridal of the earth and sky"? The *procession*, so hilarious, so irrepressible, that the young Alumnus, annually chosen as marshal, seldom fails to declare, at the close of his official duty, that the keeping of the ranks in order was his hardest day's work yet! And the *brilliant audience*, that spreads itself out, like some beautiful garden, variegated and flushed with flowers of every kind, shape, and hue, at the very feet of the heroes of the day.

Upon the platform, crowded with the virtue and learning of the city and State, stands forth the young candidate for college honors and public favor, modest but unabashed, trembling with sensibility, but not with doubt or fear. And he is worthy to be observed and honored. Few persons know the price of distinc-

tion. Accident, self-indulgence, or fitful application cannot win it. By patient study through laborious days and long and silent watches of the night, at peril of health, with many a sacrifice of pleasure to duty, but with an unflinching determination to win the palm of excellence, he has worked his way up to this honorable position. And his hour of triumph is come. Faces that he never saw before, that never saw him before, are turned upon him with curious and admiring gaze. Friends look and listen with rapt attention. The eye of the father kindles, and his manly pride is aroused, as he beholds, in the inheritor of his name, an object of general admiration, a rising hope and expectancy of the State. But who shall depict the feelings of the gentle mother! Her meek and glad surprise; her ill-disguised efforts to keep back the tears of joy that will spring in spite of her! Her rich and full over-payment of delight for every loving care and anxious foreboding, for nights of weariness and days of sorrow cheerfully borne for his sake, and for all the manifold trials, sacrifices, and ministrings of that great and abounding affection, that wondrous, holy love, without all parallel or compare, that has its well-spring in the maternal breast! And, perchance, deep down in the recesses of the heart of some fair maiden, there stirs a feeling of conscious sympathy, that makes no sign, save that it trembles in the half-averted eye and paints itself in the faintest of blushes on her delicate cheek, and which, though it brings upon her spirit a sort of trouble new and strange, fills it with emotions of pleasure that she does not care to repress, and hopes that may not be confessed.

Collegians! It is a noble thing to deserve and win the applause of the wise and good, and the approving smiles of the gentle and fair; and you may take with you the assurance, which one day, perhaps, you will realize, that although after-life may have its noble ambitions, and its brilliant and solid rewards, you will find none sweeter or purer than that which first woke a father's pride, and recompensed a noble mother's self-denying cares, and challenged the coy and innocent championship of charming Sixteen!

W. D. PORTER.

## LOVE FOR KENTUCKY AND HER PEOPLE.

I HAD no thought, my countrymen, of being called before you again after so long an interval; and it is, if possible, still less likely that I shall ever again take part in one of your popular assemblies. If God had so willed, it had been my happiness to have lived and labored amongst you; to have mingled my dust with yours; and to have cast the lot of my children in the same heritage with yours. Wherever I live or wherever I die, I shall live and die a true Kentuckian. With me, the first of all appellations is *Christian*, after that *Gentleman*, and then Kentuckian.

The foundations of Society in this unparalleled region were laid by hands dear to me as they can be to you; and throughout the whole history of the Commonwealth, there is not one scene of glory, one monument of success, one proof of advancement, one evidence of greatness, one day of trial with which my kindred and my friends have not been associated; so your fame is precious to my heart as the warm currents which gush through it. The fields of battle where our forefathers fought, I know them all. Every green hillock over which your flocks graze dwells in my memory; and the running streams, along which your noble boys stray, are clear and fresh in my imagination and my heart as when my youthful feet traversed them, when your land was almost a wilderness. And am I the man to conspire against a land and a people like this? Are you the judges who are expected to convict me? No, my friends, no! Not a blade of grass on your luxuriant fields shall wither forever, if it stands till some act of mine brings danger or shame nigh to your habitations. No, my friends, no! May God bless you and yours, with his richest benedictions, to the thousandth generation; yea, may He forgive even those who have sought to do me this great damage of robbing me of your good will.

R. J. BRECKINRIDGE.

ROBERT J. BRECKINRIDGE, D. D., LL. D., son of John Breckinridge (author of the Kentucky Resolutions of '98, U. S. Senator from Kentucky, and Attorney-General under Jefferson) and Mary Hopkins Cabell, was born at Cabell's Dale, Fayette Co., Ky., March 8, 1800. He was highly educated, attending Princeton and Yale, and graduating at Union



College in 1819; studied law, and was member of Kentucky Legislature 1825-26-27-28. In the winter of 1828-29 a protracted attack of fever wrecked his constitution, making him for the remainder of his life an almost constant invalid. Abandoning law, he joined the Presbyterian Church, and entered the ministry; was pastor of a church in Baltimore from 1832 to 1845, when he resigned to accept the Presidency of Jefferson College, Pennsylvania; in 1847 became pastor of church in Lexington, Ky., and Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State, both of which positions he resigned in 1853, to accept a chair in the Danville Theological Seminary, where he remained until 1869. He died December 27, 1871.

Dr. Breckinridge was peculiarly an extemporaneous debater, lecturer, and platform orator; and on the floor of his church courts never met his superior. He was a man of wonderful versatility and the widest range of information, and had all the physical gifts of the orator: a clear, melodious, and flexible voice, distinct articulation, brilliant and expressive black eye under a full, iron-gray brow, a mobile countenance, attractive and forcible manner, and a tall, graceful, though frail person. He was master of a pure, simple, and chaste English style, which expressed his thoughts with remarkable clearness and elegance, and was at times in the highest degree impassioned. He was early in life an emancipationist, and some of his greatest efforts were made on the stump to induce Kentucky to adopt some plan of gradual emancipation. He opposed secession, and during the war was an intense Union man, establishing a magazine—the *Danville Review*—to be his organ, which he made so able that its articles were republished and distributed over the whole country. His published writings would fill many volumes, while his unwritten sermons, lectures, speeches, and debates were multitudinous. It has been said of him that, "Though the son of a distinguished statesman, and connected by blood and marriage with the Prestons, Cabells, Hopkinses, Blairs, Campbells, and other well-known historic families, yet it is, perhaps, not too much to say that, taking him all in all, he was the greatest of his blood."

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## THE FUNERAL OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

**I**T was in the noontide of Jackson's glory that he fell; but what a fall of darkness suddenly shrouded all the land in that hour. If any illustration were needed of the hold he had acquired on the hearts of our people, on the hearts of the good and brave and true throughout all the civilized world, it would be found in the universal lament which went up everywhere when it was announced that Jackson was dead—from the little girl at the Chandler house, who, "wished that God would let her die in his stead, because then only her mother would cry; but if Jackson died, all the people of the country would cry"—from this humble child up to the Commander-in-Chief, who wept as only the strong and brave can weep, at the tidings of his fall: from the weather-beaten sea captain, who had never seen his face,

but who burst into loud, uncontrollable grief, standing on the deck of his vessel, with his rugged sailors around him, wondering what had happened to break that heart of oak, up to the English Earl, honored on both sides of the Atlantic, who exclaimed, when the sad news came to him, "Jackson was in some respects the greatest man America ever produced."

The impressive ceremonies of the hour will bring back to some here present the memories of that day of sorrow, when at the firing of a gun at the base of yonder monument, a procession began to move to the solemn strains of the Dead March in Saul—the hearse on which the dead hero lay, preceded by a portion of the command of Gen. Pickett, whose funeral obsequies you have just celebrated, and followed by a mighty throng of weeping citizens, until, having made a detour of the city, it paused at the door of the Capitol, when the body was borne within by reverent hands and laid on an altar erected beneath the dome.

The Congress of the Confederate States had adopted a device for their flag, and one emblazoned with it had just been completed, which was intended to be unfurled from the roof of the Capitol. It never fluttered from the height it was intended to grace. It became Jackson's winding-sheet. Oh! mournful prophecy of the fate of the Confederacy itself!

The military authorities shrouded him in the white, red, and blue flag of the Confederacy. The citizens decked his bier with the white, red, and blue flowers of spring until they rose high above it, a soft floral pyramid; but the people everywhere embalmed him in their hearts with a love sweeter than all the fragrance of spring, and immortal as the verdure of the trees under which he now rests by the river of life.

And where in all the annals of the world's sorrow for departed worth, was there such a pathetic impersonation of a nation's grief, as was embodied in the old mutilated veteran of Jackson's division, who, as the shades of evening fell, and when the hour for the closing of the doors of the Capitol came, and when the lingering throng was warned to retire, was seen anxiously pressing through the crowd to take his last look

at the face of his beloved leader. "They told him he was too late; that they were closing up the coffin for the last time; that the order had been given to clear the hall. He still struggled forward, refusing to take a denial, until one of the marshals of the day was about to exercise his authority to force him back; upon this the old soldier lifted the stump of his right arm toward the heavens, and with tears running down his bearded face, exclaimed, 'By this arm, which I lost for my country, I demand the privilege of seeing my General once more.' Such an appeal was irresistible, and at the instance of the Governor of the commonwealth, the pomp was arrested until this humble comrade had also dropped his tear upon the face of his dead leader."

MOSES D. HOGE.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON the world-renowned General, was born at Clarksburg, Va., January 21, 1824. He graduated at West Point 1846, was assigned to the artillery branch of the service, and at once placed on duty with the army in Mexico, where he gained great distinction, being successively brevetted Captain and Major. In 1851 he resigned his commission in the army, and was appointed Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, and Instructor in Artillery, in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, and here he remained until civil war began. Entering the Confederate service as Colonel, he rapidly passed through the intermediate grades, and became Lieutenant-General. His sobriquet of "Stonewall" originated at the battle of Manassas: Gen. Bee, in rallying his men, pointed to Jackson and his brigade, and shouted: "*Look! there is Jackson, standing like a stone wall!*" In a reconnaissance between the hostile lines, after nightfall, at the battle of Chancellorsville, he and his staff were mistaken for Federal scouts and fired on by the Confederates. Nearly the entire staff were killed and wounded, and Jackson's left arm so shattered as to necessitate amputation; pneumonia set in, and he died at Guinea's Station, near Fredricksburg, Va., May 10, 1863. "Jackson died before he reached the age of forty, and had but two years of life for the display of his great faculties. But this period was long enough. In that contracted space of time he accomplished results which will render his name and fame immortal. Few human beings ever equalled him in the great art of making war,—fewer still in purity of heart and life. It was a nature almost altogether lovely which lay under that faded uniform of the great soldier. No stain of insincerity, or meanness, or vaingloriousness marred a character which combined the loftiest virtues of the gentleman, the soldier, and the Christian."—John Esten Cooke. In 1875 some English gentlemen, "as a tribute of admiration for the soldier and patriot," presented to the State of Virginia a bronze statue of Jackson—heroic size—by Foley, which was erected on the Capital Square at Richmond.

## GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

GOING out to fame and triumph,  
Going out to love and light;  
Coming in to pain and sorrow,  
Coming in to gloom and night.  
Going out with joy and gladness,  
Coming in with woe and sin;—  
Ceaseless stream of restless pilgrims  
Going out and coming in!

Through the portals of the homestead,  
From beneath the blooming vine;  
To the trumpet-tones of glory,  
Where the bays and laurels twine;  
From the loving home-caresses  
To the chill voice of the world—  
Going out with gallant canvas  
To the Summer breeze unfurled.

Through the gateway, down the footpath,  
Through the lilacs by the way;  
Through the clover by the meadow,  
Where the gentle home-lights stray;  
To the wide world of ambition,  
Up the toilsome hill of fame,  
Winning oft a mighty triumph,  
Winning oft a noble name.

Coming back all worn and weary—  
Weary with the world's cold breath;  
Coming to the dear old homestead,  
Coming in to age and death.  
Weary of its empty flattery,  
Weary of its ceaseless din,  
Weary of its heartless sneering—  
Coming from the bleak world in.

Going out with hopes of glory,  
Coming in with sorrows dark;  
Going out with sails all flying,  
Coming in with mastless barque;—  
Restless stream of pilgrims, striving  
Wreaths of fame and love to win,  
From the doorways of the homestead  
Going out and coming in!

MOLLIE E. MOORE DAVIS.

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### THE DUTY OF SOUTHERNERS AFTER THE WAR.

**A**N officer leading his men into battle, himself going first and charging home upon the enemy, with the high and lofty daring of a hero, rallying his troops when they waver, cheering when they advance, applauding the brave, and sustaining the faint-hearted, bearing aloft the colors of his command, and struggling with all the strength and spirit of manhood, resolving to conquer or to perish, is esteemed one of the noblest exhibitions of which man is capable. We thrill and burn as we read the glowing story, exhaust the language of praise, in extolling his virtues. But not less glorious, not less worthy the commendations of his countrymen, is he who in an hour like this bravely submits to fate, and scorning alike the promptings of despair, and the unmanly refuge of expatriation, rushes to the rescue of his perishing country, inspires his fellow-citizens with hope, cheers the disconsolate, arouses the sluggish, lifts up the helpless and the feeble, and by voice and example, in every possible way, urges forward all to the blessed and bloodless and crowning victories of peace. It is a noble thing to die for one's country; it is a higher and a nobler thing to live for it.

The best test of the best heroism *now*, is a cheerful and loyal submission to the powers and events established by our defeat, and a ready obedience to the Constitution and laws of our country. Being denied the immortal distinction of dying for

your country, as did your fathers and your eldest brothers, you may yet rival their glory, by *living* for it, if you will live wisely, earnestly and well. The greatest campaign for which soldiers ever buckled on armor is now before you. The drum beats, and the bugle sounds to arms to repel invading poverty and destitution, which have seized our strongholds and are waging war, cruel and ruthless, upon our women and children. The teeming earth is blockaded by the terrible lassitude of exhaustion, and we are required, through toil and tribulation, to retake as by a storm, that prosperity and happiness, which were once our own, and to plant our banners firmly upon their everlasting ramparts, amid the plaudits of a redeemed and regenerated people. The noblest soldier, *now*, is he that, with axe and plough, pitches his tent against the waste places of his fire-blasted home, and swears that from its ruins there shall arise another like unto it, and that from its barren fields there shall come again the gladdening sheen of dew-gemmed meadows, in the rising, and the golden waves of ripening harvests, in the setting sun! This is a besieging of fate itself; a hand-to-hand struggle with the stern columns of calamity and despair. But the God of nature hath promised that it shall not fail, when courage, faith, and industry sustain the assailant; and this victory, won without one drop of human blood, unstained by a single tear, imparting and receiving blessings on every hand, will be such as the wise and good of all the earth may applaud, and over which even the angels might unite in rejoicing.

Z. B. VANCE.

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### THE RESULTS OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

THE results of higher education cannot always be weighed, but neither can gravitation, and gravitation is weight itself. Culture, by broadening the intellect, assists to a fit estimate of the aims and ends of virtuous life; by affording themes of pleasing thought it allays the heat of anger and of passion, rebukes a fretful anxiety, and, by its sublimating and joy-giving enter-

tainments, abates or removes the *ennui* of existence, and soothes the spirit when smitten by the rod of adversity; it refines the sensibilities, cultivates the taste, prepares for rational pleasures, and thereby causes a protesting disgust of denobling pursuits and licentious appetites and desires.

Ah, is there not a soul-wealth more to be coveted than silver or gold—a higher communion than that which springs up in the market-place! The mere money-monger has no conception of the ravished mood in which Newton approached the solution of his great problem of the Cosmos; or in which Copernicus, with the measuring rod of mathematics, marshalled worlds into order, and mapped their mighty paths; or in which Coleridge's heart "leaped up" when he beheld "a rainbow in the sky."

Higher education, while productive of material wealth, transcends in purpose a mere worldly, craven, pig-iron philosophy, and though it respects the earth and harnesses its draft horses, it also mounts upon wings, like eagles, and cuts a path through the starry zodiac. When a man has ascended the ladder whose foot rests on the earth, and whose topmost round leans on a star, though every intervening rung should slip from its socket, he would retain his altitude, and yet be not dizzy at the depths beneath, nor dazed at the sunny heights above. Learning lifts the mind into the ether region of the imagination and to the starry summits of taste and reason, and though the ascending may not be traceable, its devotee lingers, the enraptured beholder of revolving and glittering constellations.

H. A. M. HENDERSON.

HOWARD A. M. HENDERSON was born in Paris, Ky., August 13, 1836. He received a university education, studied law, but abandoned it for theology and joined the Kentucky Conference in 1857. Entered the Confederate service as Captain, but was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and Commissioner for exchange of prisoners. In 1871, elected Superintendent of Public Instruction of Kentucky, re-elected in 1874; and his State owes him a debt of gratitude for his masterly development of an almost perfect plan of public education. He is Grand Master of Kentucky of I. O. O. F., and edits the *Odd Fellow* and the *Kentucky Freemason*. His sermons, speeches, lectures, and contributions to current literary periodicals have been very numerous and popular.

## MATT. F. WARD'S TRIAL FOR MURDER.

GENTLEMEN, my task is done, the decision of this case—the fate of this prisoner—is in your hands. Guilty or innocent—life or death—whether the captive shall joyfully go free, or be consigned to a disgraceful and ignominious death—all depend on a few words from you. Is there anything in this world more like Omnipotence, more like the power of the Eternal, than that you now possess?

Yes, you are to decide; and, as I leave the case with you, I implore you to consider it well and mercifully before you pronounce a verdict of guilty,—a verdict which is to cut asunder all the tender cords that bind heart to heart, and to consign this young man, in the flower of his days and in the midst of his hopes, to shame and to death. Such a verdict must often come up in your recollections—must live forever in your minds.

And in after-days, when the wild voice of clamor that now fills the air is hushed—when memory shall review this busy scene, should her accusing voice tell you you have dealt hardly with a brother's life,—that you have sent him to death, when you have a doubt whether it is not your duty to restore him to life,—oh, what a moment that must be—how like a cancer will that remembrance prey upon your hearts!

But if, on the other hand, having rendered a contrary verdict, you feel that there should have been a conviction,—*that* sentiment will be easily satisfied; you will say, "If I erred, it was on the side of mercy; thank God I incurred no hazard by condemning a man I thought innocent." How different the memory from that which may come in any calm moment, by day or by night, knocking at the door of your hearts, and reminding you that in a case where you were doubtful, by your verdict you sent an innocent man to disgrace and to death! Oh, pronounce no such, I beseech you, but on the most certain, clear, and solid grounds! If you err, for your own sake, as well as his, keep on the side of humanity, and save him from so dishonorable a fate—preserve yourselves from so bitter a memory.



I am no advocate, gentlemen, of any criminal licentiousness,—I desire that society may be protected, that the laws of my country may be obeyed and enforced. Any other state of things I should deplore; but I have examined this case, I think, carefully and calmly; I see much to regret—much that I wish had never happened; but I see no evil intentions and motives—no wicked malignity, and, therefore, no murder—no felony.

There is another consideration of which we should not be unmindful. We are all conscious of the infirmities of our nature—we are all subject to them. The law makes an allowance for such infirmities. The Author of our being has been pleased to fashion us out of great and mighty elements, which make us but a little lower than the angels, but he has mingled in our composition, weakness and passions. Will He punish us for frailties which nature has stamped upon us, or for their necessary results? The distinction between these and acts that proceed from a wicked and malignant heart is founded on eternal justice, and in the words of the Psalmist, "He knoweth our frame—He remembereth that we are dust." Shall not the rule He has established be good enough for us to judge by?

Gentlemen, the case is closed. Again I ask you to consider it well, before you pronounce a verdict which shall consign this prisoner to a grave of ignominy and dishonor. These are no idle words you have heard so often. This is your fellow-citizen—a youth of promise—the rose of his family—the possessor of all kind, and virtuous, and manly qualities. It is the blood of a Kentuckian you are called upon to shed. The blood that flows in his veins has come down from those noble pioneers who laid the foundations for the greatness and glory of our State; it is the blood of a race who have never spared it when demanded by their country's cause. It is his fate you are to decide. I excite no poor, unmanly sympathy—I appeal to no low, grovelling spirit. He is a man—you are men—and I only want that sympathy which man can give to man.

I will not detain you longer. But you know, and it is right you should, the terrible suspense in which some of these hearts must beat during your absence. It is proper for you to con-

sider this, for, in such a case, all the feelings of the mind and heart should sit in council together. Your duty is yet to be done; perform it as you are ready to answer for it, here and hereafter. Perform it calmly and dispassionately, remembering that vengeance can give no satisfaction to any human being. But if you exercise it in this case, it will spread black midnight and despair over many aching hearts. May the God of all mercy be with you in your deliberations, assist you in the performance of your duty, and teach you to judge your fellow-being as you hope to be judged hereafter!

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.

JOHN JORDAN CRITTENDEN, eminent as jurist and statesman, was born in Woodford Co., Ky., September 10, 1787. His education was such only as could be obtained at a school in that then wild region; read law under Judge G. M. Bibb, completed his legal studies at William and Mary College, Virginia, and returned to his native county to practice his profession; was *aide-de-camp* to Governor Shelby in the war of 1812, and took part in the battle of the Thames; acquired great fame as a criminal lawyer, in 1816 became Speaker of the House in the Kentucky Legislature, and in 1817 was elected U. S. Senator,—an honor repeated in 1835, 1843, and 1855; appointed Attorney-General of United States in 1841, and again in 1850; elected Governor of Kentucky in 1848. He was ardently attached to the Union, and did all in his power to avert its disruption, offering the famous Crittenden Compromise Resolutions, which were rejected by Congress. Great, without ambition for place or prominence; brave, virtuous, and self-denying, from the instincts of his nature, he was the model of a citizen, a patriot, and a gentleman. He died July 26, 1863.

## THE GARRET.

[From the French of BERANGER.]

THE asylum once more I behold where my youth  
 Learned the lessons to Poverty's self that belong—  
 I was twenty—I had a fond mistress, forsooth,  
 A few trusty friends, and a liking for song.  
 The world then I braved, both its wits and its wights  
 With no thought of the future, but rich in my May—  
 Light, joyous, I climbed up the stairway six flights—  
 O Life in a Garret, at twenty, is gay!

'Tis a Garret, that fact I wish none to forget!

There once stood my bed, hard and shabby withal,

My table stood there, and I find there are yet,  
 In charcoal, some fragments of verse on the wall.  
 Come back! O ye joys at life's beautiful dawn,  
 Whom Time, with a flap of his wing, beat away—  
 How often for you has my watch been in pawn!  
 O Life in a Garret, at twenty, is gay!

Lisette, above all, should appear to our view,  
 Blithe, lovely, in freshly-trimmed hat as of yore,  
 At the window her hand has already, in lieu  
 Of a curtain, suspended the shawl that she wore—  
 My bed, too, is prettily decked with her dress,  
 Its folds loose and flowing, Love spare them, I pray!  
 Who paid for it all? I have heard, I confess!  
 O Life in a Garret, at twenty, is gay!

At the table one day when abundant the cheer,  
 And the voice of my comrades in chorus rang high,  
 A shout of rejoicing mounts up even here,  
*At Marengo Napoleon is victor!* they cry—  
 Hark, the thunder of guns!—a new stave loudly rings,  
 As to deeds so resplendent our homage we pay;  
 Never, *never*, shall France be invaded by kings!  
 O Life in a Garret, at twenty, is gay!

Let us go!—for my reason is drunk as with wine—  
 How distant those days, so regretted, appear!  
 What is left me to live I would gladly resign  
 For one month such as Heaven has allotted me here—  
 Of Glory, Love, Pleasure, and Folly to dream,  
 The whole of existence to spend in a day—  
 And Hope to illumine that day with her beam—  
 O Life in a Garret, at twenty, is gay!

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

JOHN R. THOMPSON, poet, was born in Richmond, Va., October 23, 1825, received his education at the University of Virginia, studied law, but abandoned it for literature. For sixteen years he was editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and contributed many poems and prose articles to the current periodicals, but never published a book. He visited Europe in 1854, and made warm friends of Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer,

Macaulay, the Brownings, Tennyson, and other literary celebrities. In 1866 he became one of the editorial staff of the *New York Evening Post*, in whose service he died April 30, 1873. His remains were interred in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, and in 1876, from the joint contributions of Southern and Northern friends, a monument was erected over the grave, "To the graceful poet, the brilliant writer, the steadfast friend, the loyal Virginian, the earnest and consistent Christian."

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### COMANCHE BOY.

Sweet child of the forest and prairie,  
Say, where have thy dusky tribe gone?  
Have they silently passed as the shadows  
That flit 'neath the cloud-veiléd moon?

Have they folded their tents neath the greenwood—  
Have they gone to some far hunting-ground,  
Where the buffalo roameth at pleasure,  
And the fleet-footed dun deer is found?

Or on the red trail of the war-path,  
Do thy stern chieftains seek for the foe?  
And the songs of their gay plumed warriors,  
Are they breathing out vengeance and woe?

They are gone to the land of the West Wind:  
In the mountain's rock-caverns, a home  
They have found, where the voice of the torrent  
Roars loud from its white bed of foam.

As the lingering rays of the sunset  
O'er woodland and prairie are thrown,  
As the soft, hazy Indian Summer  
Is a dream of the summer that's gone:—

So the day of their glory is over,  
And out on the desolate waste  
The far-scattered remnants yet hover,  
Like shades of the long-vanished past,

Do you sigh for your green forest bowers,  
For your playmates, the gentle-eyed fawns—  
For the sweet buds that change to bright flowers,  
And smile as the young morning dawns?

Come, rest in the home of the pale-face,  
And turn not, to sigh and to weep  
For the wandering tribe of Ishmael  
That shall fade as a vision of sleep.

FANNIE A. D. DARDEN.

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#### ADDRESS ON FREEMASONRY.

WE are assembled to-night under circumstances of peculiar and profound interest to the Mason. On the anniversary of St. John, we are met together to assist in the ceremonies of an Order that was inspired by King Solomon, more than ten centuries before the birth of the Evangelist. The Old and the New Dispensations are thus united on this memorial occasion by the arch that spans this interval of time. The lessons of virtue and wisdom that were taught nearly three thousand years ago in the Temple on Mount Moriah, and that have been promulgated through the appointed instrumentalities of Jehovah Himself, are repeated in the pious exhortations of the Apostle. The spirit of Freemasonry that warmed the hearts of both blends their memories in one, as in the living, it joins together the affections in a common brotherhood.

The motto of our ancient fraternity is **BROTHERLY LOVE, RELIEF, AND TRUTH**; and the conflicts of thirty centuries have demonstrated that its beautiful maxim is no boastful and meaningless inscription. The **BROTHERLY LOVE** of the brethren is founded in their common faith, it is perpetuated by their mutual covenants, and it is kept aglow by their reciprocal kindness; it creates the bond of union unknown to men except that they "have love one to another"; it instills into their hearts the sublime and unselfish doctrine that "we ought to lay down our lives for the

brethren"; it excites the holiest emulation—"provoking unto love and good works"; it begets a multitude of pleasures, and it averts the pangs of a thousand ills. Such is the brotherly love of the Freemason. More pure than the Odyssean friendship that Homersung, more gentle than the loves embalmed by Virgil in his immortal verse, and more inviolable than the attachment that united Damon and Pythias, it combines the higher qualities of them all. It fears not to offend in the solemn discharge of duty. It reproves the follies of those who are the objects of its watchfulness, but its frankness of reproof is softened by gentleness; it admonishes, but its admonitions are tempered by a spirit of kindness; it exhorts to acts of public and private duty, but its exhortations are clothed in the language of meekness. Like the love of David and Jonathan, it knits the souls of men in a wedlock that human passion cannot divorce.

The second Masonic virtue in the trinity of attributes is RELIEF. Every country in the civilized world contains enduring monuments of Masonic beneficence and philanthropy. The poor and the infirm, the widow and the orphan, the sick and the sorrowing, the forsaken and the outcast, have all pillowed their heads on the bosom of Masonry, and there wept the tears of gratitude or repentance.

The third virtue in this triune motto of the Mason, and the very Paraclete of the trinity, is TRUTH. All other things are mortal and transitory, Truth alone is immutable and eternal; it is the attribute of Him whose pure mind knows no dissimulation. It belongs to the noblest type of man, and signalizes its possessor as the highest ideal of his kind. The truthful mind escapes from communion with deceit and falsehood as the sound body flies from contact with physical pollution and disease. The foul and ignoble character of a liar is tainted with a leprosy that neither position nor power can cure, and that all the gold of Ophir cannot make respectable. The good Mason must love truth as St. John loved it, he must scorn every artifice that would conceal it; he must despise every subterfuge or evasion by which it can be perverted. As St. John greatly rejoiced that the children of Electa "walked in the truth," and

as he commended Gaius because "the truth was in him," so should every Mason, like this patron of his craft, commend in his walk and conversation the Godlike attribute of Truth.

The motto of Freemasonry thus reveals the virtues its disciples are to practise. In its symbolic language, Brotherly Love may be called the column of strength which binds us as one family in the bond of fraternal affection; Relief, the column of beauty, whose adornments are the widow's tear of joy and the orphan's prayer of gratitude; and Truth, the column of wisdom from whose alabaster surface are reflected the pure white rays that illumine the understanding and chase away the lingering shades of folly and deceit.

V. O. KING.

#### CHARACTER AND GENIUS OF CALHOUN.

**M**R. CALHOUN'S moral character, as exhibited to the public, was of the Roman stamp. Lofty in his sentiments, stern in his bearing, inflexible in his opinions, there was no sacrifice he would not have made without a moment's hesitation, and few that he did not make, to his sense of duty and his love of country. As a Consul, he would have been a Publicola,—as a Censor, Cato,—as a Tribune, Gracchus. He was often denounced for his ambition, but his integrity was never questioned. "Ambition is," as Mr. Burke justly said, "the malady of very extensive genius." Mr. Calhoun's enemies believed that it infected him to an extraordinary and dangerous degree. But the enemies of every distinguished man have said the same. He undoubtedly desired power. But there is no evidence to be found, either in his conduct or in his words, that he ever stooped to any mean compliance to obtain it, or that when obtained, he ever used it but in the purest manner and for the welfare of his whole country. The nature of his ambition was well tested. Eight years Vice-President; for as long a period a Minister of State; six years in the House of Representatives, and fifteen in the Senate of the

United States, he enjoyed all the power of the highest offices of our Government save the very highest, and that he would in all human probability have attained, but that his aspirations were subordinate to his principles, and these led him to repudiate his party, and throw himself into opposition to its corruptions when it was at the zenith of its power. That he did **not** reach the Presidency, and that no other statesman of the first rank has had the slightest prospect of reaching it for the last five-and-twenty years, are among the most striking proofs of the downward tendency of our Federal institutions.

The intellect of Mr. Calhoun was cast in the Grecian mould: intuitive, profound, original—descending to the minutest details of practical affairs; and soaring aloft with balanced wing into the highest heaven of invention. He appreciated wit and humor, the flights of fancy and the keen shafts of sarcasm; but he either did not possess or entirely failed to cultivate the faculties which lead to distinction in these lines. He admired and valued high-toned declamation on appropriate occasions; and sometimes, though rarely, attempted it himself, and not without success. The force of his imagination, his command of language, his nobility of sentiment, and his enthusiastic temperament eminently qualified him for declamation of the highest order, and his themes were as well adapted to it as those of Demosthenes himself. But the audience to which he commonly addressed himself could not hear his voice, or see his action, or decide his cause, under the spell of eloquence. It covered millions of square miles, and reached far down the stream of time. And his keen judgment and deep earnestness would not often permit him to use weapons that could reach effectively those only who were near at hand. His intellectual power was due mainly to the facility and accuracy with which he resolved propositions into their elementary principles: and the astonishing rapidity with which he deduced from these principles all their just and necessary consequences. The moment a sophism was presented to him he pierced it through and through, and plunging into the labyrinth, brought truth from the remote recesses where she delights to dwell, and placed her



in her native simplicity before the eyes of men. It was in these pre-eminent faculties that Mr. Calhoun's mind resembled the antique, and particularly the genuine Greek mind, which recoiled from plausibilities, and looked with ineffable disgust on that mere grouping of associated ideas which so generally passes for reasoning. It was in conformity with these great intellectual endowments that he created all his speeches and state papers.

In private life Mr. Calhoun was remarkably accessible. Open, unsuspicious, mild in his manners, and uniformly warm, cheerful, and hopeful, he was interesting, instructive, and agreeable to all who had the happiness to know him, while in every domestic relation his conduct approached as near perfection as we can suppose human nature capable of doing.

But it is on his character as a Statesman that the fame of Mr. Calhoun will chiefly rest. Posterity, with a knowledge of events yet concealed from us, will analyze it closely. It is believed that it will stand the most rigid scrutiny. Coming into the public councils at a period when twenty years of successful experiment had, it was thought, fully tested our Federal Constitution, and established the permanence of the Federal Government—when a vigorous effort to convert it into a central despotism had been signally defeated, and all sectional jealousies and apprehensions had been lulled,—Mr. Calhoun devoted himself wholly and enthusiastically to the grand purpose of developing all the mighty resources of his country, and raising her to the highest pitch of prosperity and greatness. His views were large—far-reaching—noble. And his measures were in full accordance with them. Whenever, in war or in peace, an exigency occurred, his active and inventive genius promptly suggested a provision for it, always ample, and usually the best that could be adopted. He had an ineffable scorn for whatever was mean or contracted in legislation; and having an abiding confidence, not only in truth and justice, but in the power of reason, and the capacity of the people to appreciate what was right and comprehend the arguments in favor of it, he never for a moment yielded to the current popular opinion,

when it differed from his own. He expected to restrain it by his logic, and ultimately reverse it by the benefits his measures would confer.

The genius of Mr. Calhoun was essentially active, and ever looking forward to the improvement of mankind. He sought, therefore, earnestly, to discover the principles and theory of Movement that might be onward and unailing—yet regular and safe. In accomplishing this task, he sounded anew the depths of human nature; he reviewed the whole science of politics; he analyzed the Constitution word by word—its letter and its spirit; and he studied thoroughly the workings of our Government. The result was that he lifted himself above all parties, and became a philosophical, progressive Statesman—the only true and real statesman. And it was in the wide and exhaustless field now opened to him, that he gathered those immortal laurels, whose verdure shall delight, whose blossoms shall refresh, whose fruit shall be the food of the latest posterity. In short, he so thoroughly elucidated all the checks and balances of free Constitutions—simple and confederated—that henceforth, in the long tide of time, no Republic will be erected or reformed on a durable foundation, without a constant recurrence to the theories he has discussed and the measures he has proposed, and a profound observance of the precepts he has taught.

JAMES H. HAMMOND.

JAMES HAMILTON HAMMOND, an American statesman, born at Newberry, S. C., November 15, 1807, died at Beach Island, S. C., November 13, 1864. His father, Elisha Hammond, a native of Massachusetts, became in 1802 professor of languages in South Carolina College, and afterward President. The son graduated there in 1825, was admitted to the bar, and in 1830 became editor of the *Southern Times*, at Columbia. He married a lady of large fortune, and devoted himself to agriculture and politics. He wrote much, made many public addresses in behalf of nullification, and took an active part in organizing the military force which South Carolina raised in 1833 to resist the Federal Government. In 1835-37 he was a member of Congress, and in 1842 Governor of South Carolina. In 1844 he published a letter to the Free Church of Glasgow, Scotland, on slavery in the United States, and in 1845 two others in reply to an anti-slavery circular by Thomas Clarkson; these with other essays on the same subject were collected in a volume, *The Pro-Slavery Argument*, Charleston: 1858. Besides essays on agriculture, manufactures, railroads, and finance, he published an elaborate review of the life, character, and public services of John C. Calhoun. In November, 1857, he was elected to the Senate of the United States to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of A. P. Butler. In March, 1858, he made a speech in the Senate in which he called the laboring classes "mudsills," a phrase which provoked much comment. In the same speech he

said, "*Cotton is King*, and no power upon earth dares make war upon it." On the secession of South Carolina in December, 1860, he withdrew from the Senate, but during the civil war, ill health compelled him to remain quietly at home.—*The American Cyclopædia*.

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### THE TEST OF A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

THE forebearing use of power does not only form a touchstone, but the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test of a *true gentleman*.

The power which the strong have over the weak, the magistrate over the citizen, the employer over the employed, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, even the clever over the silly—the forbearing or inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it when the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light. The gentleman does not needlessly and unnecessarily remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He can not only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of self and mildness of character which impart sufficient strength to let the past be but the past. *A true man of honor feels humbled himself when he cannot help humbling others.*

ROBERT E. LEE.

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### SOLILOQUY OF COLUMBUS.

[FROM PSALM OF THE WEST.]

ERE we Gomera cleared, a coward cried,  
*Turn, turn: here be three caravels ahead,  
 From Portugal, to take us: we are dead!—*  
*Hold Westward, pilot,* calmly I replied.  
 So when the last land down the horizon died,  
*Go back, go back!* they prayed: *our hearts are lead.—*  
*Friends, we are bound into the West,* I said.  
 Then passed the wreck of a mast upon our side.

*See (so they wept) God's warning! Admiral, turn!—*

*Steersman, I said, hold straight into the West.*

Then down the night we saw the meteor burn.

*So do the very Heavens in fire protest:*

*Good Admiral, put about! O Spain, dear Spain!—*

*Hold straight into the West, I said again.*

Next drive we o'er the slimy-weeded sea.

*Lo! herebeneath (another coward cried)*

*The curséd land of sunk Atlantis lies:*

*This slime will suck us down—turn while thou'rt free!—*

*But no! I said, Freedom bears West for me!*

Yet when the long-time stagnant winds arise,

And day by day the keel to westward flies,

My Good my people's Ill doth come to be:

*Ever the winds into the West do blow,*

*Never a ship, once turned, might homeward go;*

*Meanwhile we speed into the lonesome main.*

*For Christ's sake, parley, Admiral! Turn, before*

*We sail outside all bounds of help from Spain!—*

*Our help is in the West, I said once more.*

So when there came a mighty cry of *Land!*

And we clomb up and saw, and shouted strong

*Salve Regina!* all the ropes along,

But knew at morn how that a counterfeit band

Of level clouds had aped a silver strand;

So when we heard the orchard-bird's small song,

And all the people cried, *A hellish throng*

*To tempt us onward, by the devil planned,*

*Yea, all from hell—keen heron, fresh green weeds,*

*Pelican, tunny-fish, fair tapering reeds,*

*Lie-telling lands that ever shine and die*

*In clouds of nothing round the empty sky.*

*Tired Admiral, get thee from this hell and rest!—*

*Steersman, I said, hold straight into the West.*

I marvel how mine eye, ranging the Night,  
From its big circling ever absently  
Returns, thou large low Star, to fix on thee.  
*Maria!* Star? No star: a Light, a Light!  
Wouldst leap ashore, Heart? Yonder burns—a Light.  
Pedro Gutierrez, wake! come up to me.  
I prithee stand and gaze about the sea:  
What seest? *Admiral, like as land—a Light!*  
Well! Sanchez of Segovia, come and try:  
What seest? *Admiral, nought but sea and sky!*  
Well! But *I* saw It. Wait! the Pinta's gun!  
Why, look, tis dawn, the land is clear; 'tis done!  
Two dawns do break at once from 'Time's full hand—  
God's, East—mine, West: good friends, behold my Land!

SIDNEY LANIER.

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## SINKING OF THE MONITOR MILWAUKEE BY A TORPEDO.

PERHAPS the most singular and venturesome exploit ever performed in submarine diving was that of searching the sunken monitor Milwaukee during the bay-fight in Mobile harbor. This sea-going fortress was a huge double-turretted monitor, with a ponderous, crushing projectile force in her. Her battery of four fifteen-inch guns, and the tough, insensible solidity of her huge wrought-iron turrets and heavy plated hulk, burdened the sleepy waters of the bay. Upon a time she braced her iron jacket about her, girded her huge sides with fifteen-inch pistolry, and went rolling her clumsy volume down the bay to mash Fort Taylor to rubbish. The sea staggered under her ponderous gliding and groaned about her massive bulk as she wended her awkward course toward the bay-shore over against the fort. She sighted her blunderbusses, and rolling, grunting, wheezing in her revolving towers like a Falstaff ill at ease, spat her gobbets of flame and death. The poor little water-spaniel fort ran down to the shore and barked at her of

course. *Cui bono* or *malis*? Why, like Job's mates, fill its poor belly with the east wind, or try to draw out leviathan with a hook, or his tongue with a cord thou lettest down? Yet who reads of the fight between invulnerable Achilles and heroic Hector, and admires Achilles? The admiral of the American fleet, sick of the premature pother, signaled the lazy solidity to return. The loathly monster, slowly, like a bull-dog wrenched from his victim, rolled, snarling, lazily, leisurely down the bay, not obeying and yet not disobeying the signal.

All along the sunny coast, like flowers springing up in a battle-field, were rows of little white cottages, tenanted by women and children—love, life, and peace in the midst of ruin and sudden death. At the offending spectacle of homely peace among its enemies, the englutted monster eased its huge wrath. Tumbling and bursting among the poor little pasteboard shells of cottages, where children played, and women gossiped of the war, and prayed for its end, no matter how, fell the huge globes and cones of murder. Shrieks and cries, slain babes and wounded women on shore; surly, half-mutinous officers and crew on that iron hulk, shocked at the fell work they were set to do; and the glimmer and wash of the bay-water below—that sweet, tranquil, half-transparent liquid, with idle weeds and chips upon it, empty crates and boxes of dead merchandise, sacked of their life and substance by the war, as one might swallow an oyster; the soft veils of shadowy ships and the distant city spires; umbrageous fires and slips of shining sand—all mirrored in the soft and quiet sea, while this devilish pother went on.

There is a buoy adrift! No, it is a sodden cask, perhaps of spoiling meat, while the people in the town yonder are starving; and still the huge iron, gluttonous monster bursts its foam of blood and death, while the surly crew curse and think of mothers and babes at home. Better to look at the bay, the idle, pleasing summer water, with chips and corks and weeds upon it; better to look at the bubbling cask yonder—much better, Captain, if you only knew it! But the reluctant, heavy iron turret groans and wheezes on its pivotal round, and it will be a

minute or half a minute before the throated hell speaks again. But it *will* speak; machinery is fatally accurate to time and place. Can nothing stay it, or stop the tumbling of those bursting iron spheres among yon pretty print-like homes? No: look at the buoy, wish-wash, rolling lazily, bobbing in the water, a lazy, idle cask, with nothing in the world to do on this day of busy mischief. What hands coopered it in the new West? what farmer filled it? There is the grunting of swine, lowing of cattle in the look of the staves.

But the turret groans and wheezes and goes around, whether you look at it or not. What cottage this time? The soft lap, lap of the water goes on, and the tedious cask gets nearer: it will slide by the counter. You have a curious interest in that. No: it grates under the bow; it—

*Thunder, and wreck, and ruin!* Has the bay burst open and swallowed us? The huge, invulnerable iron monster—not invulnerable after all—has met its master in the idle cask. It is blind, imprisoned Samson pulling down the pillars of the temple. The tough iron plates at the bow are rent, and torn, and twisted like wet paper. A terrible hole is gashed in the hull. The monster wobbles, rolls, gasps, and drinks huge gulps of water like a wounded man—desperately wounded, and dying in his thirsty veins and arteries. The swallowed torrent rushes aft, hissing and quenching the fires; beats against the stern, and comes forward with the rush of that repulse to meet the incoming wave. Into the boats, the water!—anywhere but here. She reels again and groans; and then, as a desperate hero dies, she slopes her huge warlike beak at the hostile water, and rushes to her own ruin with a surge and convulsion. The victorious sea sweeps over it and hides it, laughing at her work. She will keep it safely.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

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## THE SENSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE Sense of the Beautiful once actively developed in man, he loses nothing in nature which his senses should absorb within themselves as so much aliment. He recognizes,

with each day's consciousness, new and increasing powers of perception in himself. The sounds issuing from the great forests, or the mountain gorges, are no longer mere gusts and murmurs of a senseless force in Nature, but they resolve themselves into a song of the winds, telling the story of their capricious wanderings over land and sea. The solitude is no longer companionless. There are those who walk beside him, who speak with numerous voices to his newly-developed faculties. He finds the Beautiful in all her retreats; his ear opens with a new capacity for music, which enables him to hear the Spring-time chant from earth, in the murmur of the infinite tribes that toil below for extrication from the seed and the bondage of the soil.

All the senses grow in turn, and triumph in the fresh delight of that wondrous fountain, newly welling in the soul, now first made capable to feel all the glory that harbors in the grass, all the splendor that blushes and bourgeons in the flower. We become sensible of the majesty, the dignity, and the frankness, as well as the magnificent beauty in the rose, and it glows before us with the charm of an exquisite and perfect woman. We linger with delight to survey the fearless, yet pleading innocence which looks to us from the virgin lily. The delicate appeal which is made to us in the equal beauty and odor of the pink moves us to place it in our bosom; and, briefly, we discover, with our own developed sense of the beautiful, that, in the cultivation of the flower of the valley, we have cultivated a very rose of Sharon, blossoming for immortality in each loving heart and soul.

It is not a mere shrub or flower which we nurture with so much care, it is a sentiment, a song, a virtue. It is our own best nature which we thus train to beauty, through every agency of sense, sentiment, and sensibility, to the full development of that greatest of all human virtues—a perfect manhood. It is not merely eye, and ear, and nose which are the satisfied feeders among these flowers. But here thought broods with new discoveries, which bring new hopes; fancies spring with fresh desires that take all their aspects from innocence; love



glows with generous and sweet emotions, and the man becomes complete in the exercise of all his fulness of quality, in beauty, majesty, and strength. Studying well the art of the cultivator, he has read from those books of Nature which practise no frauds upon the intellect; assail no moral in his soul; teach no errors; beguile to no crimes or vices; and sensibilities, thus tutored, minister lovingly to all his moods, whether in joy or sorrow, whether it be care or triumph, pain or pleasure, that is looking, meanwhile, over his shoulder.

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

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## THE WONDERS WORKED BY THE SUN'S RAYS.

THE great sun above us pours down his golden floods over all, as quietly and gently as a sleeping infant breathes. And yet, by their pervasive force it is that all the mighty changes of the earth are wrought, and all its wondrous harmonies produced. The winds are raised, and, in their rapid flight, obey this subtle force; and the deep seas, shaken by the feet of the mighty winds, do the bidding of the sun, and, with all their ever-rolling waves, resound his praise. By his touch the electric equilibrium of the air is disturbed, and the lightnings proclaim his power; and the magnificent sparks thus kindled, ploughing vast regions of the atmosphere, engender material to enrich the earth, and feed the green herb.

The sun's rays are, indeed, his ministering angels, sent forth to minister to all things on earth. By their mysterious ministry it is that the waters of the great deep are spread in vapor through the air: that the secret fountains of the dews and rains are replenished: and that the dry land is gladdened with springs and rivers. As from the waters of the ocean they fertilize the dry land and cool the hot air, so, from elements of the crude and formless air itself, they construct the living plant. They build the giant oak over our heads, and weave the sweet violet at our feet. The forests of a thousand years, no less than the flowers of a day, are the work of their delicate fingers. The

endless variety of rich grains also, and the delicious fruits of every clime, are but so many transmutations of the invisible air, wrought and matured by these ever-busy alchemists of the sun, by these shining ministers of material good, who, under God, fill the earth with food and gladness. The fabled wonders of Aladdin's lamp are, indeed, as nothing, when compared with the real wonders of the great lamp of nature—the all-beholding sun.

Nor is the solid globe itself exempt from the transforming power of the sun's rays. All the stupendous coal strata of the globe—all those inexhaustible sources of power and wealth and comfort, laid up for human use in the bosom of the earth—are but so many entombed vegetable kingdoms of the past, all of which were reared and ruled by the mighty sun. Again, the slow transformations of earth's solid crust, in which its great geological changes consist, are mainly due to the abrasion of winds and rains, to the alternations of heat and frost, and to the everlasting lashing of the sea-waves—all of which are produced and set in motion by the sun.

In like manner, the great oceanic currents, by which the matter thus abraded is transferred from place to place, are owing to the sun. And when we consider the immense masses of matter which, through the long lapse of ages, are thus transferred, we can well understand the declaration of scientific men, that it has more than once effected an entire change in the surface of the globe. New channels and beds have been scooped out for old ocean, and new continents have been formed. More than once, in the history of our globe, have continents changed places with seas, and seas with continents; so that a new distribution of land and water, mountain and valley, has superseded the old. The ultimate cause of this has been the sun.

Nor is this all. For, by adding to the thickness of certain portions of the earth's crust, and by thinning out certain other portions, the rays of the sun have bound down the elastic force of the subterranean fires in some places, and prepared the way for their upheaval in others, either in the form of mountain ranges, or in the outburst of active volcanoes; thus

bringing even these stupendous phenomena under the same great law of solar influence. The Alps and the Apennines were determined by the sun. Nay, when the primeval waters first rolled away, and the dry land rose to view, it was the sun which had appointed the place of its emergence, and the form with which it should appear.

Thus, by the silent, all-pervading, and eternal action of the sun, are the valleys exalted and the very hills brought low; the foundations of continents are laid, their outlines and features determined, and their surfaces adorned with ten thousand times ten thousand forms of animal and vegetable life.

A. T. BLEDSON.

ALBERT TAYLOR BLEDSON, LL. D., was born in Kentucky in 1808, and died at Alexandria, Va., December 8, 1877. He graduated at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point in 1830, served two years in the army, and then resigned; was Prof. Mathematics in Kenyon College (1833-34), and in Miami University (1835-36); practised law in Springfield, Ill., (1840-48); Prof. Mathematics and Astronomy in University of Mississippi (1848-53); Prof. Mathematics University of Virginia (1853-61). During the civil war he was for a time Assistant Secretary of War of the Confederate States, and was sent on a special mission to Europe by his Government. At the close of the war he removed to Baltimore, editing the *Southern Review* until his death. Dr. Bledson's published works are: *An Examination of Edwards on the Will; A Theodicy, or Vindication of the Divine Glory as Manifested in the Constitution and Government of the Moral World; An Essay on Liberty and Slavery; The Philosophy of Mathematics; Is Davis a Traitor? or Was Secession a Constitutional Right?* His essays and review articles would fill many volumes. He left several important manuscript treatises on the higher mathematics, and, uncompleted, his *Christian Cosmos, and War between the States*. He was an intellectual giant, and America has produced no thinker of greater versatility and power. As metaphysician, theologian, constitutionalist, mathematician, and reviewer, he was equally distinguished, while there was no field of human knowledge which he seemed to have left unexplored.

## ON THE ST. CROIX AND BAYFIELD RAILROAD BILL.

SIR, I have been satisfied for years that if there was any portion of the inhabited globe absolutely in a suffering condition for want of a railroad, it was these teeming pine barrens of the St. Croix. At what particular point on that noble stream such a road should be commenced, I knew was immaterial; and so it seems to have been considered by the draughtsman of this

bill. It might be up at the spring, or down at the foot-log, or the water-gate, or the fish-dam, or anywhere along the bank,—no matter where. But in what direction should it run, and where it should terminate, were always to my mind questions of the most painful perplexity. I could conceive of no place on "God's green earth" in such straitened circumstances for railroad facilities as to be likely to desire or willing to accept such a connection. I knew that neither Bayfield nor Superior City would have it, for they both indignantly spurned the munificence of the Government when coupled with such ignominious conditions, and let this very same land-grant die on their hands years and years ago rather than submit to the degradation of a direct communication by railroad with the piny woods of the St. Croix; and I knew that what the enterprising inhabitants of those giant young cities would refuse to take would have few charms for others, whatever their necessities or cupidity might be.

Hence, as I have said, sir, I was utterly at a loss to determine where the terminus of this great and indispensable road should be, until I accidentally overheard some gentlemen the other day mention the name of "Duluth." Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with a peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for the waterbrooks. But where was Duluth? Never, in all my limited reading, had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. And I felt a profounder humiliation in my ignorance that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. I was certain the draughtsman of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the Library, and examined all the maps I could find. I discovered in one of them a delicate hair-like line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which I supposed was in-

tended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find Duluth.

Nevertheless, I was confident it existed somewhere, and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. I knew it was bound to exist, in the very nature of things; that the symmetry and perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it; that the elements of material nature would long since have resolved themselves back into original chaos, if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out Duluth. In fact, sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed somewhere, but that wherever it was, it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer-gardens in the vicinity of Duluth.

I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death, because in all his travels, and with all his geographical research, he had never heard of Duluth. I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius upon the long lines of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountain of poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand, if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art called into being by his own inspired strains, he would weep tears of bitter anguish that instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilium, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth.

Yet, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the Legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair, because I could nowhere find Duluth. Had such been my melancholy

fate, I have no doubt that with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered, "*W-h-e-r-e i-s D-u-l-u-t-h?*"

J. PROCTOR KNOTT.

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## ST. CROIX AND BAYFIELD RAILROAD BILL.

[CONTINUED.]

**H**ERE, sir, recurring to this map which I hold in my hand, I find in the immediate vicinity of the Piegans "vast herds of buffalo" and "immense fields of rich wheat lands." The idea of there being these immense wheat-fields in the very heart of a wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the utmost verge of civilization, may appear to some gentlemen as rather incongruous,—as rather too great a strain on the blankets of veracity. But to my mind there is no difficulty in the matter whatever. The phenomenon is very easily accounted for. It is evident, sir, that the Piegans sowed that wheat there, and ploughed it in with buffalo bulls. Now, sir, this fortunate combination of buffaloes and Piegans, considering their relative positions to each other and to Duluth, as they are arranged on this map, satisfies me that Duluth is destined to be the beef market of the world.

Here, you will observe, are the buffaloes, directly between the Piegans and Duluth; and here, right on the road to Duluth, are the Creeks. Now, sir, when the buffaloes are sufficiently fat from grazing on those immense wheat-fields, you see it will be the easiest thing in the world for the Piegans to drive them on down, stay all night with their friends, the Creeks, and go into Duluth in the morning. I think I see them now, sir, a vast herd of buffaloes, with their heads down, their eyes glaring, their nostrils dilated, their tongues out, and their tails curled over their backs, tearing along toward Duluth, with about a thousand Piegans on their grass-bellied ponies, yelling at their heels! On they come! And as they sweep past the Creeks, they join in the chase, and away they all go, yelling

bellowing, ripping, and tearing along, amid clouds of dust, until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stock-yards of Duluth!

Sir, I might stand here for hours and hours, and expatiate with rapture upon the gorgeous prospects of Duluth, as depicted upon this map. But human life is too short, and the time of this House far too valuable, to allow me to linger longer upon the delightful theme. I think every gentleman on this floor is as well satisfied as I am that Duluth is destined to become the commercial metropolis of the universe, and that this road should be built at once. I am fully persuaded that no patriotic Representative of the American people, who has a proper appreciation of the associated glories of Duluth and the St. Croix, will hesitate a moment to say that every able-bodied female in the land, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, who is in favor of "women's rights" should be drafted and set to work upon this great road without delay.

Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my very soul to be compelled to say that I cannot vote for the grant of lands provided for in this bill. Ah! sir, you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that blessed privilege! There are two insuperable obstacles in the way. In the first place, my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in this road than they have in the great question of culinary taste now, perhaps, agitating the public mind of Dominica, as to whether the illustrious commissioners, who recently left this capital for that free and enlightened republic, would be better fricasseed, boiled, or roasted; and, in the second place these lands, which I am asked to give away, alas, are not mine to bestow! My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix!

J. PROCTOR KNOTT.

## HYMN OF THE ALAMO.

RISE! man the wall—our clarion's blast  
Now sounds its final reveille,—  
This dawning morn must be the last  
Our fated band shall ever see.  
To life, but not to hope, farewell!  
Yon trumpet's clang and cannon's peal,  
And storming shout and clash of steel,  
Is *ours*, but not our *country's* knell.  
Welcome the Spartan's death,—  
'Tis no despairing strife;—  
We fall—we die—but our expiring breath  
Is Freedom's breath of life!

“Here, on this new Thermopylæ,  
Our monument shall tower on high,  
And, *Alamo!* hereafter be  
On bloodier fields the battle-cry.”  
Thus Travis from the rampart cried;  
And when his warriors saw the foe  
Like whelming billows move below,  
At once each dauntless heart replied:  
“Welcome the Spartan's death,—  
'Tis no despairing strife;  
We fall—we die—but our expiring breath  
Is Freedom's breath of life!”

They come—like autumn's leaves they fall,  
Yet hordes on hordes they onward rush;  
With gory tramp they mount the wall,  
Till numbers the defenders crush—  
Till falls their flag, when none remain!  
Well may the ruffians quake to tell  
How Travis and his hundred fell



Amid a thousand foemen slain!  
They died the Spartan's death,  
But not in hopeless strife:  
Like brothers died—and their expiring breath  
Was Freedom's breath of life.

R. M. POTTER.

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### THE OLD DOMINION.

THE mother of the Gracchi has been embalmed in Roman history, and inspiration has immortalized the grandmother and mother of Timothy. But Virginia has given birth to an army of nobler freemen than the Gracchi, and to hundreds of soldiers of the Cross as pure as Timothy. All Rome cannot match her Washington; all the world cannot surpass her Lee; and yet they were but types—elder brothers of her sons, who at her breast imbibed truth and courage, from her heart drew the blood of martyrs and heroes, and in her schools learnt the lessons of a simple faith and an exalted patriotism. Immortal mother of matrons purer than Lucretia; of daughters more devoted than Iphigenia; daughter of liberty, for whose defence her heart was always interposed, I bow my head in grateful thanksgiving for all thou hast done for mankind; and then with unutterable pride I lift my face and challenge all mankind to match thee! Who hath served God better; who loved truth more; who fought for liberty as valiantly; who given so much to country; who borne sorrow with such majestic patience as this matchless mother of heroes! God bless thee, Virginia! wherever God has a follower, or truth a worshipper, or liberty a defender, there thou wilt have a lover, and the story of thy life will nerve the arm and inspire the heart of all who strike for right.

W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

## TEXAS CENTENNIAL ORATION.

SIRS, you have been told that we are demons in hate, and gloat at the thought of war and blood. Men of New England—men of the great North! will you believe me when, for two millions of people whom I represent, and for the whole South as well, I denounce the utterance as an inhuman slander, an unpardonable falsehood, against a brave, and, God knows, a suffering people?

Want war! want bloodshed!—Sirs, we are poor, broken in fortune, and sick at heart. Had you stood by the ruined hearthstones, by the wrecks of fortune, which are scattered all along the shore; had you seen, as I have seen, the wolf howling at the door of many a once happy home—widowhood and orphanage starving, and weeping over never-returning sires and sons, who fell with your honored dead at Gettysburg and Manassas; could you hear, as I have heard, the throbbing of the great universal Southern heart—throbbing for peace, and longing for the old and faithful love between the States; could you have seen, and felt, and heard all these things, my countrymen, you would take me by the hand, and swear that the arm thus uplifted against us should wither at the socket, and the tongue which utters the great libel on our name become palsied at its root forever!

With each returning Spring let us scatter flowers over the resting-place alike of Federal and Confederate dead; as we enshrine with immortelles of memory your Sumner, and Thomas, and McPherson, with our Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, and the great Lee, forever. Let universal amnesty crown the closing of the century. Our brothers died not in vain in the last great struggle. Standing, long ago, in the capitol of Texas, with my oath to support the Constitution fresh upon my lips, I uttered these words, and from a full heart I repeat them here to-day: "They died not in vain." Whether wearing the gray or the blue, their lives were offered freely, like libations of water, for right—as each dying soldier deemed—and for native

land. In their graves, made immortal by the same ancestral heroism of race and blood, let us bury the feuds of that stormy hour of our history.

In this generous and knightly spirit, Texas to-day sends fraternal greeting to all the States of the Union.

R. B. HUBBARD.

RICHARD B. HUBBARD is a Georgian, but emigrated to Texas at an early day. His education was received at Yale College and the University of Virginia, and his profession has been the law, in which he has been eminently successful. He has served in both Houses of the Legislature; was Colonel in the Confederate army; elected Lieutenant-Governor of Texas, and on Governor Coke's resignation became Governor. He was the orator for Texas at the Centennial.

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### TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

THOU glorious mocker of the world! I hear  
Thy many voices ringing through the glooms  
Of these green solitudes; and all the clear,  
Bright joyance of their song enthalls the ear,  
And floods the heart. Over the spheréd tombs  
Of vanished nations rolls thy music-tide:  
No light from History's starlit page illumes  
The memory of these nations: they have died:  
None care for them but thou; and thou mayst sing  
O'er me, perhaps, as now thy clear notes ring  
Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Glad scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave  
The world's mad turmoil and incessant din,  
Where none in others' honesty believe,  
Where the old sigh, the young turn gray and grieve,  
Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within;  
Thou fleest far into the dark green woods,  
Where, with thy flood of music, thou canst win  
Their heart to harmony, and where intrudes  
No discord on thy melodies. Oh, where,  
Among the sweet musicians of the air,  
Is one so dear as thou to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! The Æolian strain  
Goes floating through the tangled passages  
Of the still woods; and now it comes again,  
A multitudinous melody, like a rain  
Of glassy music under echoing trees,  
Close by a ringing lake. It wraps the soul  
With a bright harmony of happiness,  
Even as a gem is wrapped, when round it roll  
Thin waves of crimson flame, till we become,  
With the excess of perfect pleasure, dumb,  
And pant like a swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love,  
As men love light, the song of happy birds;  
For the first visions that my boy-heart wove,  
To fill its sleep with, were that I did rove  
Through the fresh woods, what time the snowy herds  
Of morning clouds shrunk from the advancing sun,  
Into the depths of Heaven's blue heart, as words  
From the Poet's lips float gently, one by one,  
And vanish in the human heart; and then  
I revelled in such songs, and sorrowed when,  
With noon-heat overwrought, the music-gush was done.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,  
Amid the eloquent grandeur of these shades,  
Alone with Nature!—but it may not be:  
I have to struggle with the stormy sea  
Of human life until existence fades  
Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar  
Through the thick woods and shadow-chequered glades,  
While pain and sorrow cast no dimness o'er  
The brilliance of thy heart; but I must wear,  
As now, my garments of regret and care,  
As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet, why complain? What though fond hopes deferred  
Have overshadowed Life's green paths with gloom?

Content's soft music is not all unheard:  
There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird,  
    To welcome me, within my humble home;  
There is an eye, with love's devotion bright,  
    The darkness of existence to illumine.  
Then, why complain? When death shall cast his blight  
    Over the spirit, my cold bones shall rest  
    Beneath these trees; and from thy swelling breast  
Over them pour thy song, like a rich flood of light.

ALBERT PIKE.

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### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

IT was one of the wisest sayings of a very wise man, that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance." This maxim of wisdom is peculiarly applicable to the present time. Ten States of this Union are to-night under revolutionary governments, originated and imposed upon them by an external power, and supported only by the bayonet. These revolutionary governments displace, repress, and, for the time, suppress the regular, republican, constitutional governments which have existed here all the while with an unbroken succession. These revolutionary governments are in the hands of carpet-baggers and scalawags, who treat the laws of their own origination with disgraceful contempt; and, under the forms of official authority, heap upon our people injuries and insults which never before were borne by men born and bred and educated in the principles of Liberty. Shameless plunder, malignant slander, corrupt favoritism, impunity for crimes when committed by partisans of the Government, gigantic extension of the credit of the States to penniless adventurers who come among us under the false and fraudulent plea of "developing our resources," robbery of the very negroes who are sought to be used as the chief instrument of upholding this gigantic system of revolutionary fraud and force—*these* are the fruits of these revolutionary governments. *These* are the products of reconstruction. *This* is the

"Situation"! And yet there are those who say: "Let us *accept* the situation."

In the last Presidential campaign we heard the potent words: "Let us have Peace!" They had their effect. They carried the Presidential election. Yet wise men then knew, as *all* men now know, that they were a delusion and a snare.—"Let us have Peace!"—It *meant* that freemen, with their necks under the heel of despotism, should remain submissive and quiet. *Such* a peace Turkey has! *Such* a peace Poland has! *Such* a peace, thank God, Ireland *refuses* to have! No people trained in the principles of liberty will ever accept of any peace that is not founded on *liberty*. Tyrants and despots may reconstruct, and *re-reconstruct*, and *re-re-reconstruct ad infinitum*; but they will never have peace from American-born freemen until they give them their *rights*!

LINTON STEPHENS.

### THE BONNY BROWN HAND.

OH, drearily, how drearily, the sombre eve comes down!  
And wearily, how wearily, the seaward breezes blow!  
But place your little hand in mine—so dainty, yet so brown!

For household toil hath worn away its rosy-tinted snow;

But I fold it, wife, the nearer,

And I feel, my love, 'tis dearer,

Than all dear things of earth,

As I watch the pensive gloaming,

And my wild thoughts cease from roaming,

And birdlike furl their pinions close beside our peaceful hearth;

Then rest your little hand in mine, while twilight shimmers  
down,—

That little hand, that fervent hand, that hand of bonny  
brown,—

The hand that holds an honest heart, and rules a happy hearth.

Oh, merrily, how merrily, our children's voices rise!

And cheerily, how cheerily their tiny footsteps fall!

But, hand, you must not stir awhile, for there our nestling lies,  
Snug in the cradle at your side, the loveliest far of all;

And she looks so arch and airy,  
So softly pure a fairy,—

She scarce seems bound to earth;  
And her dimpled mouth keeps smiling  
As at some child-fay's beguiling,

Who flies from Ariel realms to light her slumbers on the hearth.

Ha, little hand, you yearn to move, and smooth the bright  
locks down!

But, little hand,—but, trembling hand,—but, hand of bonny  
brown,

Stay, stay with me!—she will not flee, our birdling on the hearth.

Oh, fittingly, how fittingly, the parlor-shadows thrill,

As wittingly, half wittingly, they seem to pulse and pass!

And solemn sounds are on the wind that sweeps the haunted  
hill,

And murmurs of a ghostly breath from out the graveyard  
grass.

Let me feel your glowing fingers

In a clasp that warms and lingers

With the full, fond love of earth,

Till the joy of love's completeness

In this flush of fireside sweetness,

Shall brim our hearts with spirit-wine, outpoured beside the  
hearth.

So steal your little hand in mine, while twilight falters  
down,—

That little hand, that fervent hand, that hand of bonny  
brown,—

The hand which points the path to heaven, yet makes a heaven  
of earth.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

## THE PRESENT CRISIS AND ITS ISSUES.

YOUNG gentlemen of the University, I have delivered the message with which I felt myself charged. I have not been able to address you with the fopperies of rhetoric. I have done you the higher honor of supposing you capable of sympathizing with the deep emotions of my own heart.

When your note of invitation reached me some months ago, it touched me with the solemnity of a call from the grave. I felt, as I turned my steps hither, that I was making a pilgrimage to my country's shrine. I should be permitted to stand uncovered at the tomb of the immortal Chief, who sleeps in such grand repose beneath the academic shades where he found rest after heroic toils. Should I look upon it as the emblem of my country's death? or should I prophesy beside it the birth of a new career? Memories holy as death have been throwing their shadows upon my spirit; and I have spoken in the interest of country, of duty, and of truth. The dim forms of Washington and of Lee—twin names upon American History, as well as upon your own walls—appear before me, the Rhadamanthus and the Minos who shall pronounce judgment upon every sentiment uttered here. If aught said by me should draw the frown of their disapproval, may the Angel of Pity drop a tear and blot it out forever!

Standing upon the soil which gave birth to a Washington, a Madison, a Jefferson, a Henry, a Randolph, a Marshall, a Jackson, and a Lee; and lifting the scroll which hangs around the ensign of my native State, the names of Pinckney, Laurens, Rutledge, Lowndes, McDuffie, Hayne, Calhoun—I summon their immortal shades around his tomb whom a nation has so lately mourned. In their dread presence I solemnly declare that the principles of our fathers are our principles to-day; and that the stones upon which the temple of American liberty was first built, are the only stones upon which it should ever be able to stand. And you, gentlemen, representing the young thought and hope which must shortly deal with these mighty



issues,—I swear each of you by an oath more solemn than that of Hannibal, not that you will destroy Rome, but that you will save Carthage. I charge you, if this great Republic, like a gallant ship, must drive upon the breakers, that you will be upon the deck, and with suspended breath await the shock. Perchance she will survive it, but if she sink beneath the destiny which has devoured other great kingdoms of the past, that you save from the melancholy wreck our Ancestral Faiths, and work out yet upon this continent the problem of a free, constitutional, and popular government. And may the God of destinies give you a good issue! -

B. M. PALMER.

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### SUSAN GARTHWAITE'S WEDDING DAY.

IT was in early Spring that the wedding took place. The wintry winds which whirled about the dead leaves, heaping them here, there leaving bare the ground, had been driven to their northern caves by the fair maid, Spring, who came upon the scene from more southern lands, heralded by warm rains and a more genial glow of the sun; bland zephyrs floating mingled with the sheen; and an emerald carpet spangled with modest star-flowers rose to her tread as she advanced. The gray and russet buds, fast swelling big, burdened with joyous load each slender spray, and here and there branches and trees were seen with yellow, silvery green, and crimson, dotting the wood. The beeches had begun to wave their banners, the red-buds clothed themselves in rose color, and the dogwood blossoms, growing fast from green to white, gave notice to the rustic fishermen to prepare their tackle. The wild violets, blue and white, covered the mossy banks along the gurgling rills; pendent honeysuckles, gemmed with dew, fringed the bottoms; yellow jessamines, wild pea, spiderwort, and daisies covered the slopes, and bright verdure and many-colored flowers began to clothe the vales and crown each hill.

And every nook in earth and air was filled with busy life.

The hooping cranes circled high in noisy consultation, or, with necks and legs outstretched, took straight their northern flight. In the fields the pitiless ploughshare, upturning the mellow earth, wrenched to the light the nest of the timid field-mouse, and crows and prying blackbirds, heedless of the loud *woa!* and *haw!* of the ploughmen, scanned narrowly each furrow to seize the unearthed worm and sluggish snail; and the feathered songsters sent their notes from every hill and brake, as they searched about with tender care where each might build its nest. From some lowly bush the gentle thrush poured forth his song of love with bated voice; the gallant partridge, strutting on a stump or fence, gave out his loudest challenge; in the clumps of hazels and dwarfed oaks the gay redbird flaunted his bright plumage, and the noisy jay delighted his soul with discord; twittering swallows skimmed the verdant meads; noisy martens and trustful wrens peered business-like around the eaves of every house; doves cooed softly, deep in the wood, and, from the topmost twig of some bush growing in the hedge, the mocking-bird repeated in ecstasy every note he had ever heard or could invent. The white-winged gnats in the sun's first glances weaved their mazy dance in mystic circle. The ants, bound upon industry, commenced to excavate, and bore with unwearied patience their mighty loads of loam and grains of sand; here a scout sped his zigzag course, and there a long, dark, moving throng took its way in devious line to some new enterprise.

Here on these weeds, with cunning skill, last night  
A spider wove her web, which, misty, bright,  
Like frosted silver, sparkles now with dew.  
These gems will soon exhale and leave to view  
A trembling, frail, attenuated thread,  
To snap by wayward winds or passer's tread.  
So when youth's freshness gems man's hopes, they take  
A misty radiance, tremble thus, thus break.

JOHN S. HOLT.

JOHN SAUNDERS HOLT, the novelist, was born in Mobile, December 5, 1826, received a finished education, and made law his profession. He served in the Mexican War and the War between the States, at the close of the latter taking up his residence at Natchez, Miss. His literary reputation rests chiefly upon *Abraham Page, Esq.*, and *What*

*I Know about Ben Eccles*, Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co., novels having for their object the portrayal of Southern manners and the elevation of the literature of fiction above the debasing and sensational character which it has so generally assumed. In purity of style, refined humor, originality, and power of characterization Mr. Holt is not surpassed by any modern American writer of fiction. He has now in manuscript a third novel, *The Quines*. Among his best magazine articles are his two series, *Spider's-Web Papers*, and *Some of our Local Great Men*.

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## PLANTATION LIFE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

AND yet the life, so unassailed by care,  
 So blessed with moderate work, with ample fare,  
 With all the good the starving pauper needs,  
 The happier slave on each plantation leads.  
 Safe from harassing doubts and annual fears,  
 He dreads no famine in unfruitful years;  
 If harvests fail from inauspicious skies,  
 The master's providence his food supplies;  
 No paupers perish here for want of bread,  
 Or lingering live, by foreign bounty fed;  
 No exiled trains of homeless peasants go,  
 In distant climes, to tell their tale of woe:  
 Far other fortune, free from care and strife,  
 For work, or bread, attends the Negro's life,  
 And Christian slaves may challenge as their own  
 The blessings claimed in fabled States alone—  
 The cabin home, not comfortless, though rude,  
 Light daily labor, and abundant food,  
 The sturdy health that temperate habits yield,  
 The cheerful song that rings in every field,  
 The long, loud laugh, that freemen seldom share,  
 Heaven's boon to bosoms unapproached by care,  
 And boisterous jest and humor unrefined,  
 That leave, though rough, no painful sting behind;  
 While, nestling near, to bless their humble lot,  
 Warm social joys surround the Negro's cot:  
 The evening dance its merriment imparts,

Love, with his rapture, fills their youthful hearts  
And placid age, the task of labor done,  
Enjoys the summer shade, the winter sun,  
And, as through life no pauper want he knows,  
Laments no poor-house penance at its close.

Safe, in Ambition's trumpet-call to strife,  
No conscript fears harass his quiet life,  
While the crushed peasant bleeds—a worthless thing,  
The broken toy of emperor or king.  
Calm in his peaceful home, the slave prepares  
His garden-spot, and plies his rustic cares;  
The comb and honey that his bees afford,  
The eggs in ample gourd compactly stored,  
The pig, the poultry, with a chapman's art,  
He sells or barter at the village mart,  
Or, at the master's mansion, never fails  
An ampler price to find and readier sales.

There, when December's welcome frosts recall  
The friends and inmates of the crowded hall,  
To each glad nursling of the master's race  
He brings his present, with a cheerful face  
And offered hand;—of warm, unfeigning heart,  
In all his master's joys he claims a part,  
And, true as clansman to the Highland chief,  
Mourns every loss, and grieves in all his grief.  
When Christmas, now, with its abundant cheer  
And thornless pleasure, speeds the parting year,  
He shares the common joy—the early morn  
Wakes hunter, clamorous hound, and echoing horn,  
Quick steps are heard, the merry season named,  
The loiterers caught, the wonted forfeit claimed,  
In feasts maturing busy hands appear,  
And jest and laugh assail the ready ear;  
Whose voice, than his, more gayly greets the dawn,  
Whose foot so lightly treads the frosty lawn,  
Whose heart as merrily, where mirth prevails,  
On every side the joyous season hails?

Around the slaughtered ox, a Christmas prize,  
The slaves assembling stand with eager eyes,  
Rouse, with their dogs, the porker's piercing cry,  
Or drag its squealing tenant from the sty;  
With smile and bow receive their winter dues,  
The strong, warm clothing and substantial shoes,  
Blankets adorned with stripes of border red,  
And caps of wool that warm the woollier head;  
Then clear the barn, the ample area fill,  
In the gay jig display their vigorous skill;  
No dainty steps, no mincing measures here—  
Ellsler's trained graces—seem to float in air,  
But hearts of joy and nerves of living steel  
On floors that spring beneath the bounding reel;  
Proud on his chair, with magisterial glance  
And stamping foot, the fiddler rules the dance;  
Draws, if he nods, the still unwearied bow;  
And gives a joy no bearded bands bestow.  
The triple holiday, on angel wings,  
With every fleeting hour a pleasure brings;  
No *ennui* clouds, no coming cares annoy,  
Nor wants nor sorrows check the Negro's joy.

WILLIAM J. GRAYSON.

WILLIAM J. GRAYSON, statesman and poet, was born in Beaufort, S. C., in 1788. He was a member of Congress from 1833 to 1837. *The Hireling and the Slave* and *Chicora, an Indian Tale*, are considered his best poetical works.

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## LET US CONQUER OUR PREJUDICES.

MAN by nature is ever prone to scan closely the errors and defects of his fellow-man—ever ready to rail at the mote in his brother's eye, without considering the beam that is in his own. This should not be. We all have our moles or beams. We are all frail; perfection is the attribute of none. Prejudice or prejudgment should be indulged toward none.

Prejudice? What wrongs, what injuries, what mischiefs, what lamentable consequences, have resulted at all times from nothing but this perversity of the intellect! Of all the obstacles to the advancement of truth and human progress, in every department—in science, in art, in government, and in religion—in all ages and climes, not one on the list is more formidable, more difficult to overcome and subdue, than this horrible distortion of the moral as well as intellectual faculties. It is a host of evils within itself. I could enjoin no greater duty upon my countrymen now,—North and South—than the exercise of that degree of forbearance which would enable them to conquer their prejudices. One of the highest exhibitions of the moral sublime the world ever witnessed was that of Daniel Webster, when, in an open barouche in the streets of Boston, he proclaimed in substance, to a vast assembly of his constituents—unwilling hearers—that “they had conquered an uncongenial clime; they had conquered a sterile soil; they had conquered the winds and currents of the ocean; they had conquered most of the elements of nature; but they must yet learn to conquer their prejudices!” I know of no more fitting incident or scene in the life of that wonderful man, “*Clarus et vir fortissimus*,” for perpetuating the memory of the true greatness of his character, on canvas or in marble, than a representation of him as he then and there stood and spoke! It was an exhibition of moral grandeur surpassing that of Aristides when he said, “Oh, Athenians, what Themistocles recommends would be greatly to your interest, but it would be unjust!”

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

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### A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER.

FAR up the lonely mountain side  
My wandering footsteps led;  
The moss lay thick beneath my feet,  
The pine sighed overhead.

The trace of a dismantled fort  
Lay in the forest nave,  
And in the shadow near my path  
I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed  
Upon the lowly mound,  
The simple headboard, rudely writ,  
Had rotted to the ground;  
I raised it with a reverent hand,  
From dust its words to clear,  
But time had blotted all but these—  
"A Georgia Volunteer!"

I saw the toad and scaly snake  
From tangled covert start,  
And hide themselves among the weeds  
Above the dead man's heart;  
But undisturbed, in sleep profound,  
Unheeding, there he lay;  
His coffin but the mountain soil,  
His shroud Confederate gray.

I heard the Shenandoah roll  
Along the vale below,  
I saw the Alleghanies rise  
Towards the realms of snow.  
The "Valley Campaign" rose to mind—  
Its leader's name—and then  
I knew the sleeper had been one  
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Yet whence he came, what lip shall say—  
Whose tongue will ever tell  
What desolated hearths and hearts  
Have been because he fell?  
What sad-eyed maiden braids her hair,  
Her hair which he held dear?

One lock of which, perchance, lies with  
The Georgia Volunteer!

What mother, with long watching eyes  
And white lips cold and dumb,  
Waits with appalling patience for  
Her darling boy to come?  
Her boy! whose mountain grave swells up  
But one of many a scar,  
Cut on the face of our fair land,  
By gory-handed war.

What fights he fought, what wounds he wore,  
Are all unknown to fame;  
Remember, on his lonely grave  
There is not e'en a name!  
That he fought well and bravely too,  
And held his country dear,  
We know, else he had never been  
A Georgia Volunteer.

He sleeps—what need to question now  
If he were wrong or right?  
He knows, ere this, whose cause was just  
In God the Father's sight.  
He wields no warlike weapons now,  
Returns no foeman's thrust—  
Who but a coward would revile  
An honest soldier's dust?

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll,  
Adown thy rocky glen,  
Above thee lies the grave of one  
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.  
Beneath the cedar and the pine,  
In solitude austere,  
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies  
A Georgia Volunteer.

MRS. MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.



TO TIME—THE OLD TRAVELLER.

THEY slander thee, Old Traveller,  
 Who say that thy delight  
 Is to scatter ruin, far and wide,  
 In thy wantonness of might:  
 For not a leaf that falleth  
 Before thy restless wings,  
 But in thy flight thou changest it  
 To a thousand brighter things.

Thou passest o'er the battle-field,  
 Where the dead lie stiff and stark,  
 Where naught is heard save the vulture's scream,  
 And the gaunt wolf's famished bark;  
 But thou hast caused the grain to spring  
 From the blood-enrichéd clay,  
 And the waving corn-tops seem to dance  
 To the rustic's merry lay.

Thou hast strewed the lordly palace  
 In ruins o'er the ground,  
 And the dismal screech of the owl is heard  
 Where the harp was wont to sound;  
 But the self-same spot thou coverest  
 With the dwellings of the poor,  
 And a thousand happy hearts enjoy  
 What *one* usurped before!

'Tis true thy progress layeth  
 Full many a loved one low,  
 And for the brave and beautiful  
 Thou hast caused our tears to flow;  
 But always near the couch of death  
 Nor thou, nor we can stay,  
 And the breath of thy departing wings  
 Dries all our tears away!

WILLIAM H. TIMROD

WILLIAM HENRY TIMROD,—the father of Henry Timrod, the poet,—was born near Charleston, S. C., 1792, of German and Scotch parentage. When eleven years of age he ran away from school and apprenticed himself to a bookbinder, fancying that he could thus have access to innumerable books and stores of untold learning. Though soon undeceived, he did not return to his studies, but made himself a skilled mechanic, rather proud than otherwise of his useful and honest craft. So great was his thirst for knowledge that, as he had no time in the day and no light at night, he would climb on to the leads of the house when the moon was full, and there, by the lunar rays, read late into the night. The variety and extent of his information, his brilliant conversational powers, and the vigor and originality of thought he displayed attracted attention, and he was admitted, a welcome guest, to the highest intellectual and social circles of Charleston. That he possessed poetic talent of no mean order the few songs and sonnets he has left us clearly demonstrate. But what he regarded as the great literary labor of his life was a drama in five acts—the manuscript of which was lost. In the nullification controversy of 1832-33, he warmly espoused the cause of the Union, and wrote a stirring campaign song, *Sons of the Union, rise!* He was elected Captain of the German Fusiliers in 1835, and marched with them to garrison St. Augustine, in Florida, against the Seminoles. Exposure, hardship, and protracted labor brought on a disease of which, about two years after his return to Charleston, he died. His literary remains have never been collected and published.

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### MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

DO not allow yourselves, my friends, to be misled by that false teaching,—false to your faith, to your country, and to your God,—which tells you, that, as your cause has failed, the principles which gave life and light and truth to that cause are forever obliterated. Any human undertaking, how just soever it may be, may fail, but settled principles cannot die. A great truth, like the Godhead whence it emanated, is eternal, and it must and will live till the last syllable of recorded time. The evil times upon which we have fallen are prolific of these teachings and dangerous heresies, and the press in some portions of this country offers a ready and willing channel for their dissemination. You are told daily through this medium that our cause was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword, and that the verdict against which no appeal lies has been rendered in favor of our enemies. This doctrine is pernicious; and if we fall in with it we shall brand the heroic dead as well as the living as traitors, and cover all alike with deserved infamy.

Why should we admit we are in the wrong? Shall we do so because our cause has gone down covered with the funeral pall

that military disaster has thrown over it? When the torture wrung a recantation of the truth from Galileo, did the earth cease to revolve on its axis? Did the waves that swept the ashes of Huss to the sea bury forever the truth he had proclaimed? When our Divine Master perished on the cross, did the doctrines for which he died perish with him? We believe we have truth on our side; let us then assert and maintain our faith, and God will in His own good time make it manifest that we are right. If we were wrong in our struggle, then was the Declaration of Independence in '76 a terrible mistake, and the revolution to which it led a palpable crime; Washington should be stigmatized as a traitor, and Benedict Arnold canonized a patriot. If the principles which justified the first revolution were true in 1776, they were no less true in that of 1861. The success of the former can add not one jot or tittle to the abstract truth of the principles which gave it birth, nor can the failure of the latter destroy one particle of those ever-living principles. If Washington was a patriot, Lee cannot have been a rebel; if the grand enunciation of the truths of the Declaration of Independence made Jefferson immortal, the observance of them cannot make Davis a traitor.

It has been urged by our enemies that the Constitution of the United States did not recognize explicitly the right of secession; but does that compact between sovereign States, which was entered into with such solemnity, forbid the exercise of this right in any clause, directly or by implication? Does it give to any of the parties to it the right or the semblance of a right to coerce the others? Does it permit any State or States to wage a war of extermination on the others? If it does not, or rather did not, allow any of these things, how comes it that we are gathered here to-day around the graves of Southern men who were slain only because they believed that the principles of 1776, which gave birth to our Republic, were equally true in 1861? It is because the people of the North have never studied and do not comprehend that Constitution about which they have raved so madly; because they have not consulted the fathers of the Republic; because their great teachers—blind

leaders of the blind—have ignored and often falsified the records of the Convention of 1787, and have led their deluded followers into that downward and crooked path that leads to the destruction of the Republic, and to the subversion of constitutional liberty under republican institutions in the New World.

WADE HAMPTON.

WADE HAMPTON, soldier and statesman, was born at Columbia, S. C., in 1818; graduated at South Carolina College, read law, and served in both branches of the State Legislature. Entering the Confederate service in command of the "Hampton Legion," a body of cavalry which he raised for the war, he displayed consummate military skill and genius, and became, by successive promotions, Lieutenant-General and Commander of all the Cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was afterwards sent to South Carolina, and in February, 1865, commanded the rear-guard of the army which evacuated Columbia—the burning of which city Gen. Sherman attempted in vain to fix upon him. In 1876 Gen. Hampton received the Democratic nomination for Governor of State of South Carolina. The contest was a close one, as between himself and Chamberlin, the opposing candidate. He was elected, and duly installed in the Gubernatorial chair.

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### MOUNTAIN SCENERY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

AT every season of the year there is a charm about these splendid woodlands of the Appalachians. Sometimes in midwinter, a cloud, laden with the sharp, ice-cold moisture of a January storm, drags lazily against a sharp-pointed pinnacle, where it hovers as a pall. It can scarcely be said to rain; its moisture seems gently to dissolve itself upon the earth, and is immediately fixed by the cold. This gives rise to what is often termed a frozen cloud. Every rock, tree, twig, and blade of grass upon that mountain-top is instantly transformed into translucent silver.

Now, if that mountain be due east of you, and if you will rise next morning in time to see the sun come forth as a bridegroom from his chamber, you will see a picture such as no man in this world has seen surpassed, and such as might have been in the mind of the vision-wrapped Apostle, when flitted before him the sublime semblance of the rainbow of emerald enclos-

ing the throne of shining gold in the midst of the crystal sea! The storm has disappeared, the winds are mute, the heavens have assumed their deep, solemn azure. Sharp-pointed spears of golden fire come up from the east and dart among and through the translucent warp of that silver bridal veil which covers the mountain-top with its ineffable glories. As the God of Day mounts higher and higher towards his throne, showers of shimmering radiance are scattered in whirling waves over the outstretched arms of the giant oaks and upon the emerald cones of the pines, leaping from branch to branch, until their rays meet and mingle in a crown of corruscating glory. And then, in a maze of wonder and delight which is almost agony, you feel that you are gazing upon the Crystal Palace of God, whose splendors mortal man may be happy that he can see and live; and that ten thousand polished diamonds, the largest and the brightest that ever glittered in a monarch's diadem, would not compare with the glory which is made manifest in a single tree on that mountain-top "wherewith it is clothed."

ZEBULON B. VANCE.

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## THE GREAT VIRGINIAN.

I HAVE spoken of our hero's character and life, as they attract the admiration of mankind—of the qualities which enemies and friends may venerate alike. It would be unmanly affectation in me to pretend that, here in Maryland, we loved him and remember him chiefly for these. We are proud of the great name—as proud as any—but the household word is dearer far to us. His story and his memory are linked with all the hopes and triumphs, the exultation and despair, which made a century of those four bitter, bloody, torturing years. He was to us the incarnation of his cause—of what was noblest in it, and knightliest, and best. Whatever of perplexity beset his path before he chose it, he knew no doubts when it was chosen. He followed where it led him, knowing no step backward. Along it, through victory and defeat, our sympathies

and prayers went with him. Around him gathered the fresh, valiant manhood of our State, and many a brave young heart that ceased to beat beside him drew him but closer to the bleeding hearts in all our saddened homes. These are the ties that bind him to us. These are the memories that troop around us here to-night—not of the far-off hero, belonging to the world and history—but memories of our hero—ours—the man that wore the gray! Not in the valley where he sleeps, not among the fields he made immortal, lives he, or will he live, in fonder recollection, than where Calvert planted freedom.

“And far and near, through vale and hill,  
Are faces that attest the same;  
The proud heart flashing through the eyes,  
At sound of his loved name.”

And when they tell us, as they do, those wiser, better brethren of ours—and tell the world, to make it history—that this, our Southern civilization, is half barbarism, we may be pardoned if we answer: Behold its product and its representative! “Of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble-bush gather they grapes.” Here is Robert Lee—show us his fellow!

S. T. WALLIS.

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### THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

THE flowers you reared repose in sleep,  
With folded bells where the night-dew weeps.  
And the passing wind like a spirit grieves  
In a gentle dirge through the sighing leaves.  
The sun will kiss the dew from the rose,  
Its crimson petals again unclose,  
And the violet ope the soft blue ray  
Of its modest eye to the gaze of day;  
But when shall the dews and shades that lie  
So cold and damp on thy shrouded eye,  
Be chased from the folded lids, my child,  
And thy glance break forth so sweetly wild?

The fawn, thy partner in sportive play,  
Has ceased his gambols at close of day,  
And his weary limbs are relaxed and free  
In gentle sleep by his favorite tree.  
He will wake ere long, and the rosy dawn  
Will call him forth to the dewy lawn,  
And his sprightly gambols be seen again  
Through the parted boughs and upon the plain;  
But oh, when shall slumber cease to hold  
The limbs that lie so still and cold?  
When wilt thou come with thy tiny feet  
That bounded my glad embrace to meet?

The birds you tended have ceased to sing,  
And shaded their eyes with the velvet wing;  
And, nestled among the leaves of the trees,  
They are rocked to rest by the cool night-breeze.  
The morn will the chains of sleep unbind,  
And spread their plumes to the freshening wind;  
And music from many a warbler's mouth  
Will honey the grove, like the breath of the south;  
But when shall the lips, whose lightest word  
Was sweeter far than the warbling bird,  
Their rich wild strain of melody pour?  
They are mute! they are cold! they will ope no more!

When Heaven's great bell, in a tone sublime,  
Shall sound the knell of departed Time,  
And its echoes pierce, with a voice profound,  
Through the liquid sea and the solid ground,  
Thou wilt wake, my child, from the dreamless sleep  
Whose oblivious dews thy senses steep,  
And then shall the eye, now dim, grow bright  
In the glorious rays of Heaven's own light;  
The limbs that an angel's semblance wore,  
Bloom 'neath living trees on the golden shore;  
And the voice that's hushed, God's praises hymn  
'Mid the bands of the harping seraphim.

The poet and scholar, NATHAN COVINGTON BROOKS, LL. D., was born in Cecil Co., Md., August 12, 1819, and graduated at St. John's College, Annapolis. He entered at once upon his career as a teacher, and has followed it without interruption to the present time. He was Principal of the Baltimore High School, 1839-1848; and President of the Baltimore Female College since 1848. He was the first head of each of these important institutions and gave to each its tone and character. His publications have been numerous and varied. Those by which he is best known are his classical series, growing out of his wants and profession as a teacher. They are the following: *Æneid of Virgil*; *Ovid's Metamorphoses*; *Cæsar's Commentaries*; *Historia Sacra*; *Viri Illustres Americani*; *First Latin Lessons*; *First Greek Lessons*; *Greek Collectanea Evangelica*; *Scripture Manual, containing Religious Exercises for Morning and Evening, for Schools and Families*. While all these books are admirable in design and execution, that which has gained the greatest credit for the richness and variety of its scholarship, and for its abundant helps in the way of illustrations, is his edition of *Ovid*. Besides these works in the line of his profession, Dr. Brooks published in 1865 *A Complete History of the Mexican War*. He has written a good deal of miscellaneous matter, and in 1840 issued a neat volume, *The Literary Amaranth*, a collection of pieces in prose and poetry.—*Hart's American Literature*.

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## VINDICATION OF THE RECONSTRUCTED SOUTH.

MR. PRESIDENT,—I do not propose to reply to the speech just delivered. I am quite willing that it shall go to the country and be its own answer. It was not my purpose originally to participate in this debate, although repeatedly urged to do so by friends around me with whom I am united in sentiment and sympathy of feeling. Fearing that the cause of truth, of justice, and of a distressed people would suffer rather than be benefited when defended by those of my class, against whom there exists in this chamber so much of prejudice and animosity, I felt that my duty to the people I represent required that I should suffer in silence the insults which Senators on the other side of this chamber deemed themselves authorized to utter here. But, sir, when the people of my section are held up to the gaze of the civilized world as murderers, assassins, and semi-barbarians, I feel that further silence will subject them to a more cruel misconstruction than can be extorted from any perversion, however gross and unjust, of my utterances here. And if my voice now betrays, as I fear it does, undue excitement, it is not the excitement of anger, but that of a man



aggrieved at the unjust assaults upon the reputation of his people, conscious that they deserve a vindication which he feels himself inadequate to make.

Sir, I was appalled at the spectacle yesterday presented in this chamber of American Senators—the spectacle of a body of men with a common ancestry, proud of a common history, inheritors of a common birthright of freedom, confronted by a common destiny, seeking to pillory the reputation, the honor, the fair name, and, of consequence, the rights and the liberties of one large section of this country, before the civilized world. To say that I am surprised at such a spectacle would not express my emotion. I am utterly amazed that there should be found in the hearts of men with whom I daily associate in this chamber on terms of pleasant intercourse, so much of hate and vindictiveness and of the spirit of vengeance as has been exhibited in this debate. I was totally unprepared for it; and if to-day I believed that the expressions which I have heard from Senators' lips on this floor reflected the sentiments of the Northern people, I would be overcome with despair, and feel that the time had come for republican government to die. If the utterances which I have heard are indicative of the policy which is in future to be pursued by this powerful Government toward the disarmed people of my section, then, sir, let us have done with this farce of local self-government at once and forever. But I do not believe it. Sir, I do not believe that a majority of the Northern people entertain the sentiments expressed upon this floor. I do not believe that the brave men with whom we were threatened on yesterday, or any considerable portion of them, cherish any such sentiments. I believe that an overwhelming majority of the American people, North and South, East and West, utterly abhor the spirit of animosity, of hate, and oppression manifested in this debate. I believe that the day is coming when this fact will be made manifest. I believe that the movement inaugurated in 1872, under the lead of that large-headed and large-hearted man of New York, intended to destroy this spirit, to produce a better state of feeling between the sections, to enable the people better to know each other, to bring fra-

ternity to the once opposing soldiers, and to inaugurate an era of peace, of good-will, and of law, will go on to its final consummation, in spite of all the efforts to prevent it.

JOHN B. GORDON.

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### ON ELOQUENCE.

**I**N the art of speaking, as in all other arts, a just combination of those qualities necessary to the end proposed is the true rule of taste. Excess is always wrong. Too much ornament is an evil—too little, also. The one may impede the progress of the argument, or divert attention from it, by the introduction of extraneous matter—the other may exhaust attention, or weary by monotony. Elegance is in a just medium. The safer side to err on is that of abundance—as profusion is better than poverty; as it is better to be detained by the beauties of a landscape than by the weariness of the desert.

It is commonly, but mistakenly, supposed that the enforcing of truth is most successfully effected by a cold and formal logic; but the subtilties of dialectics and the forms of logic may play as fantastic tricks with truth as the most potent magic of Fancy. The attempt to apply mathematical precision to moral truth is always a failure, and generally a dangerous one. If man, and especially masses of men, were purely intellectual; then cold reason would alone be influential to convince—but our nature is most complex, and many of the great truths which it most concerns us to know are taught us by our instincts, our sentiments, our impulses, and our passions. Even in regard to the highest and holiest of all truths, to know which concerns us here and hereafter, we are not permitted to approach its investigation in the confidence of proud and erring reason, but are taught to become as little children, before we are worthy to receive it. It is to this complex nature that the speaker addresses himself, and the degrees of power with which all the elements are evoked is the criterion of the orator. His business, to be sure, is to convince, but more to persuade; and most of all, to inspire with noble and generous passions.

It is the cant of criticism, in all ages, to make a distinction between logic and eloquence, and to stigmatize the latter as declamation. Logic ascertains the weight of an argument, Eloquence gives it momentum. The difference is that between the *vis inertia* of a mass of metal, and the same ball hurled from the cannon's mouth. Eloquence is an argument alive and in motion—the statue of Pygmalion, inspired with vitality.

WILLIAM C. PRESTON.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL PRESTON, statesman, was born in Philadelphia, December 27, 1794, while his father, who was a member of Congress from Virginia, was attending a session of that body. He graduated at South Carolina College, read law in Virginia, spent several years in Europe, and attended lectures in the University of Edinburgh. In 1819 he returned to Virginia, and the next year was admitted to the bar. He now settled in South Carolina, and rapidly gained distinction as a public speaker, was sent to the Legislature, and became one of the leaders of the nullification party; in 1836 was elected to the U. S. Senate, but differing from his colleague and his constituents in regard to supporting Van Buren, he resigned and resumed the practice of law. He was President of South Carolina College (1845-51), and established the Columbia Lyceum, giving it his library of 3,000 volumes. His death occurred at Columbia, S. C., May 22, 1860.

## THE DEAD OF MOBILE.

ROBINSON, Lude, Armistead, Summers, Jewett, O'Brien, Kennedy, Drummond, Booth! Friends, brethren, comrades, and countrymen! Shining marks for the arrows of Death! Men who combined, in various degrees and proportions, the knightly virtues of the cavalier with the cultivated tastes of the scholar and the unselfish heroism of the patriot! They were all cut off in the bloom of youth, or the vigor of early manhood; but let us not lament their fate too deeply. They were spared—most of them—the spectacle of a conquered, crushed, and prostrate country; the experience of broken hopes, blighted homes, and shattered fortunes. They have not lived to witness, as we have, the subversion of sound and wholesome social order, and the *inversion* of all correct ideas of truth, honor, loyalty, and duty; to see the lowest of the land in lofty station, and the high-hearted and the faithful trodden in the dust; to learn that success is the test of truth, and *penitence* the fit atone-

ment for failure; that fidelity to the principal is foul treason to the agent; and that loyalty to the mother is rank rebellion against the nurse.

They have not been called—harder and sadder still—to meet, in time of trial, averted looks and cold and formal courtesy from familiar friends in whom they trusted; or to see others, who had bravely borne the perils of fire and sword, yielding to the trials of poverty or the temptations of pelf, and bartering their own glorious birthright and their children's heritage of honor for a platter of dirty pottage! Their memory is not branded with the mockery of *pardon*—pardon for duty faithfully done! No, sir, they have gone, with Sidney Johnston, and Stonewall Jackson, and Polk, and Rhodes, and Hill, and our own Gracie, and a long array of others, to swell the shining host of the UNPARDONED!

W. T. WALTHALL.

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### THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY.

THE knightliest of the knightly race,  
Who, since the days of old,  
Have kept the lamp of chivalry  
Alight in hearts of gold;  
The kindest of the kindly band,  
Who, rarely hating ease,  
Yet rode with Spottswood round the land,  
And Raleigh round the seas:

Who climbed the blue, embattled hills,  
Against uncounted foes,  
And planted there in valleys fair  
The lily and the rose;  
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,  
Whose beauty stars the earth,  
And lights the hearths of happy homes  
With loveliness and worth:

We thought they slept!—the sons who kept  
 The names of noble sires—  
 And slumbered while the darkness crept  
 Around their vigil fires.  
 But still the Golden Horseshoe Knights  
 Their Old Dominion keep,  
 Whose foes have found enchanted ground,  
 But not a knight asleep!

F. O. TICKNOR.

DR. FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR was born in Baldwin Co., Georgia, in 1823, and died in Columbus, Ga., where he had resided for the larger portion of his life, in December, 1874. A scientist of high attainments, and a practical physician trusted and beloved by all who knew him, he devoted his leisure hours to Art, particularly to music and poetry. As a poet, his genius is essentially lyrical. Its originality and fervor are remarkable. It has been well said that "his style is best suited to forceful ballads. Look, for example, at that superb lyric, *The Virginians of the Valley*. Something in the direct, clear-ringing expression of this song reminds us of—

"*Mais quand la pauvre champagne  
 Fut en proie aux étrangers,  
 Lui, bravant tous les dangers,  
 Semblant seul tenir la champagne*"—

"With Ticknor as with Beranger simplicity is strength." How admirably is this illustrated in *Little Griffin*! We pity the person who can peruse it without a certain throbbing at heart, and a moisture in the eyes. Few men of Ticknor's poetical gifts ever existed so careless of what is generally called fame. His noblest productions appeared in obscure local periodicals, and after then being issued thus, he seemed to dismiss them from his mind with a lordly sort of carelessness, which proved how affluent were the man's artistic and imaginative resources.—*Paul H. Hayne*.

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## TAKING LEAVE OF THE SENATE.

**I**RISE, Mr. President, for the purpose of announcing to the Senate that I have satisfactory evidence that the State of Mississippi, by a solemn ordinance of her people in convention assembled, has declared her separation from the United States. Under these circumstances, of course my functions are terminated here. It seems to me proper, however, that I should appear in the Senate to announce that fact to my associates, and I will say but very little more. The occasion does not invite me to go into argument; and my physical condition would not permit me to do so if it were otherwise; and yet it seems to be-

come me to say something on the part of the State I here represent, on an occasion so solemn as this.

It is known to Senators who have served with me here, that I have for many years advocated, as an essential attribute of State sovereignty, the right of a State to secede from the Union. Therefore, if I had not believed there was justifiable cause; if I had thought that Mississippi was acting without sufficient provocation, or without an existing necessity, I should still, under my theory of the Government, because of my allegiance to the State of which I am a citizen, have been bound by her action. I, however, may be permitted to say that I do think she has justifiable cause, and I approve of her act. I conferred with her people before that act was taken, counselled them then that if the state of things which they apprehended should exist when the convention met, they should take the action which they have now adopted.

I hope none who hear me will confound this expression of mine with the advocacy of the right of a State to remain in the Union, and to disregard its constitutional obligations by the nullification of the law. Such is not my theory. Nullification is a remedy which it is sought to apply within the Union, and against the agent of the States. It is only to be justified when the agent has violated his constitutional obligations, and a State, assuming to judge for itself, denies the right of the agent thus to act, and appeals to the other States of the Union for a decision; but when the States themselves, and when the people of the States, have so acted as to convince us that they will not regard our constitutional rights, then, and then for the first time, arises the doctrine of secession in its practical application.

A great man who now reposes with his fathers, and who has been often arraigned for a want of fealty to the Union, advocated the doctrine of nullification, because it preserved the Union. It was because of his deep-seated attachment to the Union, his determination to find some remedy for existing ills short of a severance of the ties which bound South Carolina to the other States, that Mr. Calhoun advocated the doctrine of nullification, which he proclaimed to be peaceful, to be within the

limits of State power, not to disturb the Union, but only to be a means of bringing the agent before the tribunal of the States for their judgment.

Secession belongs to a different class of remedies. It is to be justified upon the basis that the States are sovereign. There was a time when none denied it. I hope the time may come again, when a better comprehension of the theory of our Government, and the inalienable right of the people of the States, will prevent any one from denying that each State is a sovereign, and thus may reclaim the grants which it has made to any agent whomsoever.

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Then Senators, we recur to the compact which binds us together, we recur to the principles upon which our Government was founded; and when you deny to us the right to withdraw from a Government which thus perverted threatens to be destructive of our rights, we but tread in the path of our ancestors when we proclaim our independence, and take the hazard. This is done not in hostility to others, not to injure any section of the country, and not even for our own pecuniary benefit; but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited, and which it is our sacred duty to transmit unshorn to our children.

I find in myself, perhaps, a type of the general feeling of my constituents towards yours. I am sure I feel no hostility to you, Senators from the North. I am sure there is not one of you, whatever sharp discussion there may have been between us, to whom I cannot now say, in the presence of my God, I wish you well; and such, I am sure, is the feeling of the people whom I represent towards those whom you represent. I therefore feel that I but express their desire, when I say I hope, and they hope, for peaceful relations with you, though we must part. They may be mutually beneficial to us in the future, as they have been in the past, if you so will it. The reverse may bring disaster on every portion of the country; and if you will have it thus, we will invoke the God of our fathers, who delivered them from the power of the lion, to protect us from the ravages of the

bear; and thus, putting our trust in God, and in our own firm hearts and strong arms, we will vindicate the right as best we may.

In the course of my service here, associated at different times with a great variety of Senators, I see now around me some with whom I have served long; there have been points of collision, but whatever of offence there has been to me, I leave here; I carry with me no hostile remembrance. Whatever offence I have given which has not been redressed, or for which satisfaction has not been demanded, I have, Senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer you my apology for any pain which, in the heat of discussion, I have inflicted. I go hence unencumbered of the remembrance of any injury received, and having discharged the duty of making the only reparation in my power for any injury offered.

Mr. President and Senators, having made the announcement which the occasion seemed to require, it only remains for me to bid you a final adieu.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, statesman, was born in Christian Co., Ky., in 1808. He graduated at West Point in 1828, and served in the Black Hawk and other Indian wars from 1831 to 1835. Having moved to Mississippi, he was elected to Congress by the Democrats in 1845, but resigned next year and joined Gen. Taylor in Mexico. At the battle of Buena Vista Col. Davis with his regiment of Mississippi Rifles turned the fortunes of the day and saved the army. In 1847 he was appointed to fill a vacancy in U. S. Senate, and the next year elected to the same office. During Pierce's administration he was Secretary of War, and at its close he was returned to the Senate. In February, 1861, he resigned his seat, and was elected Provisional President of the Southern Confederacy; and in November of the same year was elected, under the Constitution adopted, President for a term of six years. His inauguration took place in Richmond, Va., February 22, 1862. Upon the fall of Richmond he retreated southward, was captured in Southern Georgia, confined two years in Fortress Monroe, and finally released without trial. The report, so industriously circulated by Federal writers just after the war, that he was disguised in woman's apparel when captured, has been shown to be utterly false upon the testimony of Col. W. P. Johnston, Ex-Gov. F. R. Lubbock, Hon. John H. Reagan, and other distinguished gentlemen who were members of Mr. Davis' military family and were captured with him. (See *Southern Historical Society Papers, March, 1878*). He has been much maligned by political writers on both sides, but the love, veneration, and confidence of his people have remained unshaken. At present he is engaged in writing a history of his administration, a work which the world is anxiously expecting.



# IS A TURTLE A FISH?

DEBATE IN VIRGINIA HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

**M**R. SPEAKER,—A bill having for its object the marking and specifying the close season for catching and killing turtles and terrapins has just been introduced by the gentleman from Rockbridge, who asks that it be referred to the Committee on Game, of which I have the honor to be chairman. To this disposition of the bill the gentleman from Gloucester demurs, on the ground that as turtles and terrapins are *fish*, and not *game*, it should go to the Committee on Fish and Oysters.

On Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, says the honorable gentleman, turtles and terrapins are frequently captured, many miles out from land, in nets or with hook and line, as all other members of the finny tribe are; and that, therefore, they are fish, and nothing but fish.

Sir, I have the profoundest respect for the gentleman's opinion; as a lawyer he has achieved not only a State but a national reputation, but even I, opposing a pin's point against the shield of Pelides, take issue with him. Sir, I am no lawyer, I don't understand enough of law to keep out of its meshes, but I will answer his sophistries with a few plain, incontrovertible facts, and, as the old saw says, facts are stubborn things.

Is a turtle a fish? I opine not. Down on the old Virginia lowlands of the Potomac River, where I come from, the colored people have dogs trained to hunt turtles when they come up on to the dry land to deposit their eggs, and when they find them they bark as if treeing a squirrel. Now, I ask the House, did any member ever hear of a fish being hunted with dogs?

Who does not know that a turtle has four legs, those legs feet, and those feet are armed with claws, like a cat's, a panther's, or a lion's? Has the gentleman from Gloucester ever seen a fish with talons? I trow not.

It is well known that a turtle can be kept in a cellar for weeks, and even months, without food and water. Can a fish

live without water? Why sir, it has grown into a proverb that it cannot. And yet the gentleman says a turtle is a fish!

Do we not all know that you may cut off a turtle's head, and that he won't die until the sun goes down? Suppose now a modern Joshua should point his sword—which is as potent as Ithuriel's spear—at the sun and command it to stand still in the heavens; why, Mr. Speaker, the turtle would live a thousand years with its head off.—And yet the gentleman says a turtle is a fish.

Æsop tells the fable of the race between the tortoise and the hare, and we are left to believe that it took place on dry land—the author nowhere intimating that it was a swimming match. Did the gentleman from Gloucester ever hear of a fish running a quarter stretch and coming out winner of the silver cup?

I read but a short time ago, Mr. Speaker, of a man who had a lion, which, he offered to bet, could whip any living thing. The challenge was accepted and the money put up. A snapping turtle was then produced, which conquered the lordly king of beasts at the first bite. Can the gentleman from Gloucester bring any fish from York River to do the same?

Again, a turtle has a tail; now, what nature intended him to do with that caudal appendage, I cannot divine. He does not use it like our Darwinian ancestors, the monkeys, who swing themselves from the trees by their tails; nor like a cow or mule, as a brush in fly-time; nor yet as our household pet, the dog, who wags a welcome to us with his; nor, finally, does he use it to swim with. And, sir, if the gentleman from Gloucester ever saw a fish who *didn't* use his tail to swim with, then he has discovered a new and most wonderful variety.

Mr. Speaker, I will not take up more of the valuable time of the House by further discussion of this vexed question. I will have only one more shot at the gentleman,—to prove to him that the turtle is the oldest inhabitant of the earth. Last summer, sir, I was away up in the mountains of Giles County, some two hundred miles from the ocean. One day, sauntering leisurely up the mountain road, I found a land tortoise or turtle, and picking him up, I saw some quaint and curious characters en-

graved in the horny shell on his back. Through lapse of time the letters were nearly illegible, but, by dint of persevering efforts, I deciphered the inscription, and read—

ADAM. PARADISE. YEAR ONE.

Mr. Speaker, I have done. If I have not convinced every member on this floor, except the gentleman from Gloucester, that a turtle is not a fish, then I appeal to the wisdom of this House to tell me what in the name of common sense it is!

ALEXANDER HUNTER.

IN THE LAND WHERE WE WERE DREAMING.

FAIR were our visions! Oh, they were as grand  
 As ever floated out of Faërie land;  
 Children were we in single faith,  
 But Godlike children, whom nor death,  
 Nor threat, nor danger drove from Honor's path,  
 In the land where we were dreaming.

Proud were our men, as pride of birth could render;  
 As violets, our women pure and tender;  
 And when they spoke, their voice did thrill,  
 Until at eve, the whip-poor-will,  
 At morn the mocking-bird, were mute and still  
 In the land where we were dreaming.

And we had graves that covered more of glory  
 Than ever tracked tradition's ancient story;  
 And in our dream we wove the thread  
 Of principles for which had bled  
 And suffered long our own immortal dead,  
 In the land where we were dreaming.

Though in our land we had both bond and free,  
 Both were content; and so God let them be;—

Till envy coveted our land  
And those fair fields our valor won:  
But little recked we, for we still slept on,  
In the land where we were dreaming.

Our sleep grew troubled and our dreams grew wild,  
Red meteors flashed across our heaven's field;  
Crimson the moon; between the Twins  
Barbed arrows fly; and then begins  
Such strife as when disorder's Chaos reigns,  
In the land where we were dreaming.

Down from her sunlit heights smiled Liberty,  
And waved her cap in sign of Victory—  
The world approved, and everywhere  
Except where growled the Russian bear,  
The good, the brave, the just gave us their prayer  
In the land where we were dreaming.

We fancied that a Government was ours—  
We challenged place among the world's great powers;  
We talked in sleep of Rank, Commission,  
Until so lifelike grew our vision,  
That he who dared to doubt but met derision  
In the land where we were dreaming.

We looked on high: a banner there was seen,  
Whose field was blanched and spotless in its sheen—  
Chivalry's cross its Union bears,  
And vet'rans swearing by their scars  
Vowed they would bear it through a hundred wars  
In the land where we were dreaming.

A hero came amongst us as we slept;  
At first he lowly knelt—then rose and wept;  
Then gathering up a thousand spears  
He swept across the field of Mars ;

Then bowed farewell and walked beyond the stars—  
In the land where we were dreaming.

We looked again: another figure still  
Gave hope, and nerved each individual will—  
Full of grandeur, clothed with power,  
Self-poised, erect, he ruled the hour  
With stern, majestic sway—of strength a tower  
In the land where we were dreaming.

As, while great Jove, in bronze, a warder God,  
Gazed eastward from the Forum where he stood,  
Rome felt herself secure and free,  
So, "Richmond's safe," we said, while we  
Beheld a bronzed Hero—Godlike Lee,  
In the land where we were dreaming.

As wakes the soldier when the alarum calls—  
As wakes the mother when the infant falls—  
As starts the traveller when around  
His sleeping couch the fire-bells sound—  
So woke our nation with a single bound,  
In the land where we were dreaming.

Woe! woe is me! the startled mother cried—  
While we have slept our noble sons have died!  
Woe! woe is me! how strange and sad,  
That all our glorious vision's fled  
And left us nothing real but the dead  
In the land where we were dreaming.

And are they really dead, our martyred slain?  
No! dreamers! morn shall bid them rise again  
From every vale—from every height  
On which they *seemed* to die for right—  
Their gallant spirits shall renew the fight  
In the land where we were dreaming.

## MODERN PROGRESS IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

**I**N physical science man is to-day solving the secrets of Nature, and at his command—the wave of the magic wand of the modern enchanter, and the “open sesame” of his efforts—Nature opens up her depths and yields her treasure to his comfort and his happiness. A vast army of workers are moving on the yet unconquered strongholds of the material world, investing the very citadel of Nature. That which they have done is but an earnest of what they will do. Theirs has been a mighty work, if we look at it only in its results. It has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendor of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the recesses of the earth. It has tunnelled great mountains, made the sea a bed for an electric bond of continents, turned the course of rivers, reclaimed vast regions from Nature's waste, and made them a habitation for man; made the storm and whirlwind a matter of foreknowledge, and the human voice audible in tone and accent in other lands, preserving it for other times. “These are but a part of its fruits, and of its first fruits. For it is an activity which never rests, which has never attained its end, which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting-post to-morrow.”

And more than all, it has revealed the grandeur and order and beauty of that wonderful creation, the material Universe,

has dispelled the superstition and awe in which Nature's forces and processes were held, and revealed them as the beneficent outflowing of Divine goodness, intended neither to baffle man in the sphere of conduct nor confound him in the region of belief, capable of being made the benign instruments of intelligent will and the servants of enlightened conscience.

J. P. K. BRYAN.

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### TRUE GREATNESS IN A PEOPLE.

**U**TILITARIANISM and political economy may be useful in developing the physical resources of a people, but if we wish to develop those qualities, those principles, those ideas, those thoughts that kindle and glow through the pages of history, we must cultivate poetry, arms, and eloquence. No people ever were a great people unless they were heroic—no people ever were a great people unless they had noble principles and commanding ideas. It was Greek philosophy and Greek poetry, so rich, so rare, so natural, that first gave those burning thoughts and ideas to the world which have kindled with enthusiasm the heart of man in every age and in every country. It was the *sacred light* of the vestal virgins to guide the worshippers of mind through the trackless ages of darkness. These ideas and these thoughts were like the rays of the sun falling through the crevices of a dungeon to light the eye and warm the heart of man, chained down as he was in the great charnel-house of corruption and barbarism for centuries.

And so in politics and government, it was Jewish laws in their Pentateuch, and Jewish institutions, that first laid the foundations upon which all permanent civilization has been built—foundations which will defy forever the sweeping whirlwind of time itself. And this it is that has made them a master race of the earth. The Romans gave us the wise and broad principles of the civil law, which has produced a profound effect upon the civilization of modern times. And the Pandects of Justinian, with the Institutes by Tribonian, will live long after the

triumphs of their Cæsars are forgotten. And so in like manner the English, with their Norman blood, have given us the expansive common law, with their Magna Charta, which have developed personal rights and defined individual liberty as was never done before; and through this they have made their impress upon future ages, which will last long after Britannia's "march o'er the mountain wave" has passed from the memory of man.

And so, also, if we are to be remembered in after times, it will be through our national declaration of political rights and our Constitution, which will be to the separate and local rights of independent communities what the common law of England has been to the separate rights of individuals. But we must remember that a great charta defining liberty, if suffered to die from the imbecility of a degenerate race, will be but a standing monument of a purer and better, by which to measure our own deep degradation and infamy.

F. W. PICKENS.

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#### O'HARA'S BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

THE artistic execution of *The Bivouac of the Dead* is almost faultless; but it is when we look at it in the light of those higher qualities which constitute the excellence of all true poetry that we fully comprehend its merit and power. In the perfect harmony of the spirit and tone of his verse with his theme; in the perfect adaptation of his style to his subject, and in the moving and solemn accord of the measure of his own spirit with that of his verse, these lines of O'Hara are unsurpassed. The soul of the writer moves and sings with the soul of his subject. Indeed, he times his verse not only to the martial measure, but to the solemn spirit-tread with which we would imagine his fellow-heroes to march "o'er Fame's eternal camping ground." The heroic yet mournful and mysterious beating of the feet of the song seems the same as that of "Glory," as "with solemn round" she "guards"—

"The bivouac of the dead."



In this perfect harmony of spirit, style, and subject, and in this tuneful accord of the spirit of the writer with that of his theme, this piece is fully equal to Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*. But there is a second quality in which it far surpasses that moral-heroic production, and it consists in that power peculiar to some poets of reaching out and touching the borders of the unseen. This quality is developed by Longfellow in those more than beautiful lines, *The Footsteps of the Angels*; but in this O'Hara far transcends him. Longfellow invokes the dwellers of the spirit-realm into our homes and "lays their angel hands in ours"; but, moved by the breath of eternal song, the blossoms of O'Hara's soul not only bend and blow toward that mystic and shadowy land, but he visits himself the dwelling-place of spirits, lives and moves among their shining legions, and opens to us the gates of the unseen world, that we too may look again upon those once familiar "proud forms" and "pluméd heads." This is the difference which exists between the heroic and the tender, and this gives to *The Bivouac of the Dead* its solemn majesty and sublime beauty.

This poem possesses a touch of another quality which gives to poetry its loftiest elevation. It is not outwardly developed by any word or figure, but in the first few stanzas of the ode a sympathetic reader will find himself inhaling that peculiar, sad, and solemn atmosphere of prophecy which most strangely and mournfully hangs about the spirits of some of the gifted of earth. The nature of the soul and song of the writer seems to be attuned so exactly to that of the departed heroes of whom he sings, that behind the martial measure of his verse there seems to move a muffled fate which whispers that their home will soon be his. The combination which this production contains of spirit-reach and spirit-prescience is the highest, strangest, and most solemn gift a poet may possess. Genius has truly breathed immortal life into these lines, and they will live when many of the fading, dying things that now are seen in American literature shall have passed away forever.

G. W. RANCK.

G. W. RANCK, author, was born in Kentucky, of Huguenot blood, and received a finished education. He was Professor in Kentucky University; editor of *Lexington*

*Observer and Reporter*; but is best known from his works, *History of Lexington*, and *O'Hara and His Elegies*, which have been most favorably received by the critics and the reading public. Mr Ranck resides at Lexington, Ky.

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### THE STARS AND STRIPES.

MY FELLOW-CITIZENS, it is with no ordinary pride that I, who have opposed all these sectional parties, can stand here in the city of Atlanta, in the very centre of all our sorrows, and raise my voice, fearing no successful contradiction when I affirm, *that the Union never made war upon the South*. It was not the Union, my countrymen, that slew your children; it was not the Union that burned your cities; it was not the Union that laid waste your country, invaded your homes, and mocked at your calamity; it was not the Union that reconstructed your States; it was not the Union that disfranchised intelligent citizens and denied them participation in their own governments. No, no! Charge not these wrongs upon the Union of your fathers. Every one of these wrongs was inflicted by a diabolical *sectionalism*, in the very teeth of every principle of the American Union. So, equally, I say *the South never made war upon the Union*. There has never been an hour when nine out of ten of us would not have given our lives for this Union. We did not leave that Union because we were dissatisfied with it; we did not leave the Union to make war on it—we left the Union because a sectional party had seized it, and we hoped thereby to avoid a conflict. But if war must come, we intended to fight a sectional party, and not the Union. Therefore, the late war, with all its disastrous consequences, is the direct result of sectionalism in the North and of sectionalism in the South, and none, I repeat, of these disasters are chargeable on the Union.

When unimpassioned reason shall review our past, there is no subject in all our history on which our American statesmanship, North and South, will be adjudged to have been so unwise, so imbecile, and so utterly deficient, as on that one subject which stimulated these sectional parties into existence.

There was nothing in slavery which could justify the North in forming a sectional party to cripple or destroy it, and there was nothing in slavery which could justify the South in leaving the Union to maintain it. There was no right in freedom contrary to the Constitution, and there was no safety for slavery out of the Union. The whole African race, whether slaves or free, were not worth the American Union. One hour of the American Union has done more for human progress than all the governments formed by the negro race in six thousand years! And the dear, noble boys of the white race, North and South, who fell in the late war, slaying each other for the negro, were worth more to civilization and human happiness than the whole African race of the world!

We will do justice to the colored man. We are under the very highest obligations of a brave manhood to do justice to the negro. He is not our equal. He is in our power, and cowardice takes no meaner shape than when power oppresses weakness. But, in the name of civilization, in the name of our fathers, in the name of forty millions of living whites, and of hundreds of millions of their coming children; in the name of every principle represented by that banner above us, I do protest to-day that there is nothing in statesmanship, nothing in philanthropy, and nothing in patriotism, which can justify the peril or destruction of the rights and liberties of the white race in crazy wranglings over the rights and liberties of the black race. We have shed more white blood and wasted more white treasure in four years over the liberties of the negro in these States, than the entire negro race of the world have shed and wasted for their own liberties in all the ages of the world! And all at the bidding of sectional demagogues who still cry for more!

We have buried, widowed, and orphaned one white person for every colored person, old and young, male and female, in America; and yet there are hundreds of demagogues now haranguing the honest, deluded masses of the North, seeking to keep themselves in power, by keeping alive the passions of sectional hate, at the hazard of every right and of every liberty

intended to be preserved and protected by our American Union! God of our fathers! how long, oh, how long shall this madness continue, and successfully usurp the places, to disgrace the functions, of elevated statesmanship?

Above all the din of these sectional quarrellings, I would raise my voice, and proclaim to all our people, that there is no right or liberty for any race of any color in America, save in the preservation of that great American Union according to the principles symbolized by that flag. Destroy the General Government, and the States will rush into anarchy. Destroy the States, and we will all rush into despotism and slavery. Preserve the General Government; preserve the States; and preserve both, by keeping each untrammelled in its appropriate sphere, and we shall preserve the rights and liberties of all sections and of all races for all time.

My countrymen, have you studied this wonderful American system of free government? Have you compared it with former systems, and noted how our forefathers sought to avoid their defects? Let me commend this study to every American citizen to-day. To him who loves liberty, it is more enchanting than romance, more bewitching than love, and more elevating than any other science. Our fathers adopted this plan, with improvements in the details which cannot be found in any other system. With what a noble impulse of patriotism they came together from different States, and joined their counsels to perfect this system, thenceforward to be known as the "American System of Free Constitutional Government"! The snows that fall on Mount Washington are not purer than the motives which begot it. The fresh dew-laden zephyrs from the orange groves of the South are not sweeter than the hopes its advent inspired. The flight of our own symbolic eagle, though he blow his breath on the sun, cannot be higher than its expected destiny. Have the motives which so inspired our fathers become all corrupt in their children? Are the hopes that sustained them all poisoned in us? Is that high expected destiny all eclipsed, and before its noon?

No, no, forever no! Patriots North, patriots South, patriots

everywhere! let us hallow this year of Jubilee by burying all our sectional animosities. Let us close our ears to the men and the parties that teach us to hate each other!

Raise high that flag of our fathers! Let Southern breezes kiss it! Let Southern skies reflect it! Southern patriots will love it; Southern sons will defend it, and Southern heroes will die for it! And as its folds unfurl beneath the heavens, let our voices unite and swell the loud invocation: Flag of our Union! Wave on! wave ever! But wave over freemen, not over subjects! Wave over States, not over provinces! And now let the voices of patriots from the North, and from the East, and from the West, join our voices from the South, and send to heaven one universal according chorus: Wave on, flag of our fathers! Wave forever! But wave over a Union of equals, not over a despotism of lords and vassals; over a land of law, of liberty and peace, and not of anarchy, oppression, and strife!

B. H. HILL.

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### A CRY TO ARMS.

**H**O! woodsmen of the mountain side!  
Ho! dwellers in the vales!  
Ho! ye who by the chafing tide  
Have roughened in the gales!  
Leave barn and byre, leave kin and cot,  
Lay by the bloodless spade;  
Let desk, and case, and counter rot,  
And burn your books of trade.  
  
The despot roves your fairest lands;  
And till he flies or fears,  
Your fields must grow but armed bands,  
Your sheaves be sheaves of spears!  
Give up to mildew and to rust  
The useless tools of gain,  
And feed your country's sacred dust  
With floods of crimson rain!

Come with the weapons at your call—  
With musket, pike, or knife;  
He wields the deadliest blade of all  
Who lightest holds his life.  
The arm that drives its unbought blows  
With all a patriot's scorn,  
Might brain a tyrant with a rose,  
Or stab him with a thorn.

Does any falter? let him turn,  
To some brave maiden's eyes,  
And catch the holy fires that burn  
In those sublunar skies.  
Oh! could you like your women feel,  
And in their spirit march,  
A day might see your lines of steel  
Beneath the victor's arch.

What hope, O God! would not grow warm,  
When thoughts like these give cheer?  
The Lily calmly braves the storm,  
And shall the Palm-tree fear?  
No! rather let its branches court  
The rack that sweeps the plain;  
And from the Lily's regal port  
Learn how to breast the strain.

Ho! woodsmen of the mountain side!  
Ho! dwellers in the vales!  
Ho! ye who by the roaring tide  
Have roughened in the gales!  
Come! flocking gayly to the fight,  
From forest, hill, and lake;  
We battle for our country's right,  
And for the Lily's sake!

HENRY TIMROD.

## THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

FAR gazing down the vista of the past,  
I view a rude house by a lofty hill;  
'Tis many lustres since I saw it last,  
But all its busy scenes are present still;  
The hill I spake of seemed to me so vast,  
It soared in awful majesty, until  
Its summit pierced the clouds, then mounting high  
Made boldly for the clearer upper sky.

In Winter, round its venerable head  
It wrapped a mantle of the purest snow,  
From which I darted on my rustic sled,  
Like thundering *lawwine* to the vale below—  
Swift as an arrow from a cross-bow sped,  
To mount again, with weary steps and slow;  
But felt, with all my toils, as keen a pleasure  
As misers, when they hug their hoarded treasure.

In Summer, round its ancient, shaggy brows,  
An emerald fillet ran, divinely fair,  
Where you might see the milk-white cattle browse,  
So high, they seemed suspended in the air;  
Too steep for villa, country-seat, or house,  
I oft repaired in boyish rapture there,  
To cull the crocus, and the orchis flowers,  
To deck my youthful sweetheart's sylvan bowers.

Yes, sweetheart! for I had my boyish loves—  
What schoolboy has not?—and they were as deep,  
Sincere, and constant, as the god that moves  
Our stern hearts later, when the passions sleep.  
'Tis pity that our young affection proves  
So fleeting! we can see no more such groves,  
Such nymphs, such bowers, such happy moments when  
We learn to vote, and write ourselves as men.

Who would not be a careless boy once more,  
 With uncombed locks, torn hat, and flashing eye;  
 To chase the butterflies and curlews o'er  
 The blossomed heath, and never know a sigh,  
 Or care?—methinks the meretricious store  
 Of manhood's joys in flavor cannot vie—  
 No! they're insipid, dull, compared with this,  
 Our boyhood's innocent and headlong bliss.

The trees are greener then; the sky more near;  
 The flowers more sweet; the landscape far more gay;  
 The rills make softer music to the ear,  
 And scantier clouds obscure the face of day:  
 The rainbow, that so sweetly spans the sphere,  
 Will shed its hues; the sun withdraw its ray,  
 That made earth lovely, while our hearts wax cold—  
 I would to Heaven we never could grow old.

W. C. RICHARDSON.

W. C. RICHARDSON, Adjunct Professor of English in the University of Alabama, was born in Kentucky in 1823, and removed to Alabama in 1839. He early wrote effusions in prose and verse, which were published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* and other periodicals. He is the author of a poetical romaunt, entitled *Gaspar*, which has been praised by William Cullen Bryant. At the instance of the Alabama Historical Society, he is now engaged in writing an Epic on the Fall of the Alamo.

### EULOGY ON JOHN C. CALHOUN.

THE great statesman of an enlightened republic, who, in his different relations to the State, is both ruler and subject, the administrator and the object of the laws, bears pre-eminently the sacred palladium of law and justice in his own bosom, as the protection of the rights of others, and as the security of his own fidelity to legal authority. Reverencing those virtues in the Divine Being, who is at once their fountain and perfection, he is filled with their full dignity. And imbued with a sense of dependence upon God—recognizing Him as the



Arbitrar of Nations, who establishes and destroys—possessing a solemn consciousness of accountability to a Judge of unerring equity—he is immeasurably elevated above the corrupt influence of the seducing demagogue, the temptations of faction, the forgetfulness of duty, and the lure of false ambition. Just and virtuous in every relation of life, he fulfils the description which was given of one of the noblest citizens, “that he lived for his family as if he had no friends; for his friends as if he had no country; and for his country as if he possessed no friends.” No plausible expediency ever deludes him from inflexible principle. No party support or clamor ever blinds him to sacred justice. No worldly ambition ever deflects him from righteous duty. Knowing that the glory and safety of the republic lie in peace and in the virtue of her citizens, he seeks to promote every measure which can foster the arts of the one, and enlighten, elevate, and purify the other. And affording in his own person the highest example of his principles—bearing in his own bosom the conscious dignity of his membership in a free commonwealth—exerting his final energies and raising his last voice in behalf of the country which he has served so well—he will be able, even amidst lowering storms, calmly to commit his character to posterity, and his soul to that Providence in whom he maintained unshaken confidence to the last. His country will verify the wisdom of his policy; she will crown his name with imperishable glory; she will soothe the grief of his widow and children with her tears of unfeigned sympathy; and she will lead her young citizens to adorn his grave, and to kindle at the dear and hallowed spot, as at an altar of liberty, the spirit of all that can ennoble the freeman and the citizen.

Shall we ever behold the living embodiment of such a statesman? The universal voice of the Commonwealth—the homage which we are now paying to an illustrious name—the revered dust which lies before us—all proclaim that the character is real; that the man has passed forever from among us!

JAMES W. MILES.

## PROFESSORS AND BOOKS.

THERE are two things with which you will have much, nay, almost everything to do at college: *Professors* and *Books*; both excellent things, each in its way. You hardly realize how true a friend is the Professor; how noble his calling; how beneficent and munificent his offices! The relation between Professor and Student should be of the most kindly character, and the intercourse easy and familiar as perfect respect will allow, no dry formalism, no rigidity of manner, no constrained proprieties on either side; but, on both sides, whatever is cordial, genial, and sympathizing;—on the part of the *Professor*, a genuine enthusiasm in unfolding the treasures of his lore, in encouraging the early sallies of youthful intellectual enterprise, and in impressing upon the rich and heaven-born mould in his hands a deep sense of the excellence of knowledge, and of all that is elevating and beautiful in virtue; and on the part of the *Student*, an exhibition of grateful recognition of benefits confessed, and of reverence for the great and ennobling vocation, which, while it imports in the Teacher rich and abundant stores of learning, makes it his chosen duty and highest pleasure to pour them out without stint or measure, in fructifying streams like the dews and rains from Heaven, upon the young, tender, and impressible natures,—natures of immortal aspiration and destiny,—that are so trustingly committed to his care.

Books are the most charming and steadfast of friends, so silent, so unexact, so satisfying. You may carry them with you through life without the least fear of ever falling out by the way. In health or sickness, in prosperous or adverse fortune, they are always the same, never seeking you, never avoiding you, never turning upon you a cold, covetous, or reproachful eye; but always at your beck and call, wearing the same benignant look, and speaking sweet words of counsel or comfort. In them you commune with the wise and good of all countries and ages, and are admitted to the company, and made familiar with the thoughts and feelings of the great and gifted ones, to

whom has been vouchsafed the faculty divine to kindle hope, and strengthen faith, and stir the infinite in the soul of man! Honest friends and faithful counsellors! They oftentimes express words of warning as well as words of cheer, but no sigh of weariness, no sound of complaint, has ever been heard to issue from their lips!

W. D. PORTER.

### IN FAVOR OF PEACE AND RECOGNITION.

**M**R. SPEAKER,—We are told that the Almighty fixes the boundaries of nations; that the rock-ribbed mountains and the flowing rivers are the eternal ligaments, that, binding men together in one Union, mark the limits of political States, and which, being the work of His hands, we must not presumptuously venture to disturb; that geography and the physical things of the earth, and not its peoples, are the subjects of government.

This, sir, is a beautiful theory, and admirable for its moral design, but the history of man and his governments from the beginning of the world refutes it.

“What constitutes a State?  
 Not high-raised battlements or labor'd mound,  
 Thick wall or moated gate;  
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd;  
 Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,  
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
 Nor starr'd and spangled courts,  
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfumes to pride—  
 No! men, high-minded men,

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Men who their duties know,  
 But know their rights; and knowing, dare maintain,  
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
 And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain—  
 These constitute a State.”

Mr. Speaker, I do not propose to enter further into this inquiry than to point to the records geography herself unfolds

all round the world, to overthrow this assumed power. I do not venture to deny the influence that the laws of nature exert in fixing the boundaries of nations; but, sir, I dispute their presiding power. The limits that separated our colonies, the pride and dominion of State power, and even the now-warring spirit of secession, are but so many proofs that the reformed institutions we have attempted to establish in this New World of ours can find no preserving aid in the physical plans of our Creator.

However pleasing to our hopes, or soothing to our anxieties, we must dismiss these delusive ideas. Our honorable love of empire, or of union, must yield to the nature of men, and, until we can alter it, be contented to find the jurisdictions, at least of free government, in those boundaries his consent or his passions have fixed.

Can all the rain that falls upon the Alleghany's sides; can the swift torrents, or the tides that swell the banks of the Potomac, or Rappahannock, or Cumberland, or Mississippi, wash away from kindred hearts the memories of the precious blood this cruel war has shed? Can mountains hide from sorrowing eyes those graveyard highways that stretch across the land—

"Where every turf beneath the feet  
Hath been a soldier's sepulchre?"

or rivers sink beneath their beds the whitened bones that choke their channels up? Can the agony of the broken heart be cured? Can flaming anger, hate, revenge, be soothed; or pride, ambition, glory, all subdued? No, Mr. Speaker; you may subjugate, exterminate the Southern people, but until you can tear out each living heart and throw it to the dogs of war, you can never reunite them with you in a political union.

Sir, the question now before us is between separation and subjugation. Let us not deceive ourselves. We must choose between these fearful alternatives, and take the olive branch, or closer clutch the sword. I have made, sir, my choice, and intend to abide its issue. As I have from the first, so I will to the last, stand by the side of peace and constitutional liberty.

Rather than the havoc of this desolating war with its appalling effects shall be longer continued, I would prefer to see the Union, the States, counties, cities, and towns, with their governments all separated and dissolved, if peacefully, into the elements of society or of nature; and trust to find in the wants of my fellow-men, undebauched by the lawlessness of war, yet purified by the adversity of their failure, the principles and motives of a more harmonious reconstruction of government. Rather than meet the anarchy or despotism, or both, that are now so surely approaching us in the background of this fraternal strife to destroy the few remaining sanctions of our Constitution, and sink every hope of any union and all free government, I, for one, would at once stop this war, and, RECOGNIZING THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES, restore peace, prosperity, and happiness; and then try, in an earnest spirit of conciliation and honorable compromise, to regain all that may be practicable. The patriotism and valor of our countrymen has been vindicated; and where duty has been honorably discharged, no censures can justly rest upon either errors or misfortunes.

To conclude, sir, let me repeat that if I am to be forced to lose either, I prefer to save the Constitution of my country at the expense of parting from the seceded States.

"Patria cara, carior Libertas."

HENRY MAY.

HENRY MAY was born in the District of Columbia, February 13, 1817, and educated in Washington; passed the bar in Boone Co., Ky., in 1836, and removed to Baltimore in 1849; in 1854 was elected to the U. S. House of Representatives,—and again in 1861; in September, 1861, he was arbitrarily arrested and imprisoned, by order of the Federal Executive, at the same time with the Democratic members of the Maryland Legislature, and other citizens. After his return from Fort Lafayette he resumed the discharge of his Congressional duties, which he continued until the expiration of his term, though exposed to the obloquy and outrage which at that time sought to stifle all independence of opinion or expression. At the beginning of the war, Mr. May obtained a pass from President Lincoln and went to Richmond, in the hope of being instrumental in the cause of peace, but returned unsuccessful, as matters had progressed too far. He died September 25, 1866.

## MUSIC IN CAMP.

TWO armies covered hill and plain,  
Where Rappahannock's waters  
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain  
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents  
In meads of heavenly azure;  
And each dread gun of the elements  
Slept in its high embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made  
No forest leaf to quiver,  
And the smoke of the random cannonade  
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down  
With cannon grimly planted,  
O'er listless camp and silent town  
The golden sunset slanted;

When on the fervid air there came  
A strain, now rich, now tender,  
The music seemed itself aflame  
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn  
Played measures brave and nimble,  
Had just struck up with flute and horn  
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,  
Till, margined by its pebbles,  
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"  
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band  
With movement light and tricky,

Made stream and forest, hill and strand,  
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,  
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,  
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow  
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again  
The trumpet pealed sonorous,  
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain  
'To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew  
To kiss the shining pebbles—  
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue  
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang  
Above the stormy riot;  
No shout upon the evening rang—  
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood  
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles:  
All silent now the Yankees stood,  
All silent stood the Rebels:

No unresponsive soul had heard  
That plaintive note's appealing,  
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred  
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,  
As by the wand of fairy,  
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,  
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies  
Bend in their beauty o'er him:  
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes  
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain  
In April's tearful weather,  
The vision vanished as the strain  
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,  
Expressed in simplest numbers,  
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart—  
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,  
That bright celestial creature,  
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines  
Gave this one touch of nature.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

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#### RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERING POOR OF IRELAND.

EVERY consideration of high moral and political character calls upon us to meet this question in a liberal spirit. There are other incentives almost as strong and as high as those to which I have referred. What will be the influence of such an example? What a spectacle will it be for the people of the world to see one nation holding out her hands full of plenty, and pouring joy and consolation into hearts now sick with sorrow and into desolate and famine-stricken homes! Can you imagine any moral spectacle more sublime than this? Hitherto the hands of the nations have been red with each other's blood; national hearts have been without sympathy and without charity. Thank God, it is not so now. Governments have



been converted to Christianity, and have learned that the great source of human happiness consists in peace and amity among nations. The day is coming when nations will be bound together in a common brotherhood, and war, if not extinguished and forgotten, will be less frequent, and will only arise from overwhelming necessity.

There is nothing more noble than to give, to the extent of our ability, both food and raiment to the naked and the hungry. We should be proud of the opportunity. The people everywhere are moved to act generously. From Boston to New Orleans, the heart of the nation is alive and panting with the spirit of charity. The villages emulate the cities in the exhibition of the noblest sympathy with the sufferers. In giving this national bounty, we but follow the impulses of the national heart; we act within the pale of our duty when we undertake this great work; we can do what individual charity cannot do. I would not give the national reputation of such an act for ten times the appropriation proposed. I would not do this with ostentation, but unobtrusively; I would not herald it with the sound of trumpet, and call the attention of the world to our charities, but I would have it done effectively. I have introduced a clause to authorize the President to send out a national vessel under a national flag to the British Government, carrying the national contribution, a present from the government of a people rejoicing in plenty to another government, whose people are suffering from a national calamity.

What a glorious spectacle to see these floating instruments of death,—their decks no longer frowning with implements of destruction, but wafting substantial evidences of a nation's good will to the afflicted! Such exhibitions would mark the onward march of benevolent civilization, brighten the intercourse between nations, and speak the longing aspirations of the people of all climes for the advent of a holier and happier day. Yes, sir, I would have this offering of our sympathy and fraternal feelings for the generous sons of Erin and Scotia borne to them under our national flag; I would have all the world honor and love and welcome that flag, not only as it is now known, as the

flag of valor, but I would broaden its stripes and brighten its stars by making it the welcome messenger of generosity and humanity.

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.

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### GREEN MOUNT CEMETERY.

HOW beautiful this marbled solitude,  
Where trees and polished shafts alternate rise;  
Those garb'd by Nature with her leafy brood,  
These with the sculptor's wreath that never dies.  
But vainly the artist with his mistress vies,  
For when her summon'd breezes, soft and light,  
Give graceful movement and harmonious sighs  
To every bough, how stiffly his seem dight!  
'Tis then her ever-green most shames his ever-white.

Yet is their blending here most fit; the one  
An emblem of the hope which mocks at death,—  
This of some spotless spirit homeward flown,—  
Both, of the immortality of faith.  
But lo! the evening's cool, balm-freighted breath  
Lures many a wanderer from yon reeking town.  
How diversely they tread these walks of death;  
Some strut, like fops upon the pavement-stone,  
Sporting their jewell'd staffs, thinking of self alone.

Some leap o'er tombs, expectant of applause;  
Some laugh outright that others e'er should weep;  
Some sit on urns, discuss their neighbor's flaws,  
Or count again their coffer's rising heap,  
Then add to this their cargoes on the deep.  
The lawyer's thoughts seem fix'd on suit or fee,  
The doctor's nod betrays late loss of sleep,  
The priest looks townward oft, and scowls to see  
New fanes there spiring high, not the same faith as he.

Ah me! how sad grief's various shades to mark,  
'Mid jarring bursts of glee. Turn we from these.  
How calm yon diggers of these dungeons dark  
Ply their unenvied trade. How blithe, from trees,  
The mock-bird's notes. How butterflies and bees  
Sip sweets from flowers that in corruption root.

Here graves in every stage the gazer sees:  
Just broke—half dug—one gapes now near my foot,  
Ready to gulp its prey and close its ravening throat.

Fast yon fair city sends her worthiest forms  
To tenant the dark, narrow homes of this.  
Oh, contrast sad! Your guests are here but worms  
Ye hospitable hearts! Take their cold kiss,  
And hail them to this feast—your last, I wis!  
Fair maiden, wake—the gnawing burglar's near—  
Eats through thy door—rouse, or thy charms be his!  
Call to thy neighbor—thou couldst twitch his ear—  
Know'st not thy neighbor? Nay, there are no gossips *here*.

Yes, 'here they dwell; as in yon city erst  
Houses are theirs, and lots, and many a street,  
Through whose dark damp, howe'er, none yet have burst,  
Save reptiles, scenting some new winding-sheet,  
Do thither mole their way with burrowing feet,  
As scavengers in yonder living town  
Throng to remove a nuisance. Ah! I weet  
All traffic's o'er—all pangs, all pleasures gone—  
No love—no bickerings now—no strivings for renown.

'Twere a sweet place to rest, yet holds withal  
Few charms for such as loathe this ceaseless hum,  
This sacrilegious clamor o'er the pall  
By careless crowds. Approach this vaulted tomb  
This neither house nor grave—this dungeon-home—  
How hideously within its iron grate  
Rings each light echo! Rang'd in rows of gloom,

Its marble troughs their destined loads await—  
Some fireside circle gay, as yet unshent by fate.

How can they gaze, nor feel a shuddering chill,  
On such ice-cold receptacles that yawn  
With eager jaws whene'er they wind this hill?  
Away with dreadful vaults! On some gay lawn,  
Far in the country, which the birds of dawn  
Cheer with sweet notes, we'd choose our last, lone sleep;  
Those who most love us may be thither drawn  
From marts and thoroughfares, awhile to weep.  
Who love us not—no need for their intruding step.

G. W. ARCHER.

G. W. ARCHER, M. D., poet and novelist, was born in Harford Co., Md.; he received an academical education, and graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania; lived for next two years in Western Texas, and during the civil war was Surgeon in the Confederate army. Since 1865 he has resided in his native county. He has published: *More than She could Bear, A Story of the Gachupin War in Texas*, Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 1872; and now has ready for the press, *Tales of Texas, and Other Poems*, and a novel, entitled *Golden Nets*.

### TRUE GREATNESS PERFECTED BY UNMERITED MISFORTUNES.

THERE would be little greatness in a world where none could have opportunity given them to die nobly, like Socrates and Sir Thomas More. The world owes most of its illustrious examples to the tyrants, the persecuting churches, and the mob. A great life is imperfect unless it hath a fit ending in a noble death; and to die nobly is more and better than the immortality which by it is best deserved; as that which entitles to the laurel and the crown is ever greater and more excellent than the laurel or crown itself.

And it is the unmerited misfortunes of greatness that most seem to round and perfect it, thus proving to be its good fortune, and commending it to the admiration and remembrance of the world. No one would wish that Aristides should not

have been ostracized, or Belisarius beggared. No Frenchman now would be willing to spare England any part of the shame that she won by imprisoning Napoleon upon a rock, when he appealed and trusted to her magnanimity; nor would his memory be so dear to France, or his greatness be so magnified, if he had not died so. Prometheus chained upon the rock Caucasus was greater in his tortures than Zeus gratified by his agonies. Captivity and chains make those who led a conquered people its immortal martyrs and idols; and the victor confers the greatest favor on the leaders whom he proscribes or disfranchises, as the tyrant makes the patriots immortal whom he murders.

The true value of life consists in the opportunity that it gives us to live well and to die well. All the rest of it we have in common with the animals. There may be not only goodness, but greatness and heroism, in the lowliest stations and the humblest lives; and one may die as nobly in a cottage or a prison as on the fields of battle for glory, or on the scaffold for liberty, or for faith and freedom of conscience. And a life in which one may do great deeds to benefit and bless his fellows, a life that can have so glorious an ending, is more worth, it seems to me, than an immortality in which there can be no self-sacrifice, no heroic endurance of misfortune, no welcoming of death for the sake of Truth and the Right.

ALBERT PIKE.

## EULOGIUM ON ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

**T**O-DAY it was my sad privilege to go to the grave of one of the greatest and best of men—a man whose name was identified with Texas, and whose ashes were brought back to lie in her soil. Great in all the relations of life; tender as a woman, where tenderness was necessary; bold as a lion, when confronted by a foe; wise in all things, with simple knowledge;—with this description, need I say that I refer to Albert Sidney Johnston? He died, as he had lived, a devotee to duty. He

saw a point on the field of battle, which was the key to the enemy's design—which must be carried, and if carried, victory was complete. He rode forward—and then he fell! It was not in the nature of that man of self-devotion and iron nerve to think of self; for as his lifeblood ebbed away, he thought only of duty and where honor called him. Thus he gave his life; and thus he fell in the arms of victory—complete it would have been, could he have lived another half-hour. In that half-hour—I say it without political bearing whatever—if Sidney Johnston's life had been prolonged, Grant would have been *prisoner* before he was *President*.

I have only referred to the last of these heroes—last of the Republic of Texas—that your young men, remembering the long line of heroes from whom they are descended, may not degenerate.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON was born in Mason Co., Ky., in 1803, graduated at West Point 1826, served on frontier and in Black Hawk War until 1834, when he resigned to take part in the Texas Revolution. In 1836 he was Adjutant-General, and soon after succeeded Gen. Felix Huston in command of the Texan army—which led to a duel, in which the former was wounded; was Secretary of War of the Republic of Texas (1838-40), and served in Mexican War as Colonel. Re-entering the U. S. Army he served as Paymaster with rank of Major (1849-55), then promoted Colonel of Cavalry and commanded Department of Texas until 1857, when he was placed in charge of the Utah Expedition, which he conducted with such ability and satisfaction to the Government as to win the brevet of Brigadier-General. In January, 1861, he was placed in command of the Department of the Pacific, but resigned his commission May 3, 1861, offered his services to the Confederacy, was made the ranking general, assigned to the command of the Army of the West, and was killed on the bloody field of Shiloh, April 6, 1862. Many regarded him as the ablest general in the Southern service, and his death was a blow from which the Confederate States never recovered. He was devotedly attached to Texas, and in return was idolized by the people of that State, who, in accordance with his dying wishes, removed his remains, after the war, to Austin, where they were reinterred in the State Cemetery with imposing ceremonies.

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## WE WILL STAND OR FALL WITH CAROLINA.

FELLOW-CITIZENS! This is "our own, our native land!" It is the soil of CAROLINA, which has been enriched by the precious blood of our ancestors, shed in defence of those rights and liberties which we are bound by every tie, divine and

human, to transmit unimpaired to our posterity. It is *here* that we have been cherished in youth and sustained in manhood by the generous confidence of our fellow-citizens; *here* repose the honored bones of our fathers; *here* the eyes of our children first beheld the light, and *here*, when our earthly pilgrimage is over, we hope to sink to rest on the bosom of our common mother! Bound to our country by such sacred and endearing ties—let others desert her, if they can—let them revile her, if they will—let them give aid and countenance to her enemies, if they may—but for us, **WE WILL STAND OR FALL WITH CAROLINA!**

God grant that the wisdom of your councils, sustained by the courage and patriotism of our people, may crown with triumphant success our efforts for the preservation of our liberties. But if, in the inscrutable purposes of an all-wise Providence, it should be otherwise decreed, let us be prepared to do our duty in every emergency.

If assailed by violence from abroad, and deserted by those to whom she has a right to look for support, our beloved State is to be “humbled in dust and ashes,” before the footstool of the oppressor, we shall not rejoice in her humiliation—nor join in the exultation of her enemies—but in adversity, as in prosperity, in weal and in woe, “through good report and evil report,” we will go **FOR SOUTH CAROLINA.**

And now, fellow-citizens, offering up my most fervent prayers to Him in whose hands are the destinies of nations, that He will prosper all your measures, and have your whole country in His holy keeping, I am ready, in the solemn form prescribed by the Constitution, to dedicate myself to the service of the State.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE.

READY FOR DUTY.

**D**AFFY-DOWN-DILLY came up in the cold,  
Through the brown mould;  
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,  
Although the white snow lay in many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly had heard underground  
The swift rushing sound  
Of the streams, as they burst off their white winter chains,  
Of the whistling Spring winds, and the pattering rains.

"Now then," thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,  
"It's time I should start!"  
So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard frozen ground,  
Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her—gray clouds overhead,—  
The trees all looked dead.  
Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt,  
When the sun would not shine and the ice would not melt?

"Cold weather," thought Daffy, still working away:  
"The earth's hard to-day!  
There's but a half-inch of my leaves to be seen,  
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green!

"I can't do much yet, but I'll do what I can,—  
It's well I began!  
For unless I can manage to lift up my head,  
The people will think that the Spring herself's dead!"

So little by little she brought her leaves out,  
All clustered about;  
And then her bright flowers began to unfold,  
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly! so brave and so true!  
I wish all were like you!  
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,  
And holding forth courage and beauty together.



## THERE IS NO CONQUEROR BUT GOD.

**W**HEN the green sward of Spring was breaking in the present year over hill and valley; when the tendrils of the vine were stretching over the deep moats, and climbing the ramparts, which still scar the battle-worn land; when the forest was again waving its green leaves over bygone scenes of conflict, and the flowers of May were shedding their fragrance upon the breeze so lately "loaded with the death-smell from fields wet with brothers' blood," a scene was witnessed in this land of ours over which the stars of the morning might have sung together. To the humble graves that held the dust of the brave soldiers who fell under the Southern Cross and under the flag of the Stars and Stripes came the noble sons and daughters of the conquering and the conquered land, and on each grave was reverently laid the flowery tribute which nature had woven and gentle hands had gleaned, to bestow upon the brave who fell before the Conqueror of us all.

Oh! Statecraft, greater is this lesson than any which man hath writ. Oh! Builder of Empire, here is "that one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." These are the things not named in statutes; but these are the things that make nations great. But yesterday the mighty North conquered the form of the feeble South. For more than a score of years she has not known wisdom; and perhaps we are not guiltless. But now the conquerors of the soul are moving. Faith at last begins to pierce with its Ithuriel spear the clouds of force, and the Heavens are flushed with the promise of a serene and benignant day.

By many a fireside of the conquering North, where prejudice has darkened, hate rankled, and vindictive passion overflowed the intuitions of better nature, the truth is shining, kindness is growing, confiding faith is taking deep and sturdy root.

In many a stricken home of the conquered South, where sore bereavement and aching wounds have bowed the heart in sorrow, and keen resentment has stirred the blood with vengeful

thought, the balm of hope is soothing pain, and quickened magnanimity is opening wide its responsive arms.

From these the conquerors of the soul are coming—from these come those who honor the dead and spare the living. And those who have wrestled in death-grapple have now the fair field of a great country, and a future as grand as ever nerved the hand of labor, or fired the brain of ambition, or inspired the dreams of poesy, wherein to contend—not for the prizes of blood, but for the prizes of honest toil and rival generosity.

Let the great and the good of the North and the South enter the lists of the grand tourney. We have failed to conquer the form, be it ours to strive to conquer the souls of our Northern brethren, with a sublimer faith, a more gracious courage, a broader magnanimity. Magnanimity of the conqueror is a generous concession; magnanimity of the conquered is an heroic achievement. The form of Harold was conquered at Senlac; but his soul lives and conquers still in the blood of our conquering race.

Standing side by side, by the bier of the honored dead, let North and South alike raise their eyes to the mild and gentle majesty of true faith; with one voice let them speak—

FAITH AND FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH  
FOREVERMORE!

All hail! The conquerors of the soul are coming! “Be ye lifted up, O ye gates! And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in! the King of Glory shall come in!!”

THERE IS NO CONQUEROR BUT GOD.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

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THE SOUTH CLAIMS ITS RIGHTS UNDER THE  
CONSTITUTION.

**D**ISUNIONISM never flourished at the South. It is not the atmosphere for revolutions. The nature and occupation of our people demand stability, not change. Sedentary and agricul-

tural, we cherish the homesteads and laws of our ancestors, and live among the reminiscences of the past. We claim only what we believe to be, and what the Supreme Court has decided to be, our right under the Constitution. It is sneered at as an abstraction, but all fundamental principles are abstractions, and this abstraction, in our view, and in the opinion of our opponents, is the one upon which the superstructure of slavery stands. We assert no claim to interfere with the concerns of other States. Reverence for the Republic, a filial love of its flag, its progress and expansion, is the prevailing feeling of the South. We would take up arms to defend a disputed boundary in Maine or in Oregon, or the right of fishery on the banks of Newfoundland. But if we can enjoy no repose in the Union, if one-half of the Northern people advocate the curtailment of our rights, with the hope of seeing our most valued resource perish, and the other half menace us with violence, we must of necessity retire from it. A brave people, with great resources for empire and independence, impregnable to invasion, and inspired by a universal sense of the moderation of their course and the justice of their cause, will know how to act when the surrender of their rights is the price of submission.

No matter how the withdrawal of the Southern States be accomplished, whether peacefully or by violence, it will be the saddest exodus on record, and for centuries will wail along the pages of history like a funeral dirge. Other great nations have grown old and corrupt, decayed and died. But ours, yet in its youth and freshness, will perish like a gallant ship, complete in all her appointments, driven recklessly upon the rocks, her crew wandering for years upon the desert strand, to return at last, perhaps, and gather up the fragments of the wreck as their only means of escape. May the God of our fathers, who visibly guided them in their glorious efforts for independence, teach us, of all sections and all parties, moderation, and interpose his merciful providence to save the Republic!

J. F. H. CLAIBORNE.

JOHN F. H. CLAIBORNE, historian of the Southwest, was borne at Natchez, but educated in Virginia, and read law in the office of Gen. John A. Quitman. He served in

the Mississippi Legislature and in Congress, but on account of ill health retired from public life and engaged in journalism in New Orleans. He has enriched Southern literature with two historical works of marked ability and interest: *Life and Times of Gen. Sam Dale, the Mississippi Partisan*, New York: 1860; and *Life and Correspondence of Gen. John A. Quitman*, 2 vols., New York: 1860. At present he resides at his old homestead near Natchez, and has nearly ready for the press *Annals of Mississippi and the Southwest*, 2 vols.

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## BURNING OF THE CAPITOL AT RALEIGH.

IN 1831 occurred an event of momentous consequence to the people of Raleigh, which caused great loss, and, according to tradition, came near ruining the city. This was the burning of the Capitol. The old State House was constructed in 1792. It was described as wholly without architectural beauty, an ugly mass of brick and mortar. It was repaired in 1822, under the supervision of William Nichols, an experienced architect, who covered its dingy walls with stucco, and rendered it more sightly by the addition of porticos and a dome. The form of the building was similar to the present noble granite structure which, by its unpretending but stately beauty, fitly represents the solid virtues of North Carolina character.

By a freak of liberality, unusual in those good old days, when the State never spent over \$90,000 a year for all purposes, when taxes were six cents on the \$100 value of real estate only, and personal property was entirely exempt, the General Assembly had placed in the rotunda a magnificent statue of Washington, of Carrara marble, by the great Canova. It was the pride and boast of the State. Our people remembered with peculiar pleasure that Lafayette had stood at its base and commended the beauty of the carving, and the fitness of the honor to the great man, under whom he had served in our War for Independence, and whom he regarded with a passionate and reverential love.

The carelessness of an artisan, engaged in covering the roof, lost this great work of art to the State. On the morning of the 21st of June, 1831, while the sun shone bright in the heavens, flames were seen issuing from the roof. The owls and

flyng squirrels, which had built their nests among the rafters, hastened through the ventilator to escape from the doomed building, followed by thick smoke and then by bright flame. With no such powerful machine as the modern engine, the progress of the fire was unchecked. A few citizens, incited by a gallant little lady, Miss Betsy Geddy, who had all the spirit of her Revolutionary fathers, endeavored with frantic haste to remove the statue. But its great weight was too much for their strength. They were forced to witness its destruction. Forty years have not erased from their memories the splendors of the closing scene of this drama. For many minutes, like its great original, serene and unmoved among the fires of Monmouth or of Trenton, the statue stood, the central figure of numberless blazing torches, untouched and majestic, every lineament and feature, and its graceful drapery white-hot and of supernatural brilliancy and beauty. Then suddenly the burning timbers fell, and the masterpiece of Canova was a mass of broken fragments.

#### KEMP P. BATTLE.

KEMP PLUMMER BATTLE, LL. D., was born in North Carolina, December 19, 1831; graduated at the University of that State in 1849, and was for four years tutor therein; began the practice of law in Raleigh in 1854; was a member of the Convention of 1861, and signed the Ordinance of Secession; State Treasurer 1866-68, but was removed under the Reconstruction Acts of Congress. In 1876 he was elected President of his *alma mater*,—having been greatly instrumental in reopening and restoring to prosperity that venerable institution, which had, through political misrule, been closed for several years.

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#### OLD AGE AND DEATH.

“EVERYTHING,” it has been said, “has its use; life to teach us the contempt of death, and death the contempt of life.” But neither life nor death are to be contemned. It is the part of a noble and generous spirit to bear patiently the sorrows and crosses of life, and see with equanimity the coming of death. She has, it has been said, “two aspects, dreary and sorrowful to those whose lives prosperity makes pleasant; mild, if not genial, to those of adverse fortune. Her countenance is

old to the young, and youthful to the aged; to the former her voice is inopportune, her gait terrific; she approaches the latter like a bedside friend, and in a whisper invites them to rest."

As they have grown older, they have more and more in memory and dreams gone back to the scenes that were familiar to them in their youthhood and their childhood. They walk under the old trees, they wander through the old houses, they go slowly again, with the one then dearer than all the world, along the old lanes. Those known by them long ago come oftener to them in their dreams. They kiss more often now, when they begin to forget the things of yesterday, the lips that long, long ago death made as white and cold as marble. Again they clasp the hands of the old friends whose faces they see when waking and when asleep, in the dusk of evening, in the broad light of noonday, in the silent watches of the night.

For the day is close at hand when the great change shall come, and through the dark gates we too shall enter into the unknown life. Death, as the sands of life fall, as the clock ticks, and the heart-beating counts the remaining moments of life, with the same regular step, with a calm and grave tranquillity, comes towards us all, to open for us, with friendly hand, the dread portals of eternity; and with him come the friends, and those dearer than friends, loved long ago, to meet and welcome us.

And when the gates, closing behind us, shut out the sound of all the turmoil and clamorous wrangling of all this world of earthly life, and we find a refuge from its cares, and ills, and sorrows, we shall wonder that we were loth to die, and that we lamented for those who went thither before us, because they died too soon.

ALBERT PIKE.

## LAND OF THE SOUTH.

## I.

LAND of the South!—imperial land!—  
How proud thy mountains rise!—  
How sweet thy scenes on every hand!  
How fair thy covering skies!  
But not for this,—oh, not for these,  
I love thy fields to roam,—  
Thou hast a dearer spell to me,—  
Thou art my native home!

## II.

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,  
Unequalled, to the sea,—  
Thy hill and valleys bloom with health,  
And green with verdure be!  
But, not for thy proud ocean streams,  
Not for thine azure dome,—  
Sweet, sunny South!—I cling to thee,—  
Thou art my native home!

## III.

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,  
Beloved of tale and song,—  
On Helvyn's hills, proud and sublime,  
Where nature's wonders throng;  
By Tempe's classic sunlit streams,  
Where gods, of old, did roam,—  
But ne'er have found so fair a land  
As thou—my native home!

## IV.

And thou hast prouder glories, too,  
Than Nature ever gave,—  
Peace sheds o'er thee her genial dew,  
And Freedom's pinions wave,—

Fair science flings her pearls around,  
 Religion lifts her dome,—  
 These, these endear thee to my heart,—  
 My own loved native home!

## V.

And "heaven's best gift to man" is thine,—  
 God bless thy rosy girls!—  
 Like sylvan flowers they sweetly shine,—  
 Their hearts are pure as pearls!  
 And grace and goodness circle them,  
 Where'er their footsteps roam,—  
 How can I then, whilst loving them,  
 Not love my native home!

## VI.

Land of the South!—imperial land!—  
 Then here's a health to thee,—  
 Long as thy mountain barriers stand.  
 May'st thou be blest and free!—  
 May dark dissension's banner ne'er  
 Wave o'er thy fertile loam,—  
 But should it come, there's one will die,  
 To save his native home!

A. B. MEEK.

## PROSECUTION OF SATANTA AND BIG TREE.

**T**HIS novel and important trial has, perhaps, no precedent in the history of American criminal jurisprudence. The remarkable character of the prisoners, who are leading representatives of their race; their crude and barbarous appearance; the gravity of the charge; the soul-harrowing spectacle of their butchered victims—seven brave-hearted men, cut off in the prime of lusty manhood, mutilated beyond hope of recognition, and lying

"Stark and stiff,  
 Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies;"



this vast sea of faces, including gentlemen of civic and military distinction, the matron and the maiden, the gray-haired sire and the immature youth, who have come hither to witness the triumph of law and justice over barbarity and assassination, or have been attracted by the novelty of the occasion;—all conspire to surround this case with thrilling and extraordinary interest.

And who are the prisoners? Satanta, the veteran council-chief—the counsellor of his tribe—the pulse of his race; and Big Tree, the young war-chief who leads in the thickest of the fight and follows no one in the chase—the mighty warrior athlete, with the speed of the deer and the eye of the eagle,—are before this bar, in the charge of the law!

So they would be described by those who, living in more secure and favored lands—remote from the frontier and beyond the dread sound of the war-whoop—and reading the story of Pocahontas and the speech of Logan the Mingo, view the Indian through the glamour of that enchantment which distance lends to the imagination. We who see them to-day disrobed of all their fancied graces, and exposed to the light of reality, behold them through far different lenses. We recognize in Satanta the arch-fiend of treachery and blood—the cunning Cataline—the breaker of treaties signed by his own hand—the inciter of his fellows to rapine and murder—the artful dealer in bravado while in the *pow-wow*, and the most abject coward in the field, as well as the most canting and double-tongued hypocrite when detected and overcome. In Big Tree we see the tiger-demon, who has tasted blood and loves it as his food—who stops at no crime, howsoever black—swift to practise every species of ferocity, and pitiless at sight of agony and death—scalping, mangling, burning his victims with all the superlatives of cruelty, without sympathy and without remorse. They are both hideous and loathsome in appearance, and we look in vain to see in them anything to be admired or even endured.

And yet these rough sons of the wood have been commiserated; the measures of the poet and the pen of romance have been invoked to grace “the melancholy story of their wrongs.”

Powerful legislative influences have been brought to bear to procure for them annuities, reservations, and supplies. Federal munificence has fostered and nourished them, fed and clothed them. Treaties have been solemnly made with them, wherein they have been considered as *quasi* nationalities. Immense financial "rings" have owed their origin and vitality to the "Indian Question"; and unblushing corruption has stalked abroad, created and kept alive by it.

Mistaken sympathy for these vile creatures has kindled the flames around the cabin of the pioneer and despoiled him of his hard earnings, murdered and scalped our people, and carried off our women into captivity worse than death. For many years predatory bands of these "pets of the Government" have waged the most relentless warfare on our borders. We have cried aloud for help, but deaf ears have been turned to our cries, and the story of our sufferings discredited. Had it not been for the most opportune journey of General Sherman through this section, and his personal observation of the ensanguined corpses of the murdered teamsters, and the entire evidences of this dire tragedy, it may well be doubted whether these brutes in human shape would ever have been brought to trial; for it is a well-known fact in Texas that stolen property has been traced to the very doors of the Reservations, and there identified to no purpose.

It speaks well for the humanity of our laws and the tolerance of this people that the prisoners are permitted to be tried in this Christian land and by this Christian tribunal. The learned Court has in all things required the observance of the same rules of procedure—the same principles of evidence—the same judicial methods, from the presentment of the indictment down to the charge soon to be given by his Honor—that are enforced in the trial of a white man. You, gentlemen of the jury, have sworn that you can and will render a fair and impartial verdict. Were we to practise *lex talionis*, no right of trial by jury would be allowed these monsters; on the contrary, as they have treated their victims, so would it be measured unto them.

The same amount and character of evidence as that just adduced in this court would be sufficient to convict any white man. "By their own words let them be condemned." Their conviction and punishment, it is true, cannot repair the loss nor avenge the blood of the good men they have slain; still, it is due to law, and justice, and humanity, that they should receive the highest penalty. That is even too mild and humane for them. Pillage and bloodthirstiness were the motors of this diabolical deed; fondness for torture and intoxication of delight at human agony impelled its perpetration. All the elements of murder in the first degree are found in the case; the jurisdiction of the court is complete; and the State of Texas expects from you, gentlemen of the jury, a verdict and judgment in accordance with the law and the evidence.

S. W. T. LANHAM.

### SATANTA'S DEFENCE.

[The Kiowa Chiefs, Satanta and Big Tree, were tried at Jacksboro, Texas, in July, 1871, convicted and sentenced to be hung, for the massacre of seven frontiersmen. "Me big chief, brave warrior—not afraid to die—die now—shoot!" grunted Big Tree, striking his breast with his hand. Satanta, in handcuffs, made the following defence, delivered—semi-signalled, semi-oral—in the Comanche dialect. The sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life in the State penitentiary. This is the first and only Indian trial on record in the State. S. W. T. Lanham, as District-Attorney, conducted the prosecution.]

I CANNOT speak with these things upon my wrists—I am a squaw. I have never been so near the Texans before. I look around me and see your braves, your squaws and papposes: and I have said in my heart, if I can ever get back to my people, I will never make war upon you again. I have always been the friend of the white man—ever since I was so high. My tribe have taunted me and called me a squaw, because I have been the friend of the Texans. I am suffering now for the crimes of bad Indians—Satank, and Lone Wolf, and Kick-ing Bird, and Big Bow, and Fast Bear, and Eagle Heart—and if you will let me go to my people I will kill the last three with my own hand. I did not kill the Texans—I came down to

Pease River as a big medicine-man, to doctor the wounds of the braves. I am a big chief among the red men and have great influence with the warriors of my tribe—they know my voice, and will listen to my words. If you will let me go back to my people, I will withdraw my warriors from Texas; I will take them all across Red River, and that shall be the line between us and the palefaces. I will wash out all the spots of blood, and make it a white land; and there shall be peace, so that the Texans may plough and drive their oxen to the bank of the river. But if you kill me, it will be like a spark in the prairie grass—make big fire, burn heap!

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#### PROSPERITY OF THE UNION UNDER VIRGINIA'S INFLUENCE.

VIRGINIA has ever sustained what was free in thought, in trade and in action, and when the national Government was most under her influence, its people were most thriving and prosperous. It was under that influence that the growth of our country was most rapid and satisfactory. Every interest prospered—the agricultural, the manufacturing, whose foreign exports were increasing, and the navigating, which was fairly rivalling that of Great Britain itself. Commerce and wealth, peace and power, union and fraternal respect, united to present a picture to the world which attracted its respect and admiration, and was fast becoming a model for imitation.

And how is it now? All the great public interests are deeply depressed, sectional heats and disagreements prevail, discontents exist amongst those interests which are conscious of being taxed for the benefit of others that are no more entitled to special public favor than themselves. The great shipping interest of the Union is now thoroughly depressed. There is no law, it is true, which enacts that, if American ships engage in foreign commerce on the high seas, they shall be treated as pirates; but if there were such a law in force, the exclusion of

our shipping from foreign commerce could scarcely be more complete than it is. Was such a state of things ever even possible when the country was governed according to Virginia views and principles?

We owe it to self-respect, to our country, and the cause of mankind, to stand by the truth, and not suffer it to be destroyed or obscured by selfish interests which disparage them, because they may have been developed and maintained by our fathers, or because they interposed an insuperable obstacle to fraud and speculation. We must not suffer public opinion to be degraded or contaminated for purposes of plunder or oppression, but cultivate the spirit of truth and justice for our own protection and the benefit of mankind. To do that, we must cultivate and cherish this grand Southern school, and make its teachings a light to guide the footsteps of coming generations. Above all, let us make it a place for the reunion of Southern youth, where they may find a kindly sympathy, principles laid down in the interest of truth and justice, and nothing unfriendly to their self-respect. Let this be the last, and I had like to have said, the greatest contribution of Virginia to the cause of peace and union, power, and just government.

R. M. T. HUNTER.

ROBERT MERCER TALIAFERRO HUNTER, the statesman, was born in Essex Co., Va., April 21, 1809; graduated at the University of Virginia, and studied law. He was a member of the General Assembly of Virginia in 1833; elected Representative to Congress in 1837, and Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1839; he opposed the National Bank, and the protective policy of Mr. Clay, being ever an advocate of free trade. He was in the U. S. Senate from 1847 to 1861, and was one of the most influential members of that body. He was Secretary of State of the Southern Confederacy, 1861-62; and Confederate States Senator, 1862-65. He is now (1878) Treasurer of Virginia.

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## DIFFICULTIES ESSENTIAL TO COMPLETE EDUCATION.

WE are prone to regard difficulties as misfortunes; we lament their existence and deprecate their recurrence. But how short-sighted is all this! We overlook the fact that these

very difficulties are essential to our education—no curriculum can supply their place.

Let us borrow one of Paul's military figures by way of illustration. How do you make a man a soldier? Is it by tasking him with studies in military tactics? Is it by reading accounts of long and brilliant campaigns, with their marches, battles, and sieges? Is it even by sending him to a military school, to learn the drill and evolutions of the army?—Is that the way you make a man a soldier? Is that the way you form in him habits of coolness, courage, caution, endurance, and daring? No! You thrust him into the tented field—you drive him night and day on long, hard marches through mud and rain, half-fed and half-clad—you place him in front of the enemy—you make him a picket-target for trusty riflemen and sharpshooters—you rush him into the "imminent deadly breach," till the very thunder of artillery is music—till he mocketh at fear and is not affrighted, and saith *Ha! Ha!* among the trumpets.

So, those very obstacles at which we complain, if properly met, give robustness and vigor to high resolve and noble purpose. Let us, then, fling them a defiant challenge; let us meet them with the invincible spirit of him who burnt his ships behind him, thus rendering all retreat impossible.

W. M. GRIER.

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### MY CASTLE.

They do not know who sneer at me because I'm poor and lame,  
And round my brow has never twined the laurel wreath of  
fame—

They do not know that I possess a castle old and grand,  
With many an acre broad attached of fair and fertile land;  
With hills and dales, and lakes and streams, and fields of waving  
grain,  
And snowy flocks, and lowing herds, that browse upon the  
plain.

In sooth, it is a good demesne—how would my scorers stare,  
Could they behold the splendors of my CASTLE IN THE AIR!

The room in which I'm sitting now is smoky, bare, and cold,  
But I have gorgeous, stately chambers in my palace old.  
Rich paintings, by the grand old masters, hang upon the wall,  
And marble busts and statues stand around the spacious hall.  
A chandelier of silver pure, and golden lamps illumine,  
With rosy lights, on festal nights, the great reception-room,  
When wisdom, genius, beauty, wit, are all assembled there,  
And strains of sweetest music fill my CASTLE IN THE AIR.

About the castle grounds ten thousand kinds of flowers bloom,  
And freight each passing zephyr with a load of sweet perfume.  
Thick clumps of green umbrageous trees afford a cool retreat,  
Where oft I steal me, when the sun pours down his scorching  
heat,

And there, upon a mossy bank, recline the livelong day,  
And watch the murmuring fountains in their marble basin  
play;

Or listen to the song of birds, with plumage bright and rare,  
Which flit among the trees around my CASTLE IN THE AIR.

Sometimes the mistress of my castle sits beside me there,  
With dark-blue eyes so full of love, and sunny silken hair,  
With broad, fair, classic brow, where genius sheds his purest  
ray,

And little dimpled rosy mouth, where smiles forever play.  
Ah! she is very dear to me; her maiden heart alone  
Returned my soul's deep love, and beat responsive to my own;  
And I chose her for my spirit-bride—this maiden young and  
fair,

And now she reigns sole mistress of my CASTLE IN THE AIR.

The banks may break, and stocks may fall, the Croesus of to-day  
May see, to-morrow, all his wealth, like snow, dissolve away,  
And th' auctioneer, at panic price, to the highest bidder sell  
His marble home, in which a king might well be proud to  
dwell.

But in my castle in the air I have a sure estate,  
No panic, with its hydra-head, can e'er depreciate.  
No hard-faced sheriff dares to levy execution there,  
For universal law exempts a CASTLE IN THE AIR.

S. NEWTON BERRYHILL.

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### LETTER TO JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

I AM not ashamed to confess the depth of my love for my whole country, and the mingled sorrow and indignation with which I witness every attempt to weaken amongst the people the sense of what we owe to the mother of us all. No people ever did anything glorious, who did not believe in God, who were not faithful to oaths, and who did not love their country. When I reflect on what God has already done for us, and already done by us for His own glory and for the advancement of the human race; when I consider what our position and our influence amongst the nations of the earth must be when we become a hundred millions; when I try to appreciate the necessity of just such a power on earth, and the majesty of its beneficent and irresistible exercise; my very heart throbs with overpowering joy and exultation, that such a destiny is reserved for my people, that such a refuge and inheritance is kept in store for man.

I thank God continually that the dust of my ancestors mingles with this soil; that the hands of my kindred have labored on these sublime monuments; that the valor of my friends was part of the cost by which all has been secured; and that the lot of the inheritance of my posterity appertains to such a land and such a people. As for the South, taken in its widest sense, God has cast my lot there, and I have been loyal to her; all the more loyal that I have been neither blind to her errors, nor ignorant of her perils. As for Kentucky, if I have left undone anything I could have done for her honor, her interest, or her glory, she knows how joyfully I would redeem that lack of service. But still I love my country; still I am an American



citizen; and I deny, with uplifted hands, the right of any Court, any President, any Congress, any State, any combination of States under heaven, to abolish from amongst men that highest of all human titles. I have worn it as a crown all my days on earth. And I implore you by our common blood and common name, by all the love so many noble hearts bear for you, and all the hopes they cherish concerning you, so to quit yourself in this day of trial and rebuke, that you shall bear that title proudly, long after my gray hairs are under the green sod.

RO. J. BRECKINRIDGE.

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BENNY.

I HAD told him Christmas morning,  
As he sat upon my knee,  
Holding fast his little stockings,  
Stuffed as full as full could be,  
And attentive listening to me,  
With a face demure and mild,  
That good Santa Claus, who filled them,  
Does not love a naughty child.

“But we’ll be good, won’t we, Moder?”  
And from off my lap he slid,  
Digging deep among the goodies  
In his crimson stockings hid,  
While I turned me to my table  
Where a tempting goblet stood,  
Brimming high with dainty egg-nog  
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me.  
With his white paw, nothing loth,  
Sat, by way of entertainment,  
Slapping off the shining froth;  
And in not the gentlest humor  
At the loss of such a treat,

I confess I rather rudely  
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!  
Gathering up the precious store,  
He had busily been pouring  
In his tiny pinafore,  
With a generous look that shamed me,  
Sprang he from the carpet bright,  
Showing, by his mien indignant,  
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney!" called he loudly,  
As he held his apron white,  
"You ~~sall~~ have my candy wabbit!"  
But the door was fastened tight;  
So he stood abashed and silent  
In the centre of the floor,  
With defeated look alternate  
Bent on ~~me~~ and on the door.

Then as by some sudden impulse  
Quickly ran he to the fire,  
And while eagerly his bright eyes  
Watched the flames go high and higher,  
In a brave, clear key he shouted  
Like some lordly little elf,  
"Santa Caus! Come down de chimney,  
Make my Moder 'have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"  
Said I, feeling the reproof;  
And straightway recalled poor Harney,  
Mewing on the gallery-roof.  
Soon the anger was forgotten,  
Laughter chased away the frown,  
And they played beneath the live-oaks  
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim fire-lighted chamber  
 Harney purred beneath my chair,  
 And my play-worn boy beside me  
 Knelt to say his evening prayer:  
 "God bless Fader—God bless Moder—  
 God bless Sister—" then a pause,  
 And the sweet young lips devoutly  
 Murmured—"God bless Santa Claus!"

He is sleeping—brown and silken  
 Lie the lashes long and meek  
 Like caressing, clinging shadows  
 On his plump and peachy cheek;  
 And I bend above him, weeping  
 Thankful tears, O Undefined!  
 For a woman's crown of glory,  
 For the blessing of a child.

MRS. CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

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## DEFENCE BEFORE THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

**S**IR, if injury has been done to the privileges of this House—which I deny—does it not become the House to consider whether, in correcting one wrong, another may not spring up of far greater and overshadowing magnitude? In the discussion which preceded my arrest, my character was gratuitously and wantonly assailed. It was suggested, as an argument for the arrest, that I had probably fled like a ruffian, a renegade, and a blackguard; and that minutes might be of vast importance.

To those gentlemen who could advance such an opinion, I say that they knew little about me. I never avoided responsibility. I have perilled some little in the protection of American citizens—have perilled life and blood to protect the hearths of my fellow-citizens—and they little know me who could imagine

that I would flee from the charge of crime that was imputed to me. At all events, they will learn that for once I have not proved recreant. I have not eschewed responsibility—I have not sought refuge in flight. Never! never! shall that brand attach itself to my name.

Would it not have been strange that I should seek to dishonor my country through her representatives, when I have ever been found ready, at her call, to do and suffer in her service? Yes. And I trust that while living upon this earth I shall ever be found ready, at her call, to vindicate the wrongs inflicted upon her in collective capacity, or upon her citizens in their personal rights—and to resent my own personal wrongs. Whatever gentlemen may have imagined, so long as that proud emblem of my country's liberties, with its stripes and its stars, shall wave in this Hall of American legislators, so long shall it cast its sacred protection over the personal rights of every American citizen.

Sir, when you shall have destroyed the pride of American character, you will have destroyed the brightest jewel that Heaven ever made; you will have drained the purest and the holiest drop which visits the heart of your sages in council, and your heroes in the field; you will have annihilated the principle that must sustain that emblem of the nation's glory and elevate it above your own exalted seat. These massive columns, with yonder lofty dome, shall sink into one crumbling ruin. Yes, sir, though corruption may have done something, and luxury may have added her seductive powers in endangering the perpetuity of our nation's fair fame, it is these privileges which still induce every American citizen to cling to the institutions of his country, and to look to the assembled representatives of his native land as their best and only safeguard.

But, sir, so long as that flag shall bear aloft its glittering stars—bearing them amidst the din of battle, and waving them triumphantly above the storms of the ocean,—so long, I trust, shall the rights of American citizens be preserved safe and unimpaired, and transmitted as a sacred legacy from one generation to another, till discord shall wreck the spheres—the grand

march of time shall cease—and not one fragment of all creation be left to chafe on the bosom of eternity's wave.

## SAM HOUSTON.

SAM HOUSTON was born in Rockbridge Co., Va., March 2, 1793; at the age of thirteen he lost his father, and his mother then removed with her family to Tennessee, where young Sam spent much of his time with the Cherokee Indians—to whom he was ever afterwards greatly attached—and was adopted into the family of the famous chief, Bowles; he served in the War of 1812, and against the Creek Indians, winning the special notice and regard of Gen. Jackson, who in 1817 procured his appointment to the agency of the Cherokees. He was admitted to the bar at Nashville in 1818, and at once entered upon a public career of unprecedented success, being appointed soon after Adjutant-General of the State, and elected Major-General of Militia in 1821. Member of Congress in 1823, and Governor of Tennessee in 1827. In 1829 he married, but in three months a separation ensued—for reasons never made public—and leaving wife, office, and civilization behind him, he sought once more the tent of his adopted Indian father, now in the wilds of Arkansas, and, assuming the dress and habits of the Cherokees, identified himself with the tribe until 1832, when, under secret instructions from President Jackson, he came to Texas. On this new scene of action his career was no less remarkable; we find him in 1833 a member of the San Felipe Convention, of the Consultation in 1835, and of the Convention which declared Independence in 1836, by the last body he was elected Commander-in-chief of the Texan forces, and on the 21st of April, 1836, he fought and won the battle of San Jacinto which secured the independence of Texas. He was elected in the fall of 1836 President of the Republic of Texas,—and again in 1841; after annexation he became U. S. Senator, and served as such until 1849, when he was elected Governor of Texas. He opposed secession for which he was removed from office in March, 1861; died in 1863.

## THE UNITY OF TEXAS.

FATHERS of Texas, it is true your labors have been severe and your sacrifices many, but, like all parents, you must watch until the end. You and all of her children have a sacred duty to perform, that must not be forgotten, that must be continuously and unceasingly cherished—to preserve, in its *unity*, *our beloved Texas*.

Texas, Texas!—sound it, think of it, where does it lead the mind? Between the Colorado and Trinity? Between the Trinity and Sabine? Between the Colorado and Rio Grande? Between a tier of counties on the south, and Red River and Staked Plain on the north? No! Texans. The Texan heart

leaps over all these narrow spaces; and everywhere within its broad, *united limits*, worships at the same Texan altar of patriotism. The soil of Rio Grande has drunk the blood of the sons of Sabine; Red River has made her offerings on the coast; and the coast has her bleached skeletons on the arid plains of the north. Texas has but one 2d of March, but one Alamo, but one Goliad, but one San Jacinto. She has but one Lone Star. Every point of that star must remain, for when you take them away the star is gone. Who will put out this glorious luminary? What mercenary with soul so dead as to barter it away? We plead for the *unity* of Texas, as Camillus pleaded for *one* Rome!

United, where is the State that ultimately can compete with Texas? How vast will be her resources, how light her taxes! Where we count dollars levied as tax now, we will count mills then; and yet how ample will be our revenues! How potent will be our efforts;—when we stretch forth our arm, it will be mighty: when we raise our voice in council, all will be hushed to listen!

Our seaboard will have its coronet clustering around a queen of pearls. Our interior will have our Lowells, and Manchesters, and Pittsburgs. Our railroads, subordinated to just laws and the interests of the public—the servants, and not the masters of the people—will bind our extended parts together in social and mercantile intercourse, preserving confidence, community of interest, and patriotic affection. Our institutions of learning, benevolence, and religion will all rise higher and tower loftier, because of the ample resources and great name of our mighty State. Nothing little will live here—ideas, thoughts, feelings, all will be great, because of the association of greatness.

On the other hand *divide*, and the fragments, with their contracted limits, will be common. Each State, with its burden of taxes, and its comparative insignificance of position and influence at home and abroad, because partaking of mediocrity, will be *small*. And more—grievous the thought!—Texas will be Texas no longer. Our glorious past will be

left to history only, and no longer exist in the hearts of a *living people*

Then raise your voice with mine, that Texas a *unit* shall be forever—*forever* shall be united!

GUY M. BRYAN.

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## JOAN OF ARC AND THE TAX ON DOMRÉMY.

**T**HERE have been some trials in this world of ours, when Guilt, with furtive eye, has sat and trembled on the ermined seat, and when Innocence and Purity have looked out, like angels, from the criminal's box. In this trial at Rouen, to find the offender against laws human and Divine, we must not look down upon that holy child on whom so many eyes are fixed, but we must carry our gaze upward, upon that dais, from which leers Beauvais with his crafty smile, and from which blaze the crimsoned trappings of Beaufort!

The execution of Joan could not retrieve the fortunes of the English arms; and though the war continued for some years, her character and the memory of her services had taken too deep a root in France to permit the English to maintain their conquests. The original claim of the King of England to the French throne had had no basis in justice; and it was right that it should receive a most stunning rebuke at the hands of an aroused people, but most strange was it that the inspiration should have been given by a girl.

Thus ended forever the long dominion of the English Kings in France. The population of the kingdom had decreased to a frightful extent—but France was free. Her noblest names had been brought low, and one-sixth of the males capable of bearing arms had perished on the field of battle—but France, at least, was free. For more than three centuries her chosen monarchs administered the laws of the land. They gathered the taxes of every district and every town with one exception—that of the little village which had been the birthplace of Joan of Arc; and the return from this was not conveyed in lawful

money of the realm, but in these simple words: *Néant à cause de la Pucelle*—words which bore the weight of eminent services upon them, and which in their quaintness spoke eloquently of the gratitude of centuries.

And why nothing on account of the maiden? Because that Maiden, who had drawn her first breath in this village, had done enough for the country to demand much of the King whom she had defended. But what did the Maiden ask in return for services which his captains could not render—in return for the crown he wore on his head, and that sceptre he waved over regenerated France? Nothing for herself—no titles, no jewels, no coronets—baubles that might gratify the vanity of any country-girl—only that *the village of her birth and rearing should be exempted forever from taxation*. And Charles granted this modest request; and for more than three centuries the tax-gatherer, whose district embraced Domrémy, would comprise the indebtedness in this one line:

*“Néant à cause de la Pucelle.”*

I know nothing finer, nothing more touching in history than this incident. It seems like a weaving into everyday life of recollections that partake more of the Ideal than the Real, Looked at historically, it was a noble proof of unselfishness on the part of one whose great merits could have claimed millions for herself—and who only claimed exemption for others. Poetically regarded, we can almost fancy that, each recurring year, the Maiden, fresh in her purity and her innocence, would come more vividly through this yearly certificate before the descendants of those among whom she had been born, and whom, in gloomier days, she had left to take a stand in the van of armies, and sit at the right hand of Kings.

One day, however, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, her countrymen, drunk with the fumes of their mighty Revolution, and feeling a fierce joy in trampling down all ancient rights, and disregarding all honored traditions, placed their plebeian hands upon this touching relic of a most historic age. The Revolution, as we all know was self-willed and headstrong,



and a trifle ignorant besides. They remembered only that it was a king who had granted the exemption, and forgot altogether that those to whom it had been granted were plebeians like themselves, and would have been Jacobins and *Bonnets Rouges* like themselves, had they had the privilege of living in that noble age of "Fraternity, Equality, and Liberty."

They abolished the exemption: but behold how quick and sharp the retribution! Almost as though a magic and saving spell had been broken, and a mighty form standing unseen at the frontiers, and wielding a sword that flamed towards the four points of the compass, had been withdrawn into the recesses of the forest, the note of preparation was again heard upon the boundaries;—the guidons and flags of victorious hosts were again flaunted in the eyes of humiliated France—and the victors of Waterloo, fresh from conflict with the Great Captain, trailed their swords in the streets of Paris, while Wellington framed a Protocol at the Louvre, and red-faced Blucher staked his thousands at the gaming-tables of the Capital.

JOHN DIMITRY.

JOHN DIMITRY, A. M., eldest son of Prof. Alexander Dimitry, was born in Washington, D. C., December 31, 1835; in 1842 his parents removed to New Orleans; he obtained a position in the office of the Attorney-General of the United States in 1852, which he resigned seven years after to accompany his father, Minister to Central America, as Secretary of Legation. On the commencement of hostilities he hastened to New Orleans and joined the Crescent Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers; was seriously wounded at Shiloh, honorably discharged from the army, and was appointed clerk in the Postoffice Department at Richmond, becoming chief clerk in 1864. He was a Professor in the *Colegio de Caldas*, South America, from 1873 to 1876, when he returned to New Orleans, and has since been engaged in the important work of preparing a series of school *Histories of the Southern States*, the initial volume of which—*History of Louisiana*—has appeared and been most favorably received.

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## A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WIND.

O FRESH, how fresh and fair  
 Through the crystal gulfs of air,  
 The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of balm!  
 And the green earth lapped in bliss,  
 To the magic of her kiss  
 Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-crested calm!

From the distant Tropic strand,  
Where the billows, bright and bland,  
Go creeping, curling round the palms with sweet, faint under-  
tune,  
From the fields of purpling flowers,  
Still wet with fragrant showers,  
The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal blooms of  
June.

All heavenly fancies rise  
On the perfume of her sighs,  
Which steep the inmost spirit in a languor rare and fine,  
And a Peace more pure than Sleep's  
Unto dim, half-conscious deeps  
Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides divine.  
Those dreams! ah me! the splendor,  
So mystical and tender,  
Wherewith like soft heat-lightnings they gird their meaning  
round,  
And those waters, calling, calling,  
With a nameless charm enthralling,  
Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spray of sound!

Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,  
Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me,  
From earth receding faintly with her dreary din and jars,—  
What viewless arms caress me?  
What whispered voices bless me,  
With welcomes dropping dewlike from the wierd and wondrous  
stars?

Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer,  
Grows the preternatural glimmer  
Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtle wings  
of balm,  
For behold! its spirit flieth,  
And its fairy murmur dieth,  
And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless calm!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

RESISTING PROBATE OF THE WILL OF HESTER GOLDSMITH, UPON THE GROUNDS OF INSANITY.

If it be true, as was said by the learned counsel who opened this painful discussion, quoting the language of a distinguished master of medical science, that "*no man is of sound mind*"; nay, if it be true that, within the glance of the advocate's eye as he uttered these words, there sat two persons already marked by Savannah observers as the hapless victims of insanity; that already, all unconsciously to themselves, the deadly poison disturbs "the chemic labor of their blood," what a hope, what a consolation, in the fact that organized law stands prepared, with outstretched arms, to guard them from the appalling results of mere physical disease! Immaterial from what source it may spring; whether from hereditary taint in the blood; or from epileptic shocks which, as I will hereafter show, must impair and destroy the brain; or from the ravages of dyspepsia; or from the excessive use of alcohol and narcotics; or from the simple lapse of the years, which enfeebles our frames, and strips our heads, and whitens our hairs for the grave,—any one of us, to use the language applied by Dr. Arnold to the woman into whose sad life we have been looking, may lie 'a stranded hulk'—helpless prey for the wrecker!—unless the laws of the land, and not simply the law as it exists in the statute-book, but the law as it is enforced in the court-room, shall intervene to protect us.

"Stranded hulk!" said Dr. Arnold. "She seemed to be *isolated*," said another of the witnesses. Ah! gentlemen, what an isolation was that! The mother of sons and of daughters, of children and grandchildren, severed from all who bore her blood! Isolation colder, darker, more productive of a shiver, than the isolation of the grave itself! Such isolation may be possible for a sane man. We may be able to conceive of a man rising, in the full development of intellectual power, to the loftiest peaks of human ambition, and there standing amid the

glaciers, "wrapt in the solitude of his own originality," like the great Napoleon.

But for a *woman*, this is scarcely possible; for the mother of children, it is simply impossible. *Her* realm must be the realm of the heart; her throne must be pillared upon the affections; the power of love her only sceptre—her children the only jewels to stud and star her diadem. Is her child deformed? Love encircles deformity itself with a sacred halo of glory! Is her child hideous? So long as a ray of light shall twinkle in its eye, to her it is full of a beauty almost celestial. Is her child scorned and despised by the world? This but causes her heart to grow the more tender. Is her child a criminal? Upon *her* lips alone can fitly rest the words of the poet:

"I ask not, I care not, if guilt's in that heart,  
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!"

Rest assured that the cold steel of *insanity alone* can cut the umbilical cord which binds the soul of the woman to the seed of her womb!

HENRY R. JACKSON.

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#### INAUGURATION OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S STATUE.

**M**Y COUNTRYMEN: The oldest of the States has called together this great concourse of her sons and her daughters, with honored representatives of both the late contending sections of our common country. On this day, abounding with stern memories of the past, and great auguries of the future, I come to greet you; and in the name, and by the authority of Virginia, I bid you all and each welcome, a heart-warm welcome, to her capital.

With a mother's tears and love, with ceremonies to be chronicled in her archives and transmitted to the latest posterity, the Commonwealth this day emblazons the virtues, and consecrates in enduring bronze the image of her mighty dead. Not for

herself alone, but for the sister States whose sons he led in war, Virginia accepts, and she will proudly preserve, the sacred trust now consigned to her perpetual custody. Not for the Southern people only, but for every citizen of whatever section of the American Republic, this tribute to illustrious virtue and genius is transmitted to the coming ages, to be cherished as it will be with national pride, as one of the noblest memorials of a common heritage of glory. Nay, in every country and for all mankind, Stonewall Jackson's career of unconscious heroism will go down as an inspiration, teaching the power of courage, and conscience, and faith, directed to the glory of God. As this tribute has sprung from the admiration and sympathy of kindred hearts in another continent; as the eyes of Christendom have been turned to behold the achievements of the man, so will the heroic life here enshrined radiate back, to the remotest bounds of the world, the lessons its example has taught.

It speaks to our fellow-citizens of the North, and reviving no animosities of the bloody past, it commands their respect for the valor, the manhood, the integrity, and honor of the people of whom this Christian warrior was a representative type and champion.

It speaks to our stricken brethren of the South, bringing back *his* sublime simplicity and faith, *his* knightly and incorruptible fidelity to each engagement of duty; and it stands an enduring admonition and guarantee that sooner shall the sun reverse its course in the heavens than *his* comrades and *his* compatriot people shall prove recreant to the parole and contract of honor which binds them, in the fealty of freemen, to the Constitution and union of the States.

It speaks with equal voice to every portion of the reunited common country, warning all that impartial justice and impartial right, to the North and to the South, are the only pillars on which the arch of the Federal Union can securely rest.

It represents that unbought spirit of honor which prefers death to degradation, and more feels a stain than a wound, which is the stern nurse of freemen, the avenging genius of

liberty, and which teaches and proclaims that the free consent of the governed is at once the strength and the glory of the government.

It stands forth a mute protest before the world against that rule of tyrants, which, wanting faith in the instincts of honor, would distrust and degrade a brave and proud but unfortunate people—which would bid them repent, in order to be forgiven, of such deeds and achievements as heroes rejoice to perform, and such as the admiration of mankind in every age has covered with glory.

Let the spirit and design with which we erect this memorial to-day admonish our whole country that the actual reconciliation of the States must come, and, so far as honorably in us lies, shall come; but that its work will never be complete until the equal honor and equal liberties of each section shall be acknowledged, vindicated, and maintained by both. We have buried the strifes and passions of the past; we now perpetuate impartial honor to whom honor is due, and, stooping to resent no criticism, we stand with composure and trust ready to greet every token of just and Constitutional pacification.

Then let this statue endure, attesting to the world for us and our children, honor, homage, reverence for the heroism of our past, and at the same time the knightliest fidelity to the obligations of the present and future.

Let it endure as a symbol of the respect which both the sections will accord to the illustrious dead of each, signifying, not that either will ever be prepared to apologize to the other, but that, while calmly differing as to the past, neither will defile its record, each will assert its manhood, its rectitude, and its honor, and both will equally and jointly strive to consolidate the liberty and the peace, the strength and glory, of a common and indissoluble country.

Let it endure as a perpetual expression of that world-wide sympathy with true greatness which prompted so noble a gift from Great Britain to Virginia; and let its preservation attest the gratitude of the Commonwealth to those great-hearted gentle-

men of England who originated and procured it as a tribute to the memory of her son.

Let this statue stand, with its mute eloquence, to inspire our children with patriotic fervor, and to maintain the prolific power of the Commonwealth in bringing forth men as of old. Let Virginia, beholding her past in the light of this event, take heart and rejoice in her future. Mother of States, and sages, and heroes! bowed in sorrow, with bosom bruised and wounded, with garments rent and rolled in blood, arise and dash away all tears! No stain dims your glittering escutcheon! Let your brow be lifted up with the glad consciousness of unbroken pride and unsullied honor! Demand and resume complete possession of your ancient place in the sisterhood of States; and go forward to the great destiny which, in virtue of the older and later days, belongs to the co-sovereign Commonwealth of Virginia.

It is in no spirit of mourning, it is with the stern joy and pride befitting this day of heroic memories, that I inaugurate these ceremonies in the name of the people.

JAMES L. KEMPER.

JAMES L. KEMPER, soldier and statesman, was born and reared on an old Virginia Piedmont plantation; was graduated A. M. at Washington College (now Washington and Lee University); adopted law as his profession, and was elected for ten years to the Virginia Legislature, and a part of the time Speaker of the House of Delegates; was President of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute. He entered the war as Colonel of the 7th Virginia Infantry, and by successive promotions became Major-General, serving with the Army of Northern Virginia in nearly all its battles until at Gettysburg he was desperately wounded and crippled for life. In 1871 he was Presidential elector for the State at large on the Conservative ticket; and Governor of Virginia from 1874 to 1878.

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## THE SHADE OF THE TREES.

WHAT are the thoughts that are stirring his breast?  
What is the mystical vision he sees?

—"Let us pass over the river and rest  
Under the shade of the trees."\*

---

\* Stonewall Jackson's last words.

Has he grown sick of his toils and his tasks?  
 Sighs the worn spirit for respite or ease?  
 Is it a moment's cool halt that he asks  
 Under the shade of the trees?

Is it the gurgle of waters whose flow  
 Ofttime has come to him, borne on the breeze,  
 Memory listens to, lapsing so low,  
 Under the shade of the trees?

Nay—though the rasp of the flesh was so sore,  
 Faith, that had yearnings far keener than these,  
 Saw the soft sheen of the Thitherward Shore,  
 Under the shade of the trees;—

Caught the high psalms of ecstatic delight,—  
 Heard the harps harping, like soundings of seas,—  
 Watched earth's assoiléd ones walking in white  
 Under the shade of the trees?

O, was it strange he should pine for release,  
 Touched to the soul with such transports as these,—  
 He who so needed the balsam of peace,  
 Under the shade of the trees.

Yea, it was noblest for *him*—it was best,  
 (Questioning naught of our Father's decrees,)  
*There* to pass over the river and rest  
 Under the shade of the trees!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

### “SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.”

FREQUENT allusions have been made in this debate to what Senators are pleased to call “Southern Chivalry,” in terms of derision and reproach. I shall not discuss with Senators the propriety of their criticisms. That is a question of taste, about



which we may well differ. I trust sincerely that the day is not far distant when a just corrective of a custom I do not defend, and which has been greatly abused, shall be found in an enlightened Christian public sentiment. To that humane arbitrament I hope always to be able to defer. But, sir, to whatever tribunal I shall feel called upon to refer that responsibility, which seems in some quarters to give so much offence, I trust I shall be scrupulously careful to observe in all controversies every law of courtesy and kindness, and never so far to forget what is due to myself and equally due to others as to substitute in intellectual combat for the parliamentary weapons of reason and argument the use of opprobrious epithets, harsh aspersions, violent crimination and recrimination. I shall leave such means of warfare to be employed by those to whose tastes and sentiments they are more compatible. While I should regard them as the feeblest instruments of assault upon the position of others, I should certainly feel that they were the weakest armor for my own character or honor. Holding myself strictly accountable for all that I may utter in this Chamber or elsewhere, I shall not dispute with any champion the laurels that are to be won on the field of personal or partisan abuse. Those who are ambitious of that palm may wear it.

But if by these references to "Southern Chivalry," Senators intend to impute to the people of the South any want of those high qualities of honor, virtue, truth, courage, and dignity of character which have been asserted to belong to them, or the absence of those gentle humanities of charity, courtesy, generosity, and all the graces of Christian life, I meet the Senators on the threshold of their accusation, and I tell them before the world that this impeachment of the character of our people is groundless and injurious; as unjust to those who make it as it is to the brave, honest, noble people who are thus misunderstood, misrepresented, and defamed. I repel the aspersion with the indignant scorn of an injured and outraged people. I repel it in the name of eight millions of living, virtuous freemen; repel it in the name of twelve generations of gallant patriots; I protest against it by the solemn judgment of history; I refute

it by the character of the living and the dead; I appeal from it in its error and madness to the universal and concurrent testimony of mankind; I hurl it to the ground; I trample it in the dust. There is not an event in the nation's annals connected with the South that does not condemn and rebuke the odious sentiment. It can find no habitation of sympathy in the heart of the civilized world; it can find no lodgement in one solitary, isolated spot of authentic tradition; it will be banished and driven away from the face of men in despair of finding a home where truth and justice reside. Branded with infamy all over, it must seek a resting-place only in bosoms from which the dark passions of hate and fury have forever excluded the light.

Before the Republic has attained little more than a man's life, have we reached a development of passion that France did not mature for nearly a thousand years? Are we, in the early youth of the nation, about to discover the worst symptoms of the insane maladies that assailed France in the revolution? Have we so soon fallen on the dark scene in the drama of nations which marked the declining days of the Roman Empire? Is all truth confounded before our eyes, and are the very vestiges of justice obliterated from our hearts? What unheard-of madness has destroyed the consciousness of fact in our minds and the sensibility of conscience within us? Has the storm of sectional strife drowned the voice of history? Are the living records of the age erased by the intensity of party heat? Has memory been dethroned from the human mind, and her proud sceptre surrendered to prejudice? For such must be our melancholy condition when we can believe that the "South is degenerate." Rise from your graves, immortal founders of the Republic, and rebuke the impious calumny! Great Father of your Country, I invoke your hallowed name to silence it forever! Illustrious author of the "Declaration," has thy glory been so soon extinguished? Father of the Constitution, has thy honored name perished amid the blows inflicted on thy great work? Hero of New Orleans, has the bright fame of your victory over a foreign foe been eclipsed by a more recent victory over the liberties of the State you defended? Has the

8th of January, 1815, been blotted out by the 4th of January, 1875?

When did the South become degenerate! When her sons unaided and alone bore the "Lone Star" westward, and carved an Empire State from the heritage of the Montezumas? Or did her courage expire on the blazing heights of Buena Vista, and did Taylor, and Bragg, and Crittenden dim its lustre? Was her honor lost by Scott or Lee in the valleys, on the hills, or before the walls of Mexico? or was her bright sword tarnished when Butler and the Palmetto Regiment left on the field of Cherubusco the example that was to be no more gloriously followed by the six hundred at Balaklava? Are we to be told of Southern degeneracy in the Halls of this Capitol, where the echoes of the mighty words of Clay and Calhoun still ring in our ears, and the proud images of Marshall and Taney stand guard at the altars of justice; where ten Presidents of the United States rise before our eyes to attest its falsehood, and a train of heroes, statesmen, jurists, with an endless line of patriots, proclaim its injustice? Senators, before you can believe it, you must tear from American history its brightest pages; you must pull down the Capitol, remove its monuments, and obliterate its name. Go to the uttermost limits of the earth, follow the remotest waves of the sea, stand on any spot in the vast breadth of your country, and look up and behold the flag of the Republic, and the starry banner that blazes over your head will recall at the "dawn's early light and the twilight's last gleaming" the genius and soul of the Southern patriot from whom it derived its dearest inspiration.

MATT. W. RANSOM.

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### JOHN PELHAM.

**J**UST as the Spring came laughing through the strife,  
 With all its gorgeous cheer,  
 In the bright April of historic life  
 Fell the great cannoneer.

The wondrous lulling of a hero's breath,  
His bleeding country weeps—  
Hushed in the alabaster arms of Death,  
Our young Marcellus sleeps.

Nobler and grander than the Child of Rome,  
Curbing his chariot steeds,  
The knightly scion of a Southern home  
Dazzled the land with deeds.

Gentlest and bravest in the battle-brunt,  
The champion of the truth,  
He bore his banner to the very front  
Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabres 'mid Virginian snow,  
The fiery pang of shells—  
And there's a wail of immemorial woe  
In Alabama dells.

The pennon drops that led the sacred band  
Along the crimson field;  
The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand  
Over the spotless shield.

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face,  
While round the lips and eyes,  
Couched in the marble slumber, flashed the grace  
Of a divine surprise.

Oh, mother of a blessed soul on high!  
Thy tears may soon be shed—  
Think of thy boy with princes of the sky,  
Among the Southern dead.

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,  
Fevered with swift renown—  
He—with the martyr's amaranthine wreath  
Twining the victor's crown.

JAMES R. RANDALL

## KENTUCKY.

**I**F it is true, as has been repeatedly asserted, that the growth and quality of the literature of a people are largely influenced and dependent upon their natural surroundings, may we not reasonably hope much from the future of a State so blessed in physical charms and characteristics as the "Dark and Bloody Ground"? Who will say that the free, fresh air, the rugged scenery, and the inspiring associations of old Scotia had nothing to do with the development of the genius of Sir Walter Scott? Could *Rob Roy* and the *Heart of Mid Lothian*, could *Marmion* and the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, ever have been written but by a native and lover of the land they depicted? No: their author could only have been one who had roamed her lonely moors and trod her fragrant heather; who loved her gray old rocks and beetling crags; who had heard the roar of the cataract in her romantic glens and the scream of the eagle in her mountain fastnesses, and whose soul had been stirred by the wierd music of the moaning pines that stand like sentinels upon the shores of her beautiful lakes.

If scenes like these foster and develop genius, then we can understand one at least of the elements that have entered into the creation of the orators and soldiers of this most picturesque old Commonwealth, and we may reasonably expect her to be the cradle of illustrious poets also. The Highlands of Scotland are not more wildly beautiful than the mountain regions of Kentucky. Her Blue Grass lands are as lovely and more fertile than the Campagna of Italy. Her forests in Autumn are galleries of Nature's own most glorious handiwork. The sublimity of her vast, silent, and awe-inspiring caves is recognized the wide world over; and that most picturesque of rivers, the Kentucky, with its towering cliffs and wooded heights, its rugged bed, shadowy shores, and miniature cascades, and its bold and hoary old rocks, crowned with feathery ferns, decked with beautiful mosses, and wrapped in fantastic vines, needs but ruined castles and crumbling battlements to make it far outvie the vaunted River Rhine

GEORGE W. RANCK.

## THE RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE THE LIFE OF THE NATION.

**I**N discussing the great principle that religion is the life of a nation, we would unequivocally say, the politician should be merged and forever lost in the Christian statesman, and not the Christian in the politician. Love of country is a sacrifice, not always an enjoyment. Patriotism is a Christian virtue, often sustained by the severest self-denial.

Let us inquire what is public virtue? Is it not the sum of private virtue? And what is private virtue but the golden fruit of true and efficient religion? Then, can any one doubt that, just in proportion to the religion and virtue of the people, will be that vital national principle which will sustain them in every public trial; be their handmaid in every vicissitude of fortune; strengthen every department of State, and stand amidst the severest storms the immovable bulwark of liberty? Virtue is the strength of the nation. The moral excellence of all nations should and does constitute their power, their stability, their endurance. This is evident from the fact that the boundaries of Christianity are not only the landmarks of civilization, but beyond them dwell, without exception, the ignorant and the vicious. Mankind, if properly instructed, instead of being mobilized under hostile banners, and drilled for the slaughter of the battle-fields, would prefer, as they would adorn, the pulpit, the forum, the library, the desk, the workshop, the market, where their moral and physical nature would develop, and their intellectual capacity under the genius of Christianity would expand to its highest dignity.

We are taught by history, as well as common sense, that nations work out, by vice, their own destruction; and we learn from the Bible that God designed that the religious principle, as reflected from its pages, is the life of the nation.

W. ARCHER COCKE.

WILLIAM ARCHER COCKE was born in Virginia, of an ancient and honorable family, educated there, and adopted the profession of law. During the war he occupied an impor-

tant civil position under the Government at Richmond, and on its termination emigrated to Florida and practised his profession there. He has been Attorney-General of that State, and is now one of its District Judges. His contributions to the review and magazine literature of the day have been numerous and valuable, and he is the author of *A Treatise on the Common and Civil Law, as embraced in the Jurisprudence of the United States*, New York: 1871, which has been quoted as authority in the highest courts of England and America.

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## LOOKING FOR THE FAIRIES.

I 'VE peeped in many a blue-bell,  
 And crept among the flowers,  
 And hunted in the acorn-cups,  
 And in the woodland bowers;  
 And shook the yellow daffodils,  
 And search'd the gardens round,  
 A-looking for the little folk  
 I never, never found.

I've linger'd till the setting sun  
 Threw out a golden sheen,  
 In hope to see a fairy troupe  
 Come dancing on the green;  
 And marvell'd that they did not come,  
 To revel in the air,  
 And wondered if they slept, and where  
 Their hiding-places were.

I've wandered with a timid step  
 Beneath the moon's pale light,  
 And every blazing dew-drop seemed  
 To be a tiny sprite;  
 And listened with suspended breath,  
 Among the grand old trees,  
 For fairy music floating soft  
 Upon the evening breeze.

Ah me! those pleasant, sunny days,  
In youthful fancies wild,—  
Rambling through the wooded dells,  
A careless, happy child!  
And now I sit and sigh to think  
Age from childhood varies,  
And never more may we be found  
Looking for the fairies.

MISS JULIA BACON.

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### THE HISTORIC RECORD OF NORTH CAROLINA.

SIR, North Carolina feels that she is still one of the elder daughters of the great American family, and in all the higher and sublimer elements of character the equal of any; because she has a record and a history that she is justly proud of, and that cannot be taken away from her either by her enemies or the ephemeral politicians of the hour.

Sir, the first Englishman that ever landed on the soil of the United States, the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, rested on the shores of North Carolina, on Roanoke Island, on the 4th of July (prophetic coincidence!), 1584, before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, or Jamestown was settled. The first child of English parents born in this country first saw the light on her soil; and it was of her colonists that Governor Burrington, as early as 1732, in an official despatch, said: "The inhabitants of North Carolina always behave insolently to their governors, and some of them they have imprisoned; and all the governors that ever were here lived in fear of the rebels—except myself—and dreaded their assemblies and their love of liberty."

The first blood of the colonists ever spilled was poured out, as a rich libation in defence of liberty, in Alamance County, in the district I represent on this floor, on the 7th May, 1771; and the first declaration of independence of the British yoke—afterward incorporated almost literally into the national Declaration—was made and proclaimed at Charlotte the 20th of May, 1775.



Such, sir, and so full of historic renown and sublime heroism, is the State that I in part represent here, in behalf of whose oppressed people I speak, and in whose name I plead with you, Representatives, to repeal your oppressive and punitive legislation. Let her manage her own affairs, subject to the Constitution of the United States, and grant her and her Southern sisters, now that the war has ended, all the rights you claim for the other States of this great Republic. Wayward and wilful, perhaps, she has been; but honor and virtue still are hers. If her errors have been great, her suffering and oppression have been greater. Like a stricken mother, with yearning heart she stands in silent grief over the graves of her illustrious children, whose counsel and wisdom she so much needs in her present dark hour of oppression and degradation. The mementos of her former glory lie in ruins around her. The majesty of sorrow sits enthroned on her brow. Proud of her statesmen and heroes who sleep beneath her sacred sod, she cherishes in her heart her living children, and loving them with a mother's warm affection, she begs them not to forget or forsake her. And while some of those unnatural children are found in the ranks of her enemies, reviling and slandering her, and crying "crucify her!" as one of her humblest children, I mean in the future, with even more love and zeal than in the past, to devote my life and energies, and whatever talent I may possess, to the re-establishment of her rights and liberties, and the promotion of her prosperity and happiness.

J. M. LEACH.

## MATURNUS BEFORE THE EMPEROR COMMODUS.

COMMODUS. Bring in Maturnus, there!—  
Strike off his chains!

Art thou a Roman, rebel?

*Maturnus.* In Sicily  
I saw the daylight first. My father's stock

Is Roman, free-born, ancient as the pines  
That grew round Numa's fountain when he woo'd  
The nymph—

*Commodus.* And won a pedant for his mistress!  
Foh! Grace most graceless! Give me leave to ask,  
Most ancient pine-tree, what you thought to do  
When you cried war to-day?

*Maturnus.* I thought, the purple,  
The passport of thy bestiality and shame,  
Might still be snatched from out the mire thou roll'st in  
And flung upon the shoulders of a man!

*Commodus.* Thine own, perchance?

*Maturnus.* That might have been the sequel,  
But did not strain my motives. Had I found  
A second Marcus to undo the ills  
That Marcus' son hath wrought—to him the purple!  
Rome had a Senate once—when Rome was Rome,  
And overtopped the nations! That old Senate  
Might come to light again, and with one breath,  
Caught from the lungs of Cato and of Brutus,  
Send all these Cæsars hurtling into space  
Like leaves before the whirlwind!

*Commodus.* Art a god,  
To live above ambitions?

*Maturnus.* Art a beast,  
'To live below them? Commodus, I die,  
But thou still livest—for a little while  
At least—O make thy crown a star to guide  
Thy people onward, not a blaze of shame  
To make them long for midnight's pit to hide in!

*Commodus.* Hercules! I have not been so schooled  
since Marcus  
Clapped his stark homilies like poultices  
Upon my weary ears! How wilt thou die?

*Maturnus.* I have no choice. It boots me not to say.

*Commodus.* Art ready? Doth the purple spectre wake  
No terrors in thee?

*Maturnus.* I have lived with death  
As my familiar. I have done my duty,  
Embalmed my honor in sweet self-respect,  
And kept my body pure. Sir, living thus,  
Can death confuse me? Slaves of lies and lust,  
Who, waked from midnights steeped in blood and wine,  
Quake in the ghastly dawn—these, these may quail,  
And hug to life, and cringe with panic leers,  
Like zanies in a farce—but not true men!

*Commodus.* By Hercules! I'll prove thee! Colonnus,  
Prepare thee! Give him sword and shield! Now fight—  
Or else—

*Maturnus.* No! Take these toys away! A Roman soldier  
Can die, but cannot play the mountebank,  
Nor mate with hireling swordsmen!—*that* he leaves  
To Cæsar!

*Commodus.* Fight! I say thou shalt, or die  
A death more dreadful than was e'er conceived!

*Maturnus.* Just as thou wilt, sir! When 'tis done 'twill be  
No more than death!

*Commodus.* No more than death? Thou fool!  
The ghastliest death thou dreamest of is a bliss  
To what my slaves can show thee! I have men  
Cunning in torment, skilled in agony,  
Who know the utmost pang each nerve can bear,  
And keep the soul still quivering on the lips,  
Even in a hell of torture! There thou'lt shriek  
For death, in vain—no pity!

*Maturnus.* Spoken like  
The son of Marcus Pius! For thy pity,  
Why should I cry for that which ne'er existed?  
In thy most narrow and contracted soul  
The vices have such lodging as bars door  
'Gainst even virtue's semblance!

*Commodus.* Hercules!  
Have at him, Colonnus!

## THE ARCTIC VOYAGER.

**S**HALL I desist, twice baffled? Once by land,  
And once by sea, I fought and strove with storms,  
All shades of danger, tides, and weary calms;  
Head-currents, cold and famine, savage beasts,  
And men more savage; all the while my face  
Looked northward toward the pole; if mortal strength  
Could have sustained me, I had never turned  
Till I had seen the star which never sets  
Freeze in the Arctic zenith. That I failed  
To solve the mysteries of the ice-bound world  
Was not because I faltered in the quest.  
Witness those pathless forests which conceal  
The bones of perished comrades, that long march,  
Blood-tracked o'er flint and snow, and one dread night  
By Athabasca, when a cherished life  
Flowed to give life to others. This, and worse,  
I suffered—let it pass—it has not tamed  
My spirit nor the faith which was my strength.  
Despite of waning years, despite the world  
Which doubts, the few who dare, I purpose now—  
A purpose long and thoughtfully resolved,  
Through all its grounds of reasonable hope—  
To seek beyond the ice which guards the Pole,  
A sea of open water: for I hold,  
Not without proofs, that such a sea exists,  
And may be reached, though since this earth was made  
No keel hath ploughed it, and to mortal ear  
No wind hath told its secrets. . . .

With this tide

I sail; if all be well, this very moon  
Shall see my ship beyond the southern cape  
Of Greenland, and far up the bay through which,  
With diamond spire and gorgeous pinnacle,  
The fleets of winter pass to warmer seas.

Whether, my hardy shipmates! we shall reach  
 Our bourne, and come with tales of wonder back,  
 Or whether we shall lose the precious time,  
 Locked in thick ice, or whether some strange fate  
 Shall end us all, I know not; but I know  
 A lofty hope, if earnestly pursued,  
 Is its own crown, and never in this life  
 Is labor wholly fruitless. In this faith  
 I shall not count the chances—sure that all  
 A prudent foresight asks we shall not want,  
 And all that bold and patient hearts can do  
 Ye will not leave undone. The rest is God's!

HENRY TIMROD.

## RIP VAN WINKLE;

OR, THE VIRGINIAN THAT SLEPT TEN YEARS.

**I**T was in the month of August, 1867, that old Rip was aroused from his slumbers by the din and clamor of a crowd, that seemed to be seeking the shade of his quiet resting-place; and wiping the dust from his eyes, and parting the long grayish mats of hair that hung over his forehead, he beheld a strange and wonderful spectacle—a vast procession of negroes, with banners of strange devices, while a discordant chorus of untuned voices rang out on the still summer air, “John Brown’s soul is marching on; is marching on!” “What”—says old Rip—“what’s this? That’s a new tune for harvest. What *does* all this mean? ‘Taint Christmas.” At last the crowd assembled around an empty wagon, that served for a rostrum, and Manuel, Rip’s cart driver, commenced his half-mournful, half-jubilant harangue:

“We is free, my brethren, we is free. Mr. Lincum sot you free; and you work no more. Like de Hebrew children who were tabernacled in de lo’ grounds of sorrow, you is bound for de promised lan’, where de grapes and de milk and de honey

is. All dese lands is yourn, and you bound for de kingdom; and de 'livering time am come, and you rock no more in de weary land; and I played on de harp of a thousand strings,—'nigger on de top rail now.' Ah! ah! so, Gabriel, blow your horn, and I work no more, and I work no more in de backer and de corn. Whar now is good old Daniel! And de jubilee am come; and I feel my freedom from de sole of my head to de top of my feet! And we'll rally round de flag!"

Old Rip stands speechless. "*Who is that?* Why, Manuel, ain't that you? Come down from there—you are drunk." But, before old Rip could add another word, another colored gentleman, who appeared to be a candidate for the Convention, arose and said:

"Mr. President ob de Lial League, feller-citizens, ladies, an' gem'men, and Christian brudderin; I zents myself 'fore you to-day as a can'date fer your free sufferins fer a delicate seat in de great convention dat's 'bout to resemble in de city ob Richmond. I does conjugate myself dat I has got de honor to misrepresent you in dat extinguished body. I goes in fer de confistication ob all de lands ob de sarocessioner race, and turn dem ober to de Freedmen's Bureau, an den vide 'em out 'mong de colored race in geographical proportionment accordin' to de last *sensas*, wharby each head ob de family git his portionment in fee simplum. I favors de sirredoption ob de German Shellybagger bill, dat give equality 'fore de law and 'hind de law to de colored man all at de same time. An' if I does git collected to dat great body, whar I specs, I'll give you all a home an' a mule; and dem's my principles, an' dem's de principles ob all de great Radical tomartys whar come down here from de North, an' leavin' father and mother an' all dey got fer de poor colored man. Oh! dey is de angels ob de Lord, whar brings de glad tidings ob good news to my joyousing eyes.

"Oh yes, Mr. President, thar am a great time coming in de future of antiquity fer de colored race, when dey takes to position whar dey is presbyterianated fer!

"Ladies an' gem'men, I thank you fer de impatient retention-

ment whar you have given to de few disremembered remarks  
what I have briefly flung out fer your fogitations. I move we  
now pints a seccerterry to de meetin'."

F. R. FARRAR.

JUDGE F. R. FARRAR was born fifty years ago in Prince Edward Co., Va., and was educated at Princeton and the University of Virginia. He is a lawyer by profession, but just after the war came upon the platform for the first time in the rôle of lecturer, and at once acquired great popularity by the humor and pathos of his lectures, his powers of characterization and description, and his dramatic delivery. His most popular lectures are "Johnny Reb, the Confederate," "Rip Van Winkle," "The American Eagle," "Lights and Shades," and the "County Court Lawyer."

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### CARCASSONNE.

[From the French of GUSTAVE NADAUD.]

I 'M growing old. I've sixty years;  
I've labored all my life in vain:  
In all that time of hopes and fears  
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.  
I see full well that here below  
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.  
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know—  
I never have seen Carcassonne.  
I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill,  
It lies beyond the mountains blue,  
And yet to reach it one must still  
Five long and weary leagues pursue,  
And to return, as many more!

Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!  
The grape withheld its yellow store:—  
I shall not look on Carcassonne.  
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there  
Not more nor less than Sunday gay;

In shining robes and garments fair  
The people walk upon their way.  
One gazes there on castle walls  
As grand as those of Babylon,—  
A bishop and two generals!  
I do not know fair Carcassonne.  
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The vicar's right: he says that we  
Are ever wayward, weak and blind;  
He tells us in his homily  
Ambition ruins all mankind;  
Yet could I there two days have spent,  
While still the Autumn sweetly shone,  
Ah, me! I might have died content  
When I had looked on Carcassonne.  
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,  
In this my prayer, if I offend;  
One something sees beyond his reach  
From childhood to his journey's end.  
My wife, our little boy Aignan,  
Have travelled even to Narbonne;  
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,  
And I have not seen Carcassonne.  
And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned, one day, close by Limoux,  
A peasant, double-bent with age.  
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you  
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."  
We left next morning his abode,  
But (Heaven forgive him!) half-way on  
The old man died upon the road:  
He never gazed on Carcassonne.  
Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

JOHN R. THOMPSON



## NO SAFETY, FOR ANY PEOPLE, IN ARBITRARY POWER.

THE experience of this General Assembly, and of the memorialists before us, must admonish us that any application for redress to the Federal Government, in any of its departments, is idle and hopeless now. There is but one recourse left us, and that is to appeal to the public opinion and sense of right of the whole country: to call upon free and true men everywhere, in our own State and in our sister States, to lift their voices for the rescue of the Constitution, before it shall have gone down into the vortex, whose narrowing and rapid circles have already swept its great bulwarks from around the rights of the people of Maryland.

It is not a question of Union or Disunion. It is a question of Constitution or no Constitution: a question of Freedom or no Freedom. There can be no trust and no safety, for any people, in arbitrary power. It is progressive, untiring, unresting. It never halts or looks backward. Call it by what holy name you will: sanctify it by what pretexts or purposes of patriotism you may—under any flag, in any cause, anywhere and everywhere, it is the foe of human right, and by the law of its being is incapacitated from leading to good. As surely as man's nature is corrupt, and the lust of power the most corrupting and insatiable of his appetites, so surely will any Government or system sink into anarchy or despotism, if committed to his arbitrary will.

There is no life for liberty but in the supreme and absolute dominion of law. The lesson is written, in letters of blood and fire, all over the history of nations. It is the moral of the annals of republics since their records began. It is legible upon the crumbling marbles of the elder world—it echoes in the strifes and revolutions of the new. Wherever men have thought great thoughts and died brave deaths for human progress, its everlasting truth has been sealed and proclaimed. It will be true—is true—for us and for ours, as it has been for those who

have preceded us, and the consequences of its violation will be upon us, as upon them, unless the Providence whom we are mocking shall break the inevitable chain which drags effect after cause.

And let the people of no other section shut their eyes to the danger, because it seems to be impending over us only, and not over them. Let them not sympathize with usurpation, because its blows for the present appear aimed only at sections and individuals whose opinions differ from their own. They know not what a day may bring forth, and they cannot measure the harvest which may spring from a seed-time of impunity in usurpation and wrong.

SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS.

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### THE PRINCE OF SPLENDOR.

**H**O! Poet with the harp of Praise,  
And fingers light and slender,  
Lo! with a host of shining days  
There comes the Prince of Splendor—

God's chosen month of all the twelve,  
The wise, the good, the sober,  
Who ne'er was born to dig and delve,  
The Joseph-like October!

Down in the quiet vales I hear  
This glorious new-comer,  
Interpreting unto the year  
The dreams of Spring and Summer.

And in the busy fields I see  
His golden chariot gliding,  
And hear the sheaves cry "Bow the knee!"  
Where'er the Prince comes riding.

And now upon the hill he stands,  
In colors warm and glowing;

Through all the land, with willing hands,  
His garnered grain bestowing.

A kinder hand than Jacob's threw  
That gorgeous robe around him;  
A greater king than Egypt knew  
With all this glory crowned him.

Ho, Artist! to the woods away,  
To meet this Prince of Splendor,  
And paint his features while you may,  
In colors rich and tender.

MRS. A. M. HOLBROOK.

## THE BLUE ROBBER OF THE PINK MOUNTAIN.

A BURLESQUE DIME NOVEL.

**N**EAR the close of the thirteenth century, Sir Hildebrand Hiltersplit, covered with a complete panoply of neuter verbs and relative pronouns, commenced his ascent of Mount Paphos, that lies in the Gutta Percha Range. Arriving at the summit, he beheld stretched out before him the beautiful valley of Neuralgia. There he beheld the sea-horse and the crocodile sporting side by side, the reindeer and the humming-bird flitting from flower to flower, and the melodious watermelon and the isinglass growing upon the same vine.

Upon the banks of an umbrageous stream that ran careering from the mountain side, and nestled in a small Alpine grove, reposed the tent of the ancient Barbacan—the grand Clam-sloop of the country. At about the hour of half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, his daughter, the fair Sarsaparilla, clad in chloroform, and waving her nascent and sporadic sceptre, entered the presence of the ancient Barbacan, her father, bearing in her left hand a small dish of stewed parasangs and fried conostrophies, on which her ancient sire made his evening repast. And seating herself on the asteroids of public grief, in

one corner of the pavilion, she poured forth her native gypsum in the most delightful strains, as she swept the chords of her light bandana.

Attracted by this wonderful operatic copologo, Sir Hildebrand Hiltersplit entered the apartment, and, throwing himself at her feet, doled out his love-ditty in the most mellifluous and oleaginous cadences.

Scarcely had he risen from his recumbent position, when the Blue Robber of the Pink Mountain broke into the apartment. At sight of this horrid monster, clad in the form of an obese fandango, the fair Sarsaparilla shrieked, and uttered a cry so piercing that Sir Hildebrand Hiltersplit shrank into the interior of the ottoman. With the most audacious strides the robber approached the fair Sarsaparilla, and with his left arm encircled her waist; whilst with his right hand he seized a small catapult of silver she wore suspended from her neck by a bill of lading.

Agonizing with grief and unbounded rage, Sir Hildebrand Hiltersplit darted from his place of concealment, and seizing a boot-jack that lay floating on the floor, stabbed the monster to the heart; and left the fair Sarsaparilla, like an illuminating light, standing upon the binnacle of her own expectability, from which exalted position she looked down with mingled scorn and contempt upon her baffled pursuer.

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#### ORATION AT THE FUNERAL OF JOHN A. WHARTON.

THE keenest blade on the field of San Jacinto is broken!—the brave, the generous, the talented John A. Wharton is no more! His poor remains lie cold and senseless before you, wrapped in the habiliments of the grave and awaiting your kind offices to convey them to the charnel-house appointed to all the living. A braver heart never died. A nobler soul, more deeply imbued with the pure and fervent spirit of patriotism, never passed from its tenement of clay to the more genial realms of

immortality. Though he was young in years, and at the very threshold of his fame, yet every heart in this assembly will respond, in painful accord, to the melancholy truth that a mighty man has fallen among us. Many princes of the earth have perished in their prime, surrounded with all the gorgeous splendors of wealth and power, and their country has suffered no damage. But surely it will be engraven on the tablets of our history, that Texas wept when John A. Wharton died.

The brief time permitted us to linger about his waste and attenuated form is insufficient to recite the testimonials of his gallantry. He was among the first to propose the independence of Texas; and true to the frankness of his nature, he was foremost with those who nobly bared their bosoms to the storm, when that declaration which gave assurance to the world that a man-child was born into the family of nations was pronounced. It is enough to say that he was distinguished on the field of San Jacinto—for there were no recreants there. All had strung their chafed and dauntless spirits to the high resolve of Liberty or Death; and he who could make himself conspicuous on such a battle-field was, indeed, a hero—nay, a hero among heroes! for never in the annals of war did braver hearts or stouter hands contend for Liberty.

With you, gentlemen of the House of Representatives, the lamented deceased was associated by an intimate political connection. You have observed his assiduity, his untiring zeal, his singleness of heart, and his profound and accurate judgment in all the exalted duties of a legislator. To you he furnished ample evidence that his great professional attainments were only inductive to the still more enlarged capacities of his intellect, and that when his mind was turned to politics, it seemed as if nature had fashioned him for a statesman. You are bereaved of a valuable and much valued member—whose vacant seat it will be difficult to fill with equal endowments. That eloquent tongue is hushed in death, and the grave-worm will shortly fatten upon it. Those lips, that never quivered except under the gush of “words that breathe and thoughts that burn,” are closed for—

ever, and no more shall these walls reverberate their thrilling enunciations.

To you, soldiers! he was endeared by many ties. You have shared with him the toils and privations of an arduous and protracted campaign. You have witnessed and have participated in his devotion to his country, and his patient endurance of fatigue and suffering in the tented field, his agonized indignation at every successive retreat before the invading foe. Many of you retain, in vivid recollection, his burning impatience for the conflict when on the great day of San Jacinto his buoyant spirit gratulated his companions-in-arms on the near prospect of a battle: and you have marked his gallant bearing when the shock of arms first sounded on the plain, and the war-cry of *Alamo!* carried terror and dismay into the camp of the bloody homicides of Goliad. Behold your brother-in-arms! A cold, silent, prostrate corse. No more shall the din of war arouse his martial spirit to deeds of high enterprise. That lifeless clay would heed it not, for the bright spirit which lately animated and adorned it has passed triumphantly beyond the narrow bourne of mortal strifes, to that blessed region where "wars and rumors of wars are never heard."

DAVID G. BURNET.

DAVID G. BURNET was born in Newark, N. J., April 4, 1788. In 1806 he served as lieutenant under Miranda in his effort to free Venezuela; engaged in merchandising in Natchitoches in 1817, and being threatened with consumption came to Texas and spent ten years among the Comanches on the head-waters of the Colorado; located permanently in Texas, was member of the San Felipe Convention of 1833, and drew up the memorial which it presented to the Mexican Government praying that Texas be made a separate State of the Republic (Coahuila and Texas then formed one State); was made Judge of the Municipality of Austin, 1834. He took an active part in the Revolution that separated Texas from Mexico, and in 1836, a few days after the Declaration of Independence, he was elected by the Convention President *ad interim* of the Republic of Texas: in 1838 was elected by the people Vice-President, retiring, when his term expired, to his little farm on the San Jacinto, which he cultivated with his own hands; after annexation he was appointed Secretary of State by Governor Henderson: in 1866 he was elected U. S. Senator, but was not permitted to take his seat, on the plea of the non-reconstruction of Texas. He died at Galveston, December 5, 1870.

## CHRISTMAS NIGHT OF '62.

THE wintry blast goes wailing by,  
The snow is falling overhead,  
I hear the lonely sentry's tread,  
And distant watch-fires light the sky.

Dim forms go flitting thro' the gloom,  
The soldiers cluster round the blaze  
To talk of other Christmas days,  
And softly speak of home and home.

My sabre, swinging overhead,  
Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,  
While fiercely drives the blinding snow,  
And Memory leads me to the Dead.

My thoughts go wandering to and fro,  
Vibrating 'twixt the Now and Then,  
I see the low-brow'd home again,  
The old Hall wreathed with mistletoe.

And sweetly from the far-off years  
Comes borne the laughter faint and low,  
The Voices of the Long Ago!—  
My eyes are wet with tender tears.

I feel again the mother-kiss,  
I see again the glad surprise  
That lighted up the tranquil eyes  
And brimmed them o'er with tears of bliss,

As rushing from the old Hall door,  
She fondly clasped her wayward boy,  
Her face all radiant with the joy  
She felt to see him home once more.

My sabre, swinging on the bough,  
 Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,  
 While fiercely drives the blinding snow  
 Aslant upon my saddened brow.

Those cherished faces all are gone,  
 Asleep within the quiet graves,  
 Where lies the snow in drifting waves,—  
 And I am sitting here alone.

There's not a comrade here to-night  
 But knows that loved ones far away  
 On bended knees this night will pray:  
*God bring our darling from the fight.*

But there are none to wish me back,  
 For me no trembling prayers arise,  
 The lips are mute, and closed the eyes—  
 My home is in the bivouac.

W. GORDON McCABE.

### THE BACK-LOG;

OR, UNCLE NED'S LITTLE GAME.

**I**T was a rule at Thornton Hall,  
 Unbroken from Colonial days,  
 That holiday at Christmas-tide  
 Was measured by the Christmas blaze;  
 For till the back-log burned in two,  
 The darkies on the place were free  
 To dance and laugh, and eat and drink,  
 And give themselves to jollity.  
 And mighty were the logs they brought,  
 Of weight that six stout men might bear,  
 All gnarled and knotten, slow to burn:  
 For Christmas comes but once a year.



Old Ned had cut the log that year,  
Old Ned, the fiddler, far renowned,  
Who played at every country dance  
That happened thirty miles around.  
He cut the log; for days his face  
Showed gleams of merriment and craft,  
He often went behind the house,  
And leaned against the wall and laughed,  
And called the other darkies round  
And whispered to them in the ear,  
And loud the ringing laughter broke:  
For Christmas comes but once a year.

At twilight upon Christmas Eve  
The log was borne on shoulders strong  
Of men who marked their cadence steps  
With music as they came along;  
And Ned, with air of high command,  
Came marching at the head of all,  
As he had done for "thirty year,"  
On Christmas Eve at Thornton Hall.  
He led the chorus as they marched,  
The voices ringing loud and clear  
From lusty throats and happy hearts:  
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Though briskly blazed at Christmas Eve  
That fire with flames and embers bright,  
Until the antique fireplace lit  
The panelled walls with ruddy light—  
Although the spacious chimney roared  
Like woodlands in autumnal gales,  
And lion andirons of bronze  
Were red-hot in their manes and tails,  
That back-log, incombustible,  
Lay quite unkindled in the rear,  
Or only slightly scorched and charred:  
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Wide open swung the great hall door  
Before the east was gray with dawn,  
And sleighs with argosies of girls  
Came jingling up across the lawn;  
Came youths astride of prancing steeds,  
Came cousins to the tenth remove,  
With cousin greetings by the sweet  
Lip services that cousins love.  
The silver tankard went around  
To every lip with brave good cheer,  
According to the ancient rites:  
For Christmas comes but once a year.

They feasted high at Thornton Hall,  
The Christmas revel lasted long;  
They danced the Old Virginia reels,  
And chanted many a jovial song.  
The old folk prosed, the young made love;  
They played the romps of olden days,  
They told strange tales of ghost and witch,  
While sitting round the chimney's blaze.  
But though the pile of lightwood knots  
Defied the frosty atmosphere,  
The back-log still held bravely out:  
For Christmas comes but once a year.

And at the quarter merry rang  
The fiddle's scrape, the banjo's twang;  
How rhythmic beat the happy feet!  
How rollicsome the songs they sang!  
No work at all for hands to do,  
But work abundant for the jaws,  
And good things plenty, smoking hot,  
Made laughter come in great *yaw-haw's*!  
They frolicked early, frolicked late,  
And freely flowed the grog, I fear,  
According to the settled rule:  
For Christmas comes but once a year.

So passed the merry Christmas week,  
 And New Year's morning came and passed;  
 The revel ceased, the guests went home,  
 The back-log burned in two at last.  
 And then old master sent for Ned,  
 Still mellow with protracted grog,  
 And asked him where in Satan's name  
 He picked him out that fire-proof log:  
 And Ned, with all that dignity  
 That drink confers, contrived to speak,  
 "I tuk and cut a black-gum log,  
 And soaked it nine days in de creek.  
 I fears it was a wickid thing,  
 I'm feared to meet de oberseer;  
 But den you mus' remember, sah,  
 Dat Christmas comes but once a year."

INNES RANDOLPH.

## THE MODERN KNIGHT.

[FROM THE SYMPHONY.]

**W**HERE'S he that craftily hath said,  
 The day of chivalry is dead?  
 I'll prove that lie upon his head,  
 Or I will die instead,  
 Fair Ladye.  
 Is Honor gone into his grave?  
 Hath Faith become a caitiff knave,  
 And Selfhood turned into a slave  
 To work in Mammon's cave,  
 Fair Ladye?  
 Will Truth's long blade ne'er gleam again?  
 Hath Giant Trade in dungeons slain  
 All great contempts of mean-got gain  
 And hates of inward stain,  
 Fair Ladye?

For aye shall name and fame be sold,  
 And place be hugged for the sake of gold,  
 And smirch-robed Justice feebly scold  
 At Crime all money-bold,

Fair Ladye?

\* \* \* \* \*

Now by each knight that e'er hath prayed  
 To fight like a man and love like a maid,  
 Since Pembroke's life, as Pembroke's blade,  
 I' the scabbard, death, was laid,

Fair Ladye,

I dare avouch my faith is bright,  
 That God doth right and God hath might,  
 Nor time hath changed His hair to white,  
 Nor His dear love to spite,

Fair Ladye.

I doubt no doubts: I strive, and shrive my clay,  
 And fight my fight in the patient modern way,  
 For true love and for thee—ah me! and pray  
 To be thy knight until my dying day,

Fair Ladye.

SIDNEY LANIER.

#### ADDRESS TO GEORGIA LEGISLATURE, 1864.

I HAVE addressed you longer than I expected to be able to do. My strength will not allow me to say more. I do not know that I shall ever address you again, or see you again. Great events have passed since, standing in this place, three years ago, I addressed your predecessors on a similar request, upon the questions then immediately preceding our present troubles. Many who were then with us have since passed away—some in the ordinary course of life, while many of them have fallen upon the battle-field, offering up their lives in the great cause in which we are engaged. Still greater events may be just ahead of us. What fate or fortune awaits you or me, in the con-

tingencies of the times, is unknown to us all. We may meet again, or we may not. But as a parting remembrance, a lasting *memento*, to be engraven on your memories and your hearts, I warn you against that most insidious enemy which approaches with her syren song, "Independence first and liberty afterward." It is a fatal delusion. Liberty is the animating spirit, the soul of our system of government, and like the soul of man, when once lost it is lost forever. There is for it, at least, no redemption, except through blood. Never for a moment permit yourselves to look upon liberty—that constitutional liberty which you inherited as a birthright—as subordinate to independence. The one was resorted to to secure the other. Let them ever be held and cherished as objects coordinate, coexistent, coequal, coeval, and forever inseparable. Let them stand together "through weal and through woe," and, if such be our fate, let them and us all go down together in a common ruin. Without liberty, I would not turn upon my heel for independence. I scorn all independence which does not secure liberty. I warn you also against another fatal delusion, commonly dressed up in the fascinating language of, "If we are to have a master, who would not prefer to have a Southern one to a Northern one?" Use no such language. Countenance none such. Evil communications are as corrupting in politics as in morals.

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,  
That to be hated, needs but to be seen,  
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

I would not turn upon my heel to choose between masters. I was not born to acknowledge a master from either the North or South. I shall never choose between candidates for that office. Shall never degrade the right of suffrage in such an election. I have no wish or desire to live after the degradation of my country, and have no intention to survive its liberties, if life be the necessary sacrifice of their maintenance to the utmost of my ability, to the bitter end. As for myself, give me liberty as secured in the Constitution with all its guarantees, amongst which is the sovereignty of Georgia, or give me death.

This is my motto while living, and I want no better epitaph when I am dead.

Senators and Representatives! the honor, the rights, the dignity, the glory of Georgia are in your hands! See to it, as faithful sentinels upon the watch-tower, that no harm or detriment come to any of those high and sacred trusts, while committed to your charge.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

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### HONORS TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE PEABODY.

In the annals of our race, there is no record of funeral honors, to an uncrowned man, such as have been rendered to George Peabody. The story which comes nearest to what we have beheld, is told by the grandest historian of Rome and is lighted by the finest touches of his genius. It follows the widow of Germanicus across the wintry seas, as she bore, from Antioch to Rome, the ashes of her hero. We can almost see the people crowding to the walls and house-tops, and thronging the sea-coast, as with slow oars the silent galleys come. The voice of lamentation seems to echo round us, as it rose from all the multitude, when Agrippina landed with her precious burden, and her sobbing children followed. The urn is borne to the Imperial City on the shoulders of centurions and tribunes. Crowds hasten from afar and weep, in mourning garments, by the roadsides. Funereal altars smoke with victims as the sad array goes by, and spices, and perfumes, and costly raiment are flung into the flames as offerings. The City streets—now still as death, now loud with bursting sorrow—are thronged with Rome's whole people, and when, at last, the ashes are at rest in the Augustan Mausoleum, a wail goes up, such as before had never swept along those marble ways.

The tale which Tacitus has told us of these splendid obsequies comes to us, with redoubled grandeur, through "the corridors of time," and yet its instruments are almost tame to what ourselves have witnessed. The stately ship which bore,

across the waves, the corpse of him we honor, is a marvel that Rome never dreamed of—the proudest convoy that ever guarded human ashes. The ocean which she traversed is an empire, over which the eagles of Germanicus knew no dominion. The mighty engines and instruments of war which welcomed her were far beyond the prophecy of oracle or thought of Sybil. Beside the unseen power which dragged the funeral-car and cleft the waters, with its burden, in mastery of the winds, the might of legions is simple insignificance, and it seems like trifling to tell of galleys, centurions, and tribunes. Nor is there in the mourning of the populace of Rome over one of its broken idols a type even of the noble sorrow which has united men of all nations and opinions in their tribute to our lamented dead.

And who shall speak of Heathen temple, or Imperial tomb, in the same breath with the great Abbey Minster, where he slept awhile, amid the monuments and memories of statesmen and warriors, philosophers and poets, philanthropists and kings—where more of the dust of what was genius and greatness is gathered than ever lay under roof or stone? There is something that almost bewilders the imagination, in the thought, that on the day and at the hour when our own bells were tolling his death-knell, and people stopped to listen in the streets, the requiem of the Danvers boy was pealing through aisle and cloister, thousand of miles away, where funeral song had rung and censers smoked whole centuries before men knew the Continent which was his birthplace. It seems as if the dirge of to-day were a reverberation from the ages.

And when we reflect how simple the career was which closed amid all these honors: how little their subject had to do with the things which commonly stir men's bosoms and win the shouts of wonder and applause, in life or after it: that he was not great, as men judge greatness: that every badge and trophy of his exceeding triumph was won by an unconscious and an unstrained hand: I confess it seems to me that the grand, spontaneous tributes which have been paid to him have beggared the resources, while they have filled the measure, of panegyric.

S. TEACKLE WALLIS.

SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS, D. C. L., was born September 8, 1816, graduated at St. Mary's College, Baltimore, 1832, read law in the office of Hon. William Wirt, and was admitted to the bar, 1837. After spending several years abroad he published, in 1843, *Glimpses of Spain*, which passed through several editions. In the winter of 1849 he was sent to Madrid by the U. S. Government to investigate the title to the public lands in East Florida, acquired from Spain under the treaty of 1819, and on his return published *Spain; Her Institutions, Politics, and Public Men*. In 1861 he was elected a member of the Maryland House of Delegates, and as Chairman of Committee on Federal Relations was the author of the report made upon the memorial of some of the State officials who had been imprisoned by military order. It discussed the whole question of "military necessity" and the proper subordination of the military to the civil powers, and fixed the historic *status* of Maryland in the conflict. Fifty thousand copies were printed for distribution, but thirty thousand were seized by a Wisconsin regiment and publicly burned at its camp as "treasonable documents." There is not a principle or doctrine in it which has not since been proclaimed as indisputable law by the U. S. Supreme Court. It led to the dispersion of the Legislature by force of arms, and the arrest of many members. Mr. Wallis was confined fourteen months in the Federal Forts McHenry, Monroe, Lafayette, and Warren—steadily refusing to take oaths or sign a parole—until finally he was discharged without condition, having never been informed of the ground of his arrest. Since the war professional duties have monopolized his attention. Two notable war lyrics are from his pen—*A Prayer for Peace*, and *The Guerrillas*. He is Corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid; Fellow of the Society of Northern Antiquarians of Copenhagen; and Provost of the University of Maryland. As orator, scholar, and jurist his reputation is national.

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### THE OREGON QUESTION.

IT is as the representative of a high-spirited and patriotic people, that I am called on to resist this war clamor. My constituents need no such excitements to prepare their hearts for all that patriotism demands. Whenever the honor of the country demands redress; whenever its territory is invaded—if, then, it shall be sought to intimidate by the fiery cross of St. George—if, then, we are threatened with the unfolding of English banners if we resent or resist—from the Gulf-shore to the banks of that great river, throughout her length and breadth—Mississippi will come. And whether the question be one of Northern or Southern, of Eastern or Western aggression, we will not stop to count the cost, but will act as becomes the descendants of those who, in the War of the Revolution, engaged in unequal strife to aid our brethren of the North in redressing their injuries.



We turn from present hostility to former friendship—from recent defection to the time when Massachusetts and Virginia, the stronger brothers of our family, stood foremost and united to defend our common rights. From sire to son has descended the love of our Union in our hearts, as in our history are mingled the names of Concord and Camden, of Yorktown and Saratoga, of Moultrie and Plattsburg, of Chippewa and Erie, of Bowyer and Guilford, of New Orleans and Bunker Hill. Grouped together they form a monument to the common glory of our common country; and where is the Southern man who would wish that monument were less by one of the Northern names that constitute the mass? Who, standing on the ground made sacred by the blood of Warren, could allow sectional feeling to curb his enthusiasm as he looks upon that obelisk which rises, a monument to freedom's and his country's triumph, and stands a type of the time, the men, and the event that it commemorates?—built of material that mocks the waves of time, without niche or moulding for parasite or creeping thing to rest on, and pointing like a finger to the sky, to raise man's thoughts to philanthropic and noble deeds!

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

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### ON THE EXPUNGING RESOLUTIONS.

**M**R. PRESIDENT, I have some knowledge of history, and some acquaintance with the dangers which nations have encountered, and from which heroes and statesmen have saved them. I have read much of ancient and modern history, and nowhere have I found a parallel to the services rendered by President Jackson in crushing the conspiracy of the Bank, but in the labors of the Roman Consul in crushing the conspiracy of Catiline.

The two conspiracies were identical in their objects; both directed against the government, and the property of the country. Cicero extinguished the Catilinean conspiracy, and saved Rome; President Jackson defeated the conspiracy of the Bank, and saved our America. Their heroic service was the same, and their fates have been strangely alike. Cicero was

condemned for violating the laws and the constitution ; so has been President Jackson. The Consul was refused a hearing in his own defence ; so has been President Jackson. The life of Cicero was attempted by two assassins ; twice was the murderous pistol levelled at our President. All Italy, the whole Roman world, bore Cicero to the Capitol, and tore the sentence of the Consul's condemnation from the *fasti* of the Republic ; a million of Americans, fathers and heads of families, now demand the expurgation of the sentence against the President. Cicero, followed by all that was virtuous in Rome, repaired to the temple of the tutelary gods, and swore upon the altar that he had saved his country ; President Jackson, in the temple of the living God, might take the same oath, and find its response in the hearts of millions.

Nor shall the parallel stop here : but after times, and remote posterities shall render the same honors to each. Two thousand years have passed, and the great actions of the Consul are fresh and green in history. The school-boy learns them ; the patriot studies them ; the statesman applies them ; so shall it be with our patriot President. Two thousand years hence—ten thousand—nay, while time itself shall last, for who can contemplate the time when the memory of this republic shall be lost ?—while time itself shall last, the name and fame of Jackson shall remain and flourish ; and this last great act by which he saved the government from subversion, and property from revolution, shall stand forth as the seal and crown of his heroic services. And if anything that I myself may do or say shall survive the brief hour in which I live, it will be the part which I have taken, and the effort which I have made, to sustain and defend the great defender of his country.

THOMAS. H. BENTON.

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#### FROM FAREWELL ADDRESS.

**A** SOLICITUDE for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to

your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Inwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of our hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government which constitutes you one people is also now dear to you. It is justly so ; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that from different causes, and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth—as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed—it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness ; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it ; accustoming yourselves to think and to speak of it as a palladium of your political safety and prosperity ; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety ; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned ; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and in-

terest. Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have, in a common cause, fought and triumphed together. The independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint councils and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and success.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here, every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The *North*, in an unrestrained intercourse with the *South*, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise, and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The *South*, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the same agency of the *North*, sees its agriculture grow, and its commerce expand. The *East*, in like intercourse with the *West* in the progressive improvement of interior communication by land and water, will more and more find a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad or manufactures at home. The *West* derives from the *East* supplies requisite to its growth and comfort; and what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of the indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of intent, as one nation.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE BALL.  
(A TRUE INCIDENT.)

I.

THE brig cast anchor in the bay;  
Steady and tall of mast was she.  
One of her seamen up the wharf  
Passing, and whistling merrily,  
Thought in his heart as he turned to look,  
That so fair a vessel few might see.

"Nothing so lovely upon the shore,"  
He thought, as he strolled along the Strand;  
"One floating sail of yon battered ship  
Is worth all the treasures of the land."  
But he paused, his heart, on a sudden, big,  
For there in the sun little maidens three  
Sat together, fair-faced, like those  
In dear old England over the sea.

Clear-eyed and sweet like those at home  
In dear old England over the sea!  
And the sunburnt sailor thought in his heart  
That so fair a sight might seldom be.  
They chatted together, as children will  
Of dolls and dinners, "*but best of all*  
(They cried in chorus), *it must be*  
*To dance awhile at a real ball.*"

II.

Four o'clock of the afternoon,  
With the golden sunshine streaming down,  
And a wide hall swept and garlanded  
(One of the grandest in the town),  
A band of music, with Leader grave,  
Setting their hands and their strings in tune,  
And three little girls arrayed in white  
At four o'clock of the afternoon.

"Let the ball begin," the sailor said,  
As he sat in a corner looking on,  
And the fiddlers scraped and the Leader called  
With a face like that of a Spanish Don;  
Up and down, across and across,  
The children flew, and the loud *ha-ha!*  
Of the sailor burst through the open hall  
At this "prettiest sight he ever saw!"

People that passed looked in and stared,  
But the music and prompting still went on;  
And the dear little lasses skipped and danced,  
Two together and one alone.  
Never were princesses half so grand,  
Queens or ladies in any land;  
And the sailor swore as he slapped his knee,  
That so fair a sight but few might see!

Oh, little lasses, dance merrily on!  
With feet and hearts that keep time to the tune  
Played by the grandest band in town,  
At four o'clock of the afternoon!  
Not often again, though years may bring  
Conquest, and dance, and praise, maybe,  
Will one so honest and true give praise  
As the Tar in yon corner slapping his knee!

Dance lightly on, not soon again,  
Nay, never, perhaps, little maidens three,  
To that honest heart will come a dream  
So fair, of his sisters over the sea.  
—Up and down, across and across,  
In the grand white hall, to a merry tune,  
—Three little maids at a Sailor's Ball,  
At four o'clock of the afternoon!

MRS. MOLLIE E. MOORE DAVIS.

## GENERAL JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW.

GENERAL JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW had that in his nature which made men respect him. His learning, his accomplishments, his talents, were all under the control of his moral sense. He was a man who desired to be, and not to seem. His ambition was large, but it was an ambition to do what was worthy to be done. "What he would highly, that he would holily;" and although, as strong men will desire, he desired the vantage-ground of place and power—the standpoint wherefrom to use the lever of his intellect—yet his life was instinct with the consciousness that a great end can never be compassed by low means, that nothing is worthy the ambition of a true man which requires the sacrifice of personal honor, of fidelity to his friends, or of loyalty to his convictions.

He was essentially an earnest man. From his early youth, whatever he did was done with an intense purpose. As his experience widened and his mind matured, the purpose was changed, but the intensity was constant. Those who knew him best will, I think, agree with me that this earnestness was every year concentrating upon a higher purpose and proposing to itself a loftier aim, that the restlessness of his early ambition was subsiding, the effort of his intellect growing steadier, and that it needed only this final consecration to an unselfish cause to perfect the nobleness of his character.

When I think of him, and men not unlike him, and think that even they could not save us; when I see that the cause which called out all their virtues and employed all their ability has been permitted to sink in utter ruin; when I find that the great principles of constitutional liberty, the pure and well-ordered society, the venerable institutions in which they lived and for which they died, have been allowed to perish out of the land, I feel as if, in that Southern Cause, there must have been some terrible mistake. But when I look back again upon such lives and deaths; when I see the virtue, and the intellect, and the courage which were piled high in exulting sacrifice for this very cause, I

feel sure that, unless God has altered the principles and motives of human conduct, we were not wholly wrong. I feel sure that whatever may be the future, even if our children are wiser than we, and our children's children live under new laws and amid strange institutions, History will vindicate our purpose, while she explains our errors, and, from generation to generation, she will bring back our sons to the graves of these soldiers of the South, and tell them—aye, even in the fulness of a prosperity we shall never see—This is holy ground; it is good for you to be here!

WILLIAM HENRY TRESCOT.

WILLIAM HENRY TRESCOT was born at Charleston, S. C., November 10, 1822, and after graduation at the College of Charleston, studied law. Soon after his admission to the bar he married and settled as a planter on Barnwell Island, where he lived until the plantation was occupied by Federal troops in the late war. In 1852 he was Secretary of Legation to London; Assistant Secretary of State in 1860; was assistant to Hon. Jas. L. Pettigru in codifying the laws of the State; and in 1877 was counsel for the United States before the Halifax Fishery Commission. His principal published works relate to diplomacy, upon which subject he is universally regarded as the highest authority in the South. He is the author of *Diplomacy of the Revolution*, Appleton & Co., 1852; *Diplomatic History of the Administrations of Washington and Adams*, Little, Brown & Co., 1857; *An American View of the Eastern Question*, John Russel, 1854; *Address before South Carolina Historical Society; Eulogy on Gen. Stephen Elliott before South Carolina Legislature*, 1866; *Memorial of Gen. Johnston Pettigrew*, 1870. His present residence is Washington, D. C.

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## THE FUTURE OF THE RESTORED UNION.

THE ideas that have prevailed, and are still to a great extent prevailing, can no more become the permanent policy of the Government than could the interregnum of Cromwell destroy the natural and inherent loyalty of the people of England. And already we see in the indications of popular opinion the first blush of the morning, as it scatters the mists and with roseate hues announces the day, bright with the memories of the Old *Regime*.

All hail! all hail! Advance to meet it—Young Men of the South, advance to meet it! Forgetting the bitterness of the past, with strong hands and earnest hearts press forward to



establish the prosperity of your entire country, under the ægis of the Constitution restored. Let dead issues rest in the grave where the war buried them. The Future is your field of labor. It is white for the harvest. Under the Providence of God the hopes of mankind may not fail. Sit not down amid the ruin and desolation of your country to weep over her fate—another “Niobe of Nations, all childless and crownless in her voiceless woe.” Look not into the Past, to rake up the skeletons of its gory memories. Look rather into the Future. I am sure we will come forth from that sanctuary like the High Priest came forth from the Holy of Holies, with our countenances illumined with some faint glory reflected from the scroll of our high destiny.

Could we hope once more to restore the Constitution in its true intent, what visions allure us of greatness and glory for our common country! We are dazzled with the brightness that blazes down upon us from the momentos of its triumphs. Its Ensign will flame out over an Empire richer than that of Persia, when Xerxes first crossed the Hellespont: more glorious than that of Athens, when Pericles held the keys of her destiny: more powerful than that of Rome, when her eagles flew from Britain to the Ganges. Truth will claim dominion over all the realms where the human mind has hitherto entered, and will open up new regions in which to lay down the lines of its boundless empire. It will no longer, as of old, immerse itself in the cave of the hermit, or the cloister of the monk: nor, as of late, will it be stifled by the petty order of a provost-marshal, or the tinkling bell of a passing official; but will walk abroad in the full light of day, and claim its inherent right to rule. It will attack Error in its fastnesses and strongholds in the high places of the land; will break its weapons and sit in triumph upon its ruins, with the sceptre of Power and the crown of Victory.

F. W. M. HOLLIDAY.

FREDERICK W. M. HOLLIDAY is a Virginian. After graduating at Yale College in 1847, he graduated in law at the University of Virginia, and entered at once on the practice of his profession at Winchester. In 1861 he entered the Confederate army as a Captain in the famous Stonewall Brigade, became a Colonel (having declined a place on Stonewall Jackson's staff), and lost an arm at Cedar Mountain, which prevented

further service in the field. When the war ceased he returned to his profession, but took an active part in the political canvasses involving the reconstruction of Virginia and her restoration to her rights in the Union. The only political office he has ever held is that of Governor, to which he was elected in 1877—the nomination having been tendered him unsolicited.

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### BARGAIN AND SALE.

OF all the classic gods we find among Olympian coteries,  
The two that were completely blind had most devoted  
votaries.

Blind Cupid all the young controlled, unselfish, ardent,  
amorous;

Blind Plutus' devotees were old and all for lucre clamorous,  
Young lovers then, with sweet content, could feed on homely  
pottages,

And happily their lives were spent in very humble cottages.

But Eros, like a childish fool, of Plutus' sway grew emulous,  
And thought he would prefer to rule o'er subjects gray and  
tremulous.

He knew that force would naught avail, so never thought of  
trying it;

But Plutus held his all for sale, and Love resolved on buying it.  
But how to raise the needful gold,—it set poor Cupid pondering:  
At last his own domain he sold, and Plutus' bought it, wonder-  
ing.

Then Cupid broached the other trade; but Plutus had the  
start of it,

And sold, for all that Cupid made, not all his realm, but part  
of it.

Olympus was at first struck dumb, and thought it quite an oddity,  
That warm affection had become a saleable commodity;  
But soon, all those possessed of pelf, for love were freely spend-  
ing it,

While those with naught but love itself were diligently vend-  
ing it.

But as with liquor, when the great demand meets not enough  
of it,  
The venders will adulterate, and make atrocious stuff of it,  
E'en so with love: and those who bought had need be not too  
curious,  
Lest they should find the love they sought much mixed, or  
wholly spurious.  
And as their drugs the tapsters see destroyed, yet nothing reck  
of it;  
So Plutus little cared, for he had made a handsome spec.  
of it.

And Plutus now, in rich attire, finds every one caressing him.  
Whate'er he says, they all admire; whate'er he does, are bless-  
ing him.

His grudging alms—so truly rare—are praised as princely  
charity:

His boorish blunders all declare enchanting singularity:

His hobble is the step of grace, his stoop the finest attitude:

There's beauty in his wrinkled face, and wit in every plati-  
tude.

His delf is finest porcelain; his sourest wine a rarity:

To wed him, gay Fifteen were fain, and thinks there's no dis-  
parity.

But Cupid finds, alas! that he has treatment most injurious;

For soon he came to penury, when he became penurious.

So now he goes with elbows out, few seeking and few heeding  
him,

And, slipshod, gropes his way about,—for who has time for  
leading him?

And thus it comes that none can please with wit or worth, if  
moneyless;

They get the sting of honey-bees, but must retreat all honey-  
less :

While he, with barren heart and brain, who hath estates ba-  
ronial,

Need never fear to try in vain in matters matrimonial:  
That wealth is prized all things above, and sought with most  
avidity;  
For Plutus rules the realm of love, and Cupid of cupidity.

R. B. MAYES.

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### THE OLD FIELD SCHOOL.

IT was in the sunlight of a sweet spring day that I entered the Rock Spring School at the Eleven Oaks. The morning dawned so bright! and I was glad and happy. The air was soft and balmy, and the woods rang with the minstrelsy of the birds. One little cloud hung on the sky, as white and as peaceful as incense from the burning censer of the heavens. The flowers hung their jewelled heads as if dreaming of the rainbow. My step was lithe and quick, and my heart beat full and strong.

The old School-house stood on the brow of a hill, sheltered in the grove—framed of unhewn logs, chinked with mud, with a low, flat roof of slabs. At the door stood a grand old oak of giant growth, that threw its long green branches over the turfless play-ground. At the base of the hill a spring of sparkling water broke from the granite bosom of the rocks, sending forth a limpid, laughing stream that murmured softly beneath the willow-trees that drooped and waved above its pebbly bed.

I shall never forget the kindly greeting of my teacher. His person was tall and graceful, his face manly and handsome, and his full blue eyes beamed with kindness and good-nature. His voice was low and womanly sweet; he never raised it, for he was the laziest man that ever lived. In the long summer days, with a dictionary for a pillow, he would sleep until the chill dews of the evening warned him to his home. But with the boys he was a beau-ideal of a professor; he kept no switch, made no reports to our parents, and threw us children on our honor as gentlemen. Yet, with all this, he was a wonderful

genius, devoted to poetry and polite literature. I have listened to him through many a long summer play-time, as his rich, sweet voice would melt and flow in beautiful recitations of song and verse.

In recurring to those days, fresh in my memory is the Friday evening when I made my first essay as an original writer, in a composition which was rendered in a trembling, uncertain voice:—

#### A MULE.

A mule is a large quadruped with a stripe down his back. A mule has six legs; two hind legs and his fore legs. A mule is a common noun, and the singular number, except his ears, and is always in the objective case, and ain't governed by nothing. General Washington had many mules. Horses is superior to mules, and mules follow horses like common people trot after big folks. The largest mules in the world come from Kentucky. Daniel Boone killed bears in Kentucky. Kentucky is bounded on the north by the Ohio River, and the Ohio River empties into the Mississippi River, and the Mississippi River empties into the Gulf of Mexico. The Gulf of Mexico is a great gulf. There are no mules in the Gulf of Mexico.

Alas, alas, for the old school days. My teacher, poor fellow, early fell a prey to consumption, and passed away in the fulness of his hope and his manhood. His cheeks grew pale and thin, his eyes glistened with unearthly light, and one bright evening he called me to his side and said—"Dear boy, I have nothing left me but to die." And the red hectic burnt on his cheeks, and in broken accents he faintly whispered, "My life is like a summer rose,"—"My life is like a"—then a fitful start, and the silken cord was broken. And the setting sun shed a glow of crimson light on his calm and placid face; and he lay before me like an infant sweetly dreaming.

We followed him to his grave, and the women put flowers on his coffin—for he was a stranger, and had no mother there,—and we laid him out of sight. And as the clods fell the boys hid behind the trees and cried. And after that the grass grew green under the great oak at the School-house door.

Nothing now marks the spot. The old log cabin is levelled to the earth; the great oak is riven by the storm blast; the spring is hid in the moss and the leaves. The sweet voice of the teacher is hushed, and the glad shout of the boys is lost to my ears forever.

F. R. FARRAR.

## OUR DUTY AS PATRIOTS.

AS the custodians of liberty, my countrymen, we have a great work to perform. It must be preserved inviolate on these western shores for our children and for their children's children. We must cultivate a love of country. We must keep step henceforth to the music of the Union. We held firmly, unwaveringly to certain noble principles we thought in danger. We appealed to the sword, and were defeated. Our people have accepted in the most absolute good faith that decision. There will be no more war for those principles, although they are imperishable. In the words of that very eloquent and able divine, Dr. Moses Hoge: "A form of government may change, a policy may perish, but a principle can never die. *Circumstances may so change as to make the application of the principle no longer possible.*" So the South will never again take up arms for any principle that entered into the War between the States. It has solemnly sworn henceforth to maintain and cherish the Constitution as it is. That beautiful flag, so dear to our hearts, that once floated in triumph over so many battle-fields, has been furled forever.

Inscribe, my countrymen, these talismanic words upon your banners: Duty to God, duty to country, duty to self. Let consequences take care of themselves, let us take care of duty. Let us, as free men, go straight forward in the path of duty. Let that be our pole-star, our guiding principle, our inspiration. Let genuine patriotism abide in our hearts and control our lives—that patriotism that stands ready if need be "to refine itself into martyrdom," and is pledged to "suffer as well as act." Let us preserve inviolate our ancestral faiths, our spirit of consecration to right principle, our devotion to liberty, our obedience to law. Let us each swear upon the altar of our common country, on this hundredth birthday of the nation, that we will be faithful to our country's liberties, that we will do what we can as good citizens to work out, for the benefit of those who are to follow, that problem of such mighty potency

and such mighty pregnancy—the problem of a free, constitutional, just, and popular government on this vast continent.

T. B. KINGSBURY.

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## THE FAWN.

I LAY close down beside the river,  
My bow well strung, well filled my quiver.

The god that dwells among the reeds  
Sang sweetly from their tangled bredes.

The soft-tongued water murmured low,  
Swinging the flag-leaves to and fro.

Beyond the river, fold on fold,  
The hills gleamed through a film of gold.

The feathery osiers waved and shone  
Like silver thread in tangles blown.

A bird, fire-winged, with ruby throat,  
Down the slow, sleepy wind did float,

And drift and flit and stray along,  
A very focal flame of song.

A white sand isle midmost the stream  
Lay sleeping by its shoals of bream.

In lilled pools, alert and calm,  
Great bass through lucent circles swam;

And farther by a rushy brink  
A shadowy fawn stole down to drink,

Where tall, thin birds unbalanced stood  
In sandy shallows of the flood.

And what did I beside the river,  
With bow well strung and well filled quiver?

I lay quite still, with half-closed eyes,  
Lapped in a dream of paradise,

Until I heard a bow-cord ring,  
And from the reeds an arrow sing.

How quickly brother's merry shout  
Put my sweet summer dream to rout!

I knew not what had been his luck,  
If well or ill his shaft had struck;

But up I sprang, my bow half-drawn,  
With keen desire to slay the fawn.

Where was it, then? Gone like my dream!  
I only heard the fish-hawk scream,

And the strong, striped bass leap up  
Beside the lily's floating cup.

I only felt the cool wind go  
Across my face with steady flow;

I only saw those thin birds stand  
Unbalanced on the river sand,

Low peering at some dappled thing  
In the green rushes quivering.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

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### THE BIBLE AND THE CLASSICS.

**I**F the Bible be found to rob poetry and mythology of some of their ethereal fancies, it substitutes nobler truths, and sentiments equally chaste. If it has displaced cloud-compelling



Jove from Olympus, it has placed the heavens under the care of Him who "weigheth them in His balance," and "directeth His thunder under the whole heavens, and His lightning to the ends of the earth." If Aurora no longer opens the doors of the east, her office is performed by Him who causeth the dayspring to know his place. If the chariot of the sun be no longer under the care of Apollo, it is guided by Him who hath set a tabernacle for the sun. If Diana has forgotten to lead her circlet in the heavens, it revolves at the bidding of Him "who hath appointed the moon her seasons." If the sceptre of Æolus is broken, the winds are under the direction of Him "who guides the whirlwind and propels the storm—who maketh the clouds His chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind. If the trident of Neptune no longer sways the sea, its billows heave beneath the eye of Him who hath said to the deep, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." If Ceres has deserted the fields, they are under the care of Him who has promised that "seed-time and harvest shall succeed each other," to the end of time. If the vintage has ceased to ripen for Bacchus, it abounds for Him "who causeth wine to make glad the heart of man." If Nemesis no longer bears the balances of the earth, they are transferred to Him, "the habitation of whose throne is justice and judgment."

If the Dryads have forsaken the groves, and the Naiads the streams, the voice of Deity is speaking to the heart in the whisper of every tree, and the murmur of every fountain. If the Muses that presided over the spheres have abandoned the object of their tutelar regard, they are still propelled by the hand that rounded them, and peal out the hymn in which they united when the "morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." If Iris has ceased to be the messenger of the wrath of Juno, it has become the covenant of the mercy of Jehovah. If Pluto has resigned the guardianship of Hades, it is to him who "holds the keys of hell and death"; and if the Lares and Penates have abandoned the threshold and hearthstone, their place is supplied by Him who

hath promised to make the habitation of the righteous His abode, and to dwell in the heart of the humble. If all the deities have vanished before the light of truth and revelation, THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT reigneth.

N. C. BROOKS.

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### THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

THE Confederate Dead! In the memories stirred by these words are mingled what shattered dreams of glory, what tender regrets, what a priceless legacy of undying fame!

Who were these men, that we should so value them? Were it for nothing more than their martial valor and prowess on the field, we might well be proud of them as countrymen. They were the gayest and gallantest gentlemen that ever went down to battle, the stoutest soldiery that ever breasted the flood of death; and their cheer had a ring of victory in it that made a comrade's blood to bound, and the foeman's heart to quail, when he heard the exultant shout. In the charge, they pressed on with confident and resistless courage, and woe to the enemy who urged too rashly their sullen retreat. They never learned to fly, and in the last moments of a hopeless struggle the victors could not stand before their assaults. If you judge them by their achievements against overwhelming numbers, no contest in history can equal their unavailing resistance. They met in the field the flower of the youth of every land, allured by the stipend of the North, and Celtic fire was quelled, Teutonic stubbornness was melted like wax, and the well-knit phalanxes of the West were shattered by their blows. The soldiers who upheld for four years the cause of the South will rank in history among the first for courage, endurance, discipline, cheerfulness, intelligence, and humanity.

But it is not as mere soldiers we must view our dead. They were the champions of a noble cause, the cause of constitutional liberty and of immemorial rights made sacred by the monuments of more than six hundred years. They repre-

sented, moreover, the principles of self-government, of local freedom, and of the right of a people to decide their own political associations. In them was struck down these ancient and honorable ideas; and the community of nations allowed itself to listen to, and virtually to approve, the plea of the imperial and irresponsible centralization that triumphed. We have no complaints to make; but when startled Liberty in other lands turns hither and thither for sympathy or aid, we can point them to the lists where our champions lie slain, but not dishonored.

WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON,

WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON, eldest son of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, was born at Louisville, Ky., January 5, 1831. He attended the Western Military Institute, Georgetown, Ky.; graduated at Yale College in 1852, and at Louisville Law School, 1853. Practised law until the war began, when he served in the Confederate army as Lieutenant-Colonel 1st Kentucky Regiment; afterward as *aide-de-camp* to President Davis, with the rank of Colonel, and was captured with him at the close of the war. He has written a number of fugitive poems and historical pamphlets, but his chief work is *A Life of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston*, just published by Appleton & Co, N.Y. Since 1867 he has been Professor of History and Literature, and Lecturer on the Science of Law, in Washington and Lee University.

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## OUR LANGUAGE.

IF language be, as we know it is, one of the most considerable of the intelligent vehicles of historical facts and conditions at our command, if it be "the outward appearance of the intellect of nations," then certainly, the language of our land and our day must needs engage the close attention of whomsoever would make himself acquainted with the condition of our intelligence and the degree and quality of our enlightenment. And conversely, if we have a culture which, as is claimed, is any wise peculiar and indigenous, our language will reflect that peculiarity, will serve as a proof of it, and a measure whereby to test whether it be excellent or the opposite. There is an architecture of speech just as there is an architecture of houses, and each people has in a greater or less degree its own

peculiar style, both of language and of roof-tree, to which it is guided and within which it is constrained, by the needs of its congenerous instincts, by climate, habits, and idiosyncrasies.

The student of language has not gone very far upon his search for the laws of its origin and its mutations, has not examined very closely the circumstances of its inner life, before he becomes vividly impressed with the conception of how many vital forces are actively at work within it, and how peculiarly a living thing speech is. He comes at once to feel that while it is a treasure-house and depository of wisdom and experience in things enacted, it is in a still greater degree an operative mint and assay-house, wherein the rude bullion of thought is purified, moulded, stamped, and valued for currency in the social mart. It is, moreover, the autograph registry of our daily condition, as sensitive as an electrometer, as unerring as a chemist's scales. It is the test of a man, and the criterion of a people. As has been said by a master in its uses, "Language most shows a man: speak, that I may see thee. It springs out of the most retired and inmost parts of us, and is the image of the parent of it, the mind. No glass renders a man's form or likeness so true as his speech." The revelation it makes of the individual man, it more than corroborates of the man collective, and society would have no consecutive existence without the intervention of speech.

Being such, so living, so transient in the reflections, so instantaneous in catching the shape and color of every impression, speech must change constantly, and must change, if not for the better, then for the worse. Its growth being unintermittent, if it cannot grow upward it must grow downward; if it cannot spread to the right, it must spread to the left; if it be debarred from the assimilation of good material, it must be suffered to assimilate bad. "The growth of language cannot be suppressed," says Prof. Fowler, "any more than can the genial activity of the human soul. Especially in our own country—in this wilderness of free minds—new thoughts and corresponding new expressions spring up spontaneously, to live their hour or be permanent." And he adds: "As our countrymen are

spreading Westward across the continent, and are brought into contact with other races and adopt new modes of thought, there is some danger that, in the use of their liberty, they may break loose from the laws of the English language, and become marked not only by one, but by a thousand shibboleths."

To make frequent and searching inquiry, therefore, into the condition of our speech, and to see wherein it is advancing, and wherein retrograding, should seem to be the duty of every student in the land who is sedulous to preserve, for his own use and for the use of those who may come after him, a proper and adequate vehicle of American thought, a sweet, flexible, dignified, and competent medium for uttering ourselves to one another and to the world. Such is that English language which has been handed down to us, a priceless hereditament, out of the past. Such should likewise be that English language which is to go down from us, to the unborn millions of freemen with whom this land shall finally teem.

M. SCHELE DE VERE.

The distinguished philologist and author, MAXIMILIAN SCHELE DE VERE, Ph. D., LL. D. (Berlin), was born near Wexiö, Sweden, November 1, 1820. He entered the military and afterward the diplomatic service of Prussia, but emigrated to the United States, and was appointed in 1844 Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia, a position he still holds. As an author he has been most prolific, having published *Outlines of Comparative Philology* (1853), *Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature* (1856), *Studies in English* (1867), *A Series of French Grammars and Readers* (1867), *Grammar of the Spanish Language*, *The Great Empress*, a novel (1869), *Wonders of the Deep* (1869), *Americanisms* (1871), *The English of the New World* (1873)—works which have been received with great favor. Many translations have been made by him from current European literature, among others, Spielhagen's *Problematic Characters* (1869), *Through Night to Light* (1869), and *The Hohensteins* (1870). He is, besides, a constant contributor to the literary and philological reviews, magazines, and journals of Europe and America. The learned bodies to which he belongs are too numerous to specify in full; he is a member of Am. Philological Association, Royal Oriental Society, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and Hon. Cor. Mem. Academy of Sciences of Sweden, and of the French Academy.

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## BABY POWER.

SIX little feet to cover,  
Six little hands to fill:  
Tumbling out in the clover,  
Stumbling over the hill.

Six little stockings ripping,  
Six little shoes half worn,  
Spite of that promised whipping,  
Skirts, shirts, and aprons torn!  
Bugs and humble-bees catching,  
Heedless of bites and stings,—  
Walls and furniture scratching,  
Twisting off buttons and strings.  
Into the sugar and flour,  
Into the salt and meal,  
Their royal baby power  
All through the house we feel!  
Behind the big stove creeping,  
To steal the kindling-wood;  
Into the cupboard peeping,  
To hunt for “somesin dood.”  
The dogs they tease to snarling,  
The chickens know no rest,  
While the old cook calls them “darling,”  
And loves each one the “best.”  
Smearing each other’s faces  
With smut or blacking-brush,  
To forbidden things and places  
Always making a rush.  
Over a chair or table  
They’ll fight,—and kiss again  
When told of slaughtered Abel,  
Or cruel, wicked Cain!—  
All sorts of mischief trying  
On sunny days—in-doors;  
And then perversely crying  
To rush out when it pours.  
A raid on Grandma making  
—In spite her nice new cap—  
Its strings for bridles taking,  
While riding on her lap.

Three rosebud mouths beguiling,  
Prattling the livelong day;  
Six sweet eyes on me smiling,  
Hazel, and blue, and gray.  
Hazel—with heart light sparkling,  
Too happy we trust to fade;  
Blue—'neath long lash's darkling,  
Like violets in the shade;  
Gray—full of earnest meaning,  
A dawning light so fair  
Of woman-life beginning,  
We dread the noontide glare  
Of earthly strife and passion  
May spoil its tender glow,  
Change its celestial fashion,  
As earth-stains change the snow.  
Six little clasped hands lifted,  
Three white brows upward turned,  
One prayer, thrice Heavenward drifted  
To Him who never spurned  
The lisp of lips where laughter,  
Fading away in prayer,  
Leaves holy twilight—after  
A noon of gladness there.  
Three little heads all sunny  
To pillow and bless at night—  
Riotous Aleck, and Dunnie,  
Jennie so bonnie and bright.  
Three souls immortal slumber,  
Crowned by that golden hair;  
When Christ his flock shall number,  
Will all my lambs be there?  
Now with the stillness round me  
I bow my head and pray:  
\* Since this faint heart hath found Thee,  
Suffer them not to stray.

Up to the shining portal,  
 Over life's stormy tide,  
 Treasures I bring immortal;  
 Saviour, be Thou my guide.

MRS. ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

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### THE HERO OF THE COMMUNE.

"GARÇON! You, *you*  
 Snared along with this curséd crew?  
 (Only a child, and yet so bold,  
 Scarcely as much as ten years old!)  
 Do you hear? do you know  
 Why the *gens d'armes* put you there, in the row,  
*You* with those Commune wretches tall,  
 With your face to the wall?"

"*Know?* To be sure I know! Why not?  
 We're here to be shot;  
 And there, by the pillar's the very spot,  
 Fighting for France, my father fell:  
 Ah, well!—  
 That's just the way *I* would choose to fall,  
 With my *back* to the wall!"

("Sacre! Fair, open fight, I say,  
 Is something right gallant in its way,  
 And fine for warming the blood; but who  
 Wants wolfish work like this to do?  
 Bah! 'tis a butcher's business!) *How?*  
 (The boy is beckoning to me now:  
 I knew that his poor child's heart would fail,  
 . . . . . Yet his cheek's not pale):  
 Quick! say your say, for don't you see  
 When the Church-clock yonder tolls out *Three*,  
 You are all to be shot?



—*What?*

‘*Excuse you one moment?*’ O, ho, ho!  
Do you think to fool a *gen d’arme* so?”

“But, sir, here’s a watch that a friend, one day,  
(My father’s friend), just over the way,  
Lent me; and if you’ll let me free—  
It still lacks seven minutes of *Three*—  
I’ll come, on the word of a soldier’s son,  
Straight back into line, when my errand’s done.”

“Ha, ha! No doubt of it! Off! Begone!  
(Now, good St. Dennis, speed him on!  
The work will be easier since *he’s* saved;  
For I hardly see how I *could* have braved  
The ardor of that innocent eye,  
As he stood and heard,  
While I gave the word,  
Dooming him like a dog to die.”)

“In time? Well, thanks, that my desire  
Was granted; and now, I am ready:—Fire!  
One word!—that’s all!  
—You’ll let me turn my *back* to the wall?”

“Parbleu! Come out of the line, I say,  
Come out! (Who said that his name was Ney?)  
Ha! France will hear of him yet one day!”

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

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### THE SEA BREEZE AT VALPARAISO.

I N the summer of the southern hemisphere the sea breeze is more powerfully developed at Valparaiso than at any other place to which my services afloat have led me. Here regularly in the afternoon, at this season, the sea breeze blows furiously; pebbles are torn up from the walks and whirled

about the streets; people seek shelter; the Almendral is deserted, business interrupted, and all communication from the shipping to the shore is cut off. Suddenly the winds and the sea, as if they had again heard the voice of rebuke, are hushed, and there is a great calm.

The lull that follows is delightful. The sky is without a cloud; the atmosphere is transparency itself; the Andes seem to draw near; the climate, always mild and soft, becomes now doubly sweet by the contrast. The evening invites abroad, and the population sally forth—the ladies in ball costume, for now there is not wind enough to disarrange the lightest curl. In the southern summer this change takes place day after day with the utmost regularity, and yet the calm always seems to surprise, and to come before one has time to realize that the furious sea-wind could so soon be hushed.

Presently the stars begin to peep out, timidly at first, as if to see whether the elements here below had ceased their strife, and if the scene on earth be such as they, from bright spheres aloft, may shed their sweet influences upon. Sirius, or that blazing world  $\eta$ , Argus, may be the first watcher to send down a feeble ray; then follow another and another, all smiling meekly; but presently, in the short twilight of the latitude, the bright leaders of the starry host blaze forth in all their glory, and the sky is decked and spangled with superb brilliants. In the twinkling of an eye, and faster than the admiring gazer can tell, the stars seem to leap out from their hiding-places. By invisible hands, and in quick succession, the constellations are hung out; but first of all, and with dazzling glory, in the azure depths of space appears the great Southern Cross. That shining symbol lends a holy grandeur to the scene, making it still more impressive.

Alone in the night-watch, after the sea breeze has sunk to rest, I have stood on the deck under those beautiful skies gazing admiring, rapt. I have seen there, above the horizon at once, and shining with a splendor unknown to these latitudes, every star of the first magnitude—save only six—that is contained in the catalogue of the one hundred principal fixed

stars of astronomers. There lies the city on the seashore, wrapped in sleep. The sky looks solid, like a vault of steel set with diamonds. The stillness below is in harmony with the silence above, and one almost fears to speak, lest the harsh sound of the human voice, reverberating through those vaulted "chambers of the South," should wake up echo, and drown the music that fills the soul. On looking aloft, the first emotion gives birth to a homeward thought; bright and lovely as they are, those, to northern sons, are not the stars nor the skies of fatherland. Alpha Lyræ, with his pure, white light has gone from the zenith, and only appears for one short hour, above the top of the northern hills. Polaris and the Great Bear have ceased to watch from their posts; they are away down below the horizon. But, glancing the eye above and around, you are dazzled with the splendors of the firmament. The moon and the planets stand out from it; they do not seem to touch the blue vault in which the stars are set. The Southern Cross is just about to culminate. Climbing up in the east are the Centaurs, Spica, Bootes, and Antares, with his lovely little companion, which only the best telescopes have power to unveil. These are all bright, particular stars, differing from one another in color as they do in glory.

At the same time, the western sky is glorious with its brilliants too. Orion is there, just about to march down into the sea; but Canopus, and Sirius, with Castor and his twin brother, and Brocyon,  $\eta$ , Argus, and Regulus—these are high up in their course; they look down with great splendor, smiling peacefully as they precede the Southern Cross on its western way. And yonder, farther still, away to the south, float the Magellanic clouds, and the "Coal Sacks"—those mysterious, dark spots in the sky, which seem as though it had been rent, and these were holes in the "azure robe of night," looking out into the starless, empty, black abyss beyond.

One who has never watched the southern sky in the stillness of the night, after the sea breeze with its turmoil is done, can have no idea of its grandeur, beauty, and loveliness.

MATTHEW F. MAURY.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY, the philosopher of the seas, was born in Virginia, January 14, 1806, and died February 1, 1873. Entered U. S. Navy as midshipman 1825; promoted Lieutenant 1836; crippled, in 1837, and disabled from service afloat; in 1843 appointed Superintendent of Depot for Charts and Instruments at Washington, which under his management became the National Observatory and Hydrographical Department of the U. S.; here he remained until 1861, when he resigned, and was made Commodore and Chief of the Sea Coast Defences of the Confederacy. After the war he accepted service under Maximilian in Mexico, and at his fall returned to his native State as Professor of Physics in the Virginia Military Institute. He has published *Navigation* (1835); a series of articles—*Scraps from the Lucky Bag*, by Harry Bluff—leading to many naval reforms and improvements; *Wind and Current Charts, and sailing Directions* (1854), which brought him tokens of honor from all the crowned heads of Europe; *Physical Geography of the Sea*, (1855), which caused Humboldt to declare him the founder of a new and important science; and, since the war, a series of *Geographica*.

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### RE-INTERMENT OF THE CAROLINA DEAD FROM GETTYSBURG.

THE mournful office which has summoned us hither waits to be performed. Let us hasten to remove these relics of unconquered patriots from a strange atmosphere less free than the air of the sepulchre. And if we have abandoned the last hope of maintaining their principles, if we are prepared to give up everything for which they died, let us discharge this office for them with the feelings of those who are interring their principles with their bones—of those who are solemnizing the funeral-rites, and burying the corpse, of Liberty. Let us place no emblem of hope above their heads, but having in the silence of death struck the last stroke of the spade upon their graves, retire from the scene as men withdraw from a field on which all has been lost.

But if it be our determination that we will cease to cherish the sacred principles which these men consecrated with their blood only when we cease to live, then let us, comrades, fellow-citizens, lovers of liberty, with reverent mien and tender hands consign all that remains of our brethren to their coveted resting-place in the bosom of their loved Carolina. And as we cover them for their last sleep, let us bury with them every proposal to us to apostatize from their principles, every tendency even

to compromise them, every desire to recover position, wealth, or ease, at the sacrifice of honor, virtue, and truth. Let us lay them down in hope; and, as each modest stone rears its head above them, inscribe upon it a *Resurgam*—the token of our faith that their principles, now trodden into dust, will rise again, the symbol of our invincible resolution that these men shall not altogether have died in vain.

Heroes of Gettysburg! Champions of Constitutional rights! Martyrs for regulated liberty! Once again, farewell! Descend to your final sleep with a people's benedictions upon your names! Rest ye here, Soldiers of a defeated—God grant it may not be a wholly lost—Cause! We may not fire a soldier's salute over your dust, but the pulses of our hearts beat like muffled drums, and every deep-drawn sigh breathes a low and passionate requiem. Memory will keep her guard of honor over your graves; Love will bedew them with her tears; Faith will draw from them her inspiration for future sacrifices; and Hope, kindling her torch at the fires which glow in your ashes, will, in its light, look forward to a day when a people once more redeemed and enfranchised will confess that your death was not in vain.

JOHN L. GIRARDEAU.

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### SOUTH CAROLINA SPORTS—A BEAR HUNT AT CHEE-HA.

WE assembled at "Social Hall," and sending the drivers and hounds to enter the wood from the direction of Smilie's, proceeded to occupy all the prominent passes of the "White Oak," stretching along, at intervals, from the flood-gate dam to Sandy Run. My own stand was taken at the head of a long pond, or chain of ponds, which, approaching closely to the "White Oak," stretched away towards the southeast, until it found its outlet in Wright's Bay. I stood at the head of this pond, on a knoll that, piercing the swamp to the distance of one

hundred and fifty yards, was flanked on either side by deep morasses, affording very thick cover.

Standing among some dwarf trees that crowned the summit of this knoll, and which served as a partial screen, with my bridle-reins thrown carelessly over my arm, I was listening to the cry of the hounds, as, at great distance, and at slow intervals, they challenged on a trail,—when I caught a glimpse of a large dark object moving on my right; a second object was perceived, but still indistinct, and covered by the thicket. Presently a third and fourth were seen, and as they emerged from the dense cover, I perceived to my great surprise that they were *bears!* They were crossing the foot of the knoll on which I stood, from the right to the left. I leaped into the saddle, and as the ground in front was favorable to a horse, dashed at them, to cut them off, if possible, before they had gained the cover on the left. I had not run more than half my career, when I reined in my horse; for I perceived that two of the bears had changed their course, and were coming towards me. Their object, I presume, was not *attack*, but *escape* from the hounds, whose distant baying they had heard.

They ran straight for me, however, until they had approached within twenty yards; when the leading bear, a large one, stopped and looked me full in the face. A yearling bear followed, and, as if prompted by curiosity, reared himself on his hind legs and looked inquisitively over the shoulder of the leader. I seized the moment when their heads were thus brought in line, and almost in contact, and drew aim directly between the eyes of the larger bear. It occurred to me at the instant that my left-hand barrel was charged with shot of unusually large size, and I accordingly touched the left-hand trigger. Instantly the foremost bear disappeared, and the second, uttering a cry of distress, rolled over among the bushes, so as to assure me of its being seriously hurt; but the glimpse I had of him was so imperfect that I did not fire my second barrel.

Riding to the spot, imagine my surprise at seeing the large bear motionless, and in the same upright posture which he maintained before I had fired; his head, only, had sunk upon

his knees! *He was stone dead!*—two shot had pierced his brain. His death had been instantaneous,—and the slight support of a fallen tree had enabled him to retain a posture by which he yet simulated life. In searching for his wounded companion, I was guided to the edge of the morass by the torn earth and trampled grass; but there lost all trace of him in the tangled underwood. Diverging a little to the right, and following a faintly-traced path that penetrated the thicket, I again came upon a trail. Evidently there were several that had taken this direction: here was the foot-print, freshly stamped in the muddy soil,—here were the logs which they had leaped on their retreat yet dripping with the water splashed on them,—but the bears had passed onward, and the ground became more and more difficult, until it prevented all further advance.

I was now in the heart of the swamp, and I sounded my horn to call around me the hunters and hounds; the first for consultation, the second for pursuit. No horn replied! I shouted,—no answer! I listened,—and began to understand why my signals were unnoticed. The hounds had roused a deer, and were bearing down towards my left; and none of the field were willing, by leaving their stands, or answering a blast whose import they could not understand, to forfeit their own chance of sport. Nearer and nearer comes the cry,—they are skirting the thicket, and are driving directly to my stand!

“Well!—let them come! I have one barrel yet in reserve,”—and with this reflection, I make the best of my way back to the position I had just occupied. The chase turned to the left; presently a shot is fired in that direction, but no horn sounds the signal of success!—“Ha! the dogs are gaining the pine ridge in the rear, and may soon be lost,—that must not be,”—and I dash away at full speed to intercept them. It was no easy task to beat them off, heated as they were in the chase, and stimulated by the report of the gun. I rode across their track, and shouted, and blew my horn: but all in vain,—when the drivers came up opportunely to my assistance. By dint of chiding, and smacking of whips, they at last succeed in drawing off the hounds, that were almost frantic with eagerness to pur-

sue the deer! The horns then sound a call, and the hunters come dropping in.

"Why have you stopped the dogs?" said the Laird, with something of brusquerie in his manner.

"Because they are out of the drive; and, if not stopped, may be lost for the day."

"But I have shot a buck," said he.

"Where is he?"

"Gone on," said he, "but I'm sure they'll catch him in short order."

"So very sure!—found blood then?"

"No."

"How far off was he when you fired?"

"Oh, for that matter, he was jumping over me!"

"Then he carries shot bravely," said I: "but before we follow this buck,—who, by your showing, cannot possibly go far—there is another business for the hounds: a nobler quarry is before us!—I have shot a bear!"

"A bear!" cried the hunters, in astonishment. "You joke! we never saw one in these woods!"

"True, nevertheless! Ride up with the hounds, and it will be hard but I will show you blood!"

And away we went at a rattling pace for the scene of action: some faces expressing confidence, and some mistrust. As we neared the spot,—

"No joke, by gracious!" cried G— (his piety forbidding any stronger exclamation). "Look at the dogs!—how the hair is bristling upon their backs: they smell the bear at this moment!"

And so, indeed, they did; for there he stood before them!—not fallen, but crouching, as if prepared to spring,—yet, as we have said, *stone dead*! It was pleasant to witness the surprise, and to receive the congratulations of my sporting friends, as they crowded around the bear,—the horses showing uneasiness, however, and the dogs' mistrust amounting almost to terror!

While the drivers were encouraging the hounds to approach and familiarize themselves with the scent of the bear,—which they were baying at a distance, as if they feared his quietude



might be counterfeit,—I dismounted and reloaded my left-hand barrel.

“And now, my friends,” said I, on remounting, “we have glorious sport ahead!—a wounded bear is within fifty yards of us.”

“Now we know you joke,” said they in a breath: “you fired but one barrel.”

“But that,” said I, “had bullets for two. I have shot another, as sure as a gun!—but *that* (glancing at him of the buck) is not always the highest assurance! look here, at these bushes, torn up by his struggles,—and this blood! He made his way into that thicket, and *there* we'll find him! Let us surround it,—set on the dogs, and then hurra! for the quickest shot and the surest marksman! only take care, as we stand so close, that we do not shoot each other!”

The hounds were now brought to the trail, while we shout and clap our hands in encouragement. But they were panic-stricken, and would not budge a foot in advance of the drivers.

“Let us ride in,” said Loveleap.

“Done,” said I, and we placed ourselves, with G— and C— in the first line, while the other hunters, moving on the flanks, were in position to give their fire, if he broke out.

“Here he is!” said C—, before we had advanced twenty yards into the thicket.

“Where?”

“Before me. I cannot see him, but my horse does, for he snorts and refuses to advance!”

We close our ranks, with finger on trigger, and hearts beating with expectation; but there was no room for chase or fight,—*the bear lay dead before us!!* A grand hurra burst from us!—a grand flourish of horns!—and my hunting-cap was whirled aloft on the muzzle of my gun!—while the drivers tore their way into the thicket on foot, and dragged out the second bear to keep company with the first. I was delighted,—exalted,—overmuch, perhaps!—but my pride was soon to have its rebuke.

“Well,” said Splash, slapping his thigh with emphasis, and looking from the bears, which for some moments he had been

eying, to the piece of ordnance which he had been carrying by way of gun, as if to *that* alone should have belonged the credit of such a shot,—“*You are the luckiest man I ever saw in my life!*”

What a damper!—to tell a man who was priding himself on having made a magnificent shot, that it was nothing but luck.

“I’ll tell you what, Splash,” said I, “to have met the bears was my good luck, I grant you; but to have disposed of them thus artistically, excuse me!”—and my wounded self-love led me into a recital of incidents perfectly true, yet so nearly akin to vainglorious boasting, that *even now* I redden beneath my visor at the recollection! “It was by good luck then, that I once killed two bucks with one barrel! Loveleap, you saw this! By good luck that, at another time, I killed two does with one barrel!—then, too, you were present. By good luck that I killed in two days’ hunt five deer in five shots—not missing a shot!—By good luck that I killed thirty wild ducks at a fire! (but why speak of that? any one can shoot in a flock!) It is by good luck, I suppose, that I throw up a piece of silver coin, and batter it while in the air into the shape of a pewter mug!—or, laying my gun upon a table before me, fling up two oranges successively before I touch the gun, then snatch it up, and strike them both before they reach the earth, one with each barrel! Luck—luck—nothing but luck! Be it so; but when you have beaten this shot, and killed three bears with one barrel, let me know it, I pray you, and I will try my luck again! But while we waste time in talk, the scent gets cold. There are two other bears which took that footpath there; let us pursue them,—and *good luck* to the expertest sportsman in the field. I shall not fire another shot to-day!”

WILLIAM ELLIOTT.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT was born in Beaufort, S. C., in 1788, of Revolutionary stock noted for patriotism and integrity. Stephen Elliott, the naturalist, Stephen Elliott, Bishop of Georgia, and Gen. Elliott, of Fort Sumpter fame, were of the same family. He was educated at Harvard, ranking among the first of his class, and maintained his scholarly tastes to the end of his life. He served for many years in both branches of the Legislature, and acted as Commissioner for the State at the Paris Exposition in 1856. He acted

with the Union party in 1833, and wrote some of the most vigorous papers of the day against the Nullification theory. In 1860 he was a strong secessionist, and he died, at the age of seventy-five, in the midst of the civil war. A planter of large means, he loved to dispense a genial hospitality, and to recount with matchless skill his triumphs of field and flood. Our sea-island poet, Mr. Grayson, thus alludes, in his *Hireling and Slave*, to his love of field sports:

"Not Elliott, early trained with easy skill,  
Old Walton's various offices to fill,  
The sport to lead, the willing ear beguile,  
And charm with rare felicity of style,  
The straining line with nicer art employs,  
With keener zest the manly sport enjoys,  
Or takes the fish and fortunes of the day,  
Sunshine or shower, more buoyantly gay."

—Rev. C. C. Pinckney.

## LITTLE GIFFIN.

OUT of the focal and foremost fire!—  
Out of the hospital walls, as dire!—  
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene;  
Eighteenth battle, and HE, sixteen—  
SPECTRE! such as you seldom see,—  
Little Giffin, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said—  
Little the Doctor can help the Dead!—  
So, we took him!—and brought him where  
The balm was sweet in the summer air;  
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—  
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath—  
Skeleton Boy against Skeleton DEATH—  
Months of torture, how many such!—  
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;  
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye  
Told of a spirit that *wouldn't* die!

And *didn't*—nay, more!—in death's despite,  
 The crippled skeleton "learned to write!"  
 DEAR MOTHER: at first, of course—and then,  
 DEAR CAPTAIN: inquiring about the men.  
 Captain's answer:—*Of eighty-and-five,*  
*Giffin and I are left alive.*

Word of gloom from the WAR, one day;—  
 Johnston pressed at the front, they say;—  
 Little Giffin was up and away!  
 A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,  
 Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye;  
 "I'll WRITE, if spared!"—there was news of the fight,  
 But none of Giffin!—He did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I king  
 Of the princely Knights of the golden ring,—  
 With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,  
 And the tender legend that trembles here,—  
 I'd give the best on his bended knee,  
 The whitest soul of my chivalry,  
 For—LITTLE GIFFIN, of Tennessee!

F. O. TICKNOR.

### FEDERAL DESPOTISM IN MARYLAND.

SIR, what efforts have I not made, with every circumstance of respect for the dignity and rules of this House, and in every form of application attempted to gain a consideration of these heavy, insupportable grievances of Maryland; and what single one has received even the cold ceremony of a reception? Not one! But all rejected with insulting haste, or "laid upon the table," to rest there forever.

Maryland is treated here, too, as a subjugated province. Stripped of every attribute of her sovereignty, a caucus of revo-

lutionary fanatics has appointed our rulers, and Ohio and Illinois furnished the proconsuls of our conquered State—Messrs. Bingham and Lovejoy. If the Federal Constitution had guaranteed to Maryland the curse of a despotism, instead of a “Republican form of Government,” its duty in this respect could not have been more faithfully kept.

But, surrounded as she is by misfortunes, it is now, and shall continue to be the glory of Maryland, that her prostrate constitution and laws, her subjugated people, attest their spirit and patriotism, in meeting and defying the encroachments of arbitrary power, that they were too feeble by force to oppose. With true Republican pride, her citizens can repeat her noble declaration of rights, that “the doctrine of non-resistance to arbitrary power is absurd, slavish, and destructive to the peace and happiness of mankind.” And, repeating it, appeal to Heaven as witness that its precious injunction has been faithfully kept, and yet abides firmly in their hearts: and I must, sir, in a spirit of admonition, now and here declare my conviction, that the people of Maryland will and ought, by arms, to defend their Constitutional rights, if longer trampled on; and let the bloodshed rest on the souls of the aggressors, or the authority that encourages or permits their lawlessness.

Mr. Speaker, Maryland, though now prostrate, will again rise. When passion and brute force shall have passed away, or be driven from her soil, and the benign genius of free government returns again to preside over her destinies; then, her own people, if united and organized, will be able themselves to determine her lot. Let them be assured of this, and also be prepared. And then, also, comes a retribution. And while we may hope that her faithless children, who have stood indifferent to her fate, may be forgiven; yet, sir, they must not be forgotten; but those self-abasing wretches who, with parricidal hands, have helped to strike their own State's sovereignty down, shall rest in the full assurance of that day of account that must come, in the sure providence of God. And, sir, instructed by the language of the present Secretary of State, addressed to my constituents, in a lecture delivered by him on the 22d of De-

ember, 1848, "if a separation from the Union shall ever be necessary, let us hope that long habits of discipline and mutual affection may enable the American people to add another and final lesson on the excellence of Republics—*that of dividing without violence, and reconstructing without the loss of liberty.*" Heaven grant that such may be the happy destiny of Maryland.

HENRY MAY.

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### CLAY AND CALHOUN CONTRASTED.

IT would appear that government, like the physical world, is kept in its true orbit by opposing forces. In all republics there have been two sets of opinions in active antagonism—the one looking to the isolation of the different portions, the other to a broad and vital unity. The Grecian republics fell, according to Tacitus, because they spurned their subjects as aliens. The longevity of the Roman Republic was attained by the opposite policy; its power extended from Germany to the Nile, from Britain to the Euphrates, and its laws and language were imposed upon the most opposite varieties of mankind. Modified by the differing circumstances of time, and position, and character—the introduction of the representative principle, the peculiar relations of our State and General Governments, we find the same antagonism pervading our whole political system.

Mr. Clay took his position as an American—his first opponent was Virginia's brilliant and eccentric son, John Randolph of Roanoke. The contest between these opposing leaders was irregular, and oftener indicated personal hostility than political difference. Reconciliation fortunately came at the close of this contest, when Mr. Calhoun appeared as the calmer and more philosophical expounder of the extreme doctrines of State rights. Divested of its personal features, the antagonism between the Senators of South Carolina and Kentucky was as marked as in the other instance. The

one gloried in the contemplation of the vastness of his country—the other thought it necessary to watch with closest scrutiny, if not suspicion, the delicate relations of the different members. Mr. Clay, a native of one State and the adopted child of another, considered the divisions between the States as lines which policy drew, but which affection should not regard. Mr. Calhoun watched them as jealously as the founder of Rome guarded his growing walls, which not even a brother might leap over with impunity. One expended his time and talents in the curious dissection of the body politic, tracing its wonderful, and, to him, too often, its fearful anatomy; the other sought to endue it with health and strength, make it instinct with life and radiant with beauty. Or, if I may add another illustration, the South Carolinian, in his more hopeful moments, regarded the Union as a constellation, deriving its lustre and grandeur from the brightness of each particular star; the Kentuckian found the image of his country in some grand river like our giant Mississippi, each valley sending its rill, and lofty mountains speeding their torrents to swell its rapid tide. On its banks he saw fertile fields and happy homesteads—the blended sounds of manifold industry went up from pleasant villages and stately cities; on its bosom were countless vessels laden with the products and fabrics of a land framed in the prodigality of nature—and thus crowned with the trophies of Agriculture and of Art, he saw it rushing to the sea, and delivering to white-winged Commerce the bread to feed and the raiment to clothe a world.

Posterity will do justice to both of these great men—to the political speculations of the one, and the remarkable executive ability of the other—for therein was the difference which made their paths more and more widely divergent. One was a statesman, grappling with present difficulties; the other a dreaming philosopher, following principles as the Prince of Eastern fable followed his arrow beyond the habitations of man, beyond the bounds of probability. In their temperaments this antagonism was equally manifest. One was the oracle of bounding hope—

“And his eye kindled

With the prophecy of glorious years.”

The other became the prophet of woe, and trembled, like the ancient Pythoness, under the agony of his own forebodings—

“There was a listening fear in his regard,  
As if calamity had but begun;  
As if the vanward clouds of evil days  
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear  
Was, with its stored thunder, laboring up.”

One went down to the grave in gloom and sorrow, bewailing the fate of the “South—the poor South”—the other, with his latest articulation, blessed that Union which he believed was to be the assurance of happiness to an “undefined, unlimited, endless, perpetual posterity.”

B. JOHNSON BARBOUR.

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### THE BAND IN THE PINES.

O H, band in the pine-wood, cease!  
Cease with your splendid call;  
The living are brave and noble,  
But the dead were bravest of all!

They throng to the martial summons,  
To the loud, triumphant strain;  
And the dear bright eyes of long-dead friends  
Come to the heart again!

They come with the ringing bugle,  
And the deep drum's mellow roar:  
Till the soul is faint with longing  
For the hands we clasp no more!

Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease!  
Or the heart will melt in tears,  
For the gallant eyes and the smiling lips,  
And the voices of old years!

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.



**FEDERAL PROTECTION ON THE RIO GRANDE.**

**I**T is said, sir, that the people of Texas desire to involve this Government in a war with Mexico, that they may avenge the wrongs they have endured; and profit by the expenditures of the Government. No assertion could be more unfounded. If any such feeling existed among any considerable number of people of that State, ample opportunity and abundant provocation have already been given to induce them to manifest it. The wish, and I may add the anxiety, of the people of Texas to secure the enactment of a law by Congress, which will compel the authorities of the Government to render protection, springs from no unworthy motive. Surely, the highest evidence of the falsity of such assertion will become apparent when we contrast it with the past conduct of that people. Sir, they have submitted for many years to these raids and indignities; they have witnessed the murder of their fellow-citizens, the destruction or removal of thousands of dollars' worth of property, and the surrender of one of the finest sections of the State to a reign of terror and crime; and no act of insubordination to the obligations of this Government to a friendly neighboring power can be attributed to them.

We all know that Texas has the strength and the will to avenge her wrongs. In the days of her weakness she humbled the pride of Mexico, secured an empire from it, and dropped it into the lap of the United States. In her strength to-day she could sweep from the face of the earth that population which has so grievously wronged her, and secure tranquillity and repose for the future; but rather than violate the law of the land, by assuming the right and exercising the power which belongs to the General Government, she has awaited the hour when the national honor can no longer rest unvindicated and unasserted in her behalf.

Sir, every consideration which looks to the advancement of Texas in prosperity and greatness forbids any desire for war on our part, and especially a war with Mexico. Texas is now the

great hope of the Union. It is larger than all New England, and embraces every variety of soil and production. It offers to the young of all the States, and the good people of all countries, the finest inducements for immigration. Its advancement in wealth, population, and in all that tends to make a State rich and powerful, is attracting the attention of the whole country. Over two thousand miles of railway are now in successful operation. Immense forests of timber are yielding their treasures. Mineral resources, unsurpassed by those of any other State, are beginning to render rich reward to the laborer. Agricultural interests are extending their area and will soon demonstrate the fact that Texas is capable of being ranked among the first producing States of the Union. Every train of cars which enters the State carries young, enterprising immigrants, seeking homes for life.

Why should the people of Texas desire war, and of all wars, one with Mexico? If they desired to suspend the development of the grand resources of the State—stop the completion of its internal improvements—open up a vast and beautiful country beyond it, where the tide of immigration would inevitably flow—offer to her young men the ways of war with its vices, instead of preserving the ways of peace with its virtues—it might be truthfully said that the people of Texas desired a war with Mexico. War would inflict upon Texas the most serious evils, and her people deeply appreciate the importance of preventing it. This Government has the power, and can effectually apply the means which will preserve peace; and nothing will more certainly accomplish it than the adoption of these resolutions, and a strict enforcement of them.

D. B. CULBERSON.

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#### RELIGION NECESSARY TO GREATNESS OF CHARACTER.

**T**HAT RELIGION is necessary to the completeness of a character truly great, is an assertion which many may be reluctant to admit. If, however, we unroll the historic page

and narrowly investigate the mighty names which fame has there recorded—names which live on in the memories and hearts of posterity—we shall find that the truly great have never been destitute of some proper sense of religion. True, they may have lived under a dark dispensation, their views of God may have been very inadequate and obscure, yet still, according to the measure of their light, they have acknowledged and revered Him, and reckoned impiety among the grossest of the vices. In Socrates and Plato we look not for the lucid knowledge and bright experience of St. John or of St. Paul, yet the one fell a martyr to his religious faith, and the other is said to have prophesied of the Messiah's coming. It is religion alone which gives dignity to man, and importance to human pursuits. Nothing, surely, is so degrading to our nature, and nothing is so well calculated to divest man of all nobility of soul, as the scepticism which questions his future existence—the infidelity which consigns the hope of immortality to the grave—and the sensuality which cuts off every aspiration after communion with God. For, what are all the attainments of learning—what all the triumphs—what all the successful competitions of trade—what all the wealth that avarice can hoard, to give dignity to a dying worm!

Contrast the characters of those who have sought for greatness apart from virtue with those who have acknowledged the truth and excellency of religion, and see where the advantage lies. Compare Cæsar with Cato; or Strafford with Hampden; or Lord Jeffries with Sir Matthew Hale; or Napoleon with Washington; and what generous heart does not prefer the fame of those who were distinguished for virtue and religion? Does the world pay that homage to the names of Voltaire and Rousseau, Hume and Gibbon, which it readily accords to Sir Isaac Newton and to Locke? And if the records of all States, ancient and modern, were searched, in the long line of Statesmen who have served the throne, where can there be found a name so faultless and illustrious as that of the Hebrew minister of Darius the Mede?

They are the truly great, who blend the sympathies of humanity with the communicated graces of Divinity—who, stand-

ing among men acknowledge no superior, and in the presence of God confess themselves the least of all.

WHITEFOORD SMITH.

WHITEFOORD SMITH, D. D., was born in Charleston, S. C., November 7, 1812; entered the ministry of M. E. Church, 1832; elected Professor in Wofford College in 1855, and Professor in South Carolina College in 1857, but declined; now Professor of English Literature in Wofford College.

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FLORENCE VANE.

I loved thee long and dearly,  
    Florence Vane;  
My life's bright dream and early  
    Hath come again;  
I renew in my fond vision,  
    My heart's dear pain,  
My hope, and thy derision,  
    Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary  
    The ruin old,  
Where thou didst mark my story,  
    At even told,—  
That spot—the hues Elysian  
    Of sky and plain—  
I treasure in my vision,  
    Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses  
    In their prime;  
Thy voice excelled the closes  
    Of sweetest rhyme;  
Thy heart was as a river  
    Without a main.  
Would I had loved thee never,  
    Florence Vane.

But fairest, coldest wonder!  
 Thy glorious clay  
 Lieth the green sod under—  
 Alas the day!  
 And it boots not to remember  
 Thy disdain—  
 To quicken love's pale ember,  
 Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley  
 By young graves weep,  
 The pansies love to dally  
 Where maidens sleep.  
 May their bloom, in beauty vying,  
 Never wane,  
 Where thine earthly part is lying,  
 Florence Vane!

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE, the brother of the novelist John Esten Cooke, was born in Berkeley Co., Va., in 1816, and died in 1850. He graduated at Princeton, studied and practised law for many years, but early devoted himself to literary composition in prose and verse. His numerous contributions to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, then edited by Poe, embraced poems, tales, criticisms, and sketches. His poems were collected and published under the title of *The Froissart Ballads*. He was a man of real genius, and would have filled a large space in the eye of the literary world had he not died so soon.

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## VINDICATION OF THE ARMY.

THE army, living and dead, are *our own flesh, our own blood, our own selves*. The blessed bonds of family and kindred, and the ever-present voice of consciousness, bind us to the army, and rescue it at once from infamy and oblivion. Yes, dear brothers, rest sweetly, securely—you are safe; these bonds cannot be severed. See how tender, yet how indissoluble they are! Mother! the boy you kissed and sent away, and never kissed again—your Benjamin, your darling, who lies there—was

he rebel or patriot? was he traitor or hero? Wife! Widow! that warrior whose sword you girt about him while his arms encircled you in that warm embrace,—the last, the very last, till they enfold you yonder—is his honor tainted or stainless?

And now, living soldier-brothers, as we join hands about these graves, and look up to heaven together in this evening's holy hush, let us open our hearts' deepest depths to Him who made and knows them, and confess if we be traitors. But if we can place these hands upon these hearts, and call God to witness that they are not perjured, then let us swear that we will stand by these noble women, who stand so faithfully by our precious dead;—that we will teach our children and our children's children that these men fought and fell for the only principles upon which regulated Christian freedom can ever be established. Let us show them that conservatism at the North, and the world over, in these days is feeble, cautious, self-contradictory, because it has abandoned the only premises from which its conclusions can be deduced. Let us teach our children to test right and wrong, true and false, in God's great world, by something other than results which spend themselves and disappear in the brief space of a lifetime or a generation. Finally, let us explain to them the sacred work these noble women are doing, and make them swear they will perpetuate these associations. Let us bring them with us to these yearly memorials—and they are *memorials*, not "*decorations*." Let others *decorate* the graves of *victors*, we will *remember heroes*.

ROBERT STILES.

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### THE OLD PIONEER.

A DIRGE for the brave old pioneer!  
Knight-errant of the wood!  
Calmly beneath the green sod here  
He rests from field and flood;  
The war-whoop and the panther's screams  
No more his soul shall rouse,

For well the aged hunter dreams  
Beside his good old spouse.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!  
Hushed now his rifle's peal;  
The dews of many a vanish'd year  
Are on his rusted steel;  
His horn and pouch lie mouldering  
Upon the cabin door,  
The elk rests by the salted spring,  
Nor flees the fierce wild boar.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!  
Old Druid of the West!  
His offering was the fleet wild deer,  
His shrine the mountain's crest.  
Within his wildwood temple's space  
An empire's towers nod,  
Where erst, alone of all his race,  
He knelt to Nature's God.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!  
Columbus of the land!  
Who guided freedom's proud career  
Beyond the conquer'd strand;  
And gave her pilgrim sons a home  
No monarch's step profanes,  
Free as the chainless winds that roam  
Upon its boundless plains.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!  
The muffled drum resound!  
A warrior is slumb'ring here  
Beneath his battle-ground.  
For not alone with beast of prey  
The bloody strife he waged,  
Foremost where'er the deadly fray  
Of savage combat raged.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!  
A dirge for his old spouse!  
For her who blessed his forest cheer,  
And kept his birchen house  
Now soundly by her chieftain may  
The brave old dame sleep on,  
The red man's step is far away,  
The wolf's dread howl is gone.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!  
His pilgrimage is done;  
He hunts no more the grizzly bear,  
About the setting sun.  
Weary at last of chase and life,  
He laid him here to rest,  
Nor recks he now what sport or strife  
Would tempt him further west.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!  
The patriarch of his tribe!  
He sleeps—no pompous pile marks where,  
No lines his deeds describe.  
They raised no stone above him here,  
Nor carved his deathless name—  
An empire is his sepulchre,  
His epitaph is Fame.

THEODORE O'HARA.

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### A RECOLLECTION OF HIS YOUTH.

**I** REMEMBER there was a frost just twenty-nine years ago this very day—the 8th of May, 1838. Ah! how far back my memory runs! How well I remember that day twenty-nine years ago! I was a little schoolboy then, boarding in the country, and walking to the village school, a distance of two miles. That morning I mastered a lesson before breakfast,



sitting in a *swing* that hung out in the large, white, sandy, shady yard—sitting, swinging to and fro, with a slight, gentle motion, and conning my lesson, yet listening all the while to the low, soft music of the young poultry crying for their morning meal. I was a little dreamer, even then; strangely enough, too—strangely for so young a dreamer—my thoughts turned to the past, not the future.

The lesson finished, the book was laid in my lap, my arms were clasped around the poles which formed the swing, one foot keeping up the gentle swaying motion, by a regular, recurring, mechanical, and almost unconscious touch upon the ground; my head drooped upon my breast, and thought floated upon the sweet, plaintive sounds around me, away to the spot where reposed the ashes of my loved but *unremembered dead*. I was in the past, and yet not in the land of memory. Imagination was picturing out the scenes of the old homestead, as best it could from the treasured materials of imperfect tradition. There was the log-house in which I was born, the garden, the orchard, the immense wild grapevine amid the great rocks at a little distance; and the spring, the glorious spring, bursting from a rock under a great bluff, and dashing and dancing down the valley in a bright stream, that sang as merrily as it danced. And I strayed back up the hill again in search of the living forms that moved amid the scene. Father, brothers, and sisters rose up before my eager eyes, but my deepest interest was centred in the tall form of a *woman*, still young and handsome, moving with a sedate grace, which bespoke the very sweetness of dignity, and selecting for her walk the very sweetest spots, with an unerring instinct that told of a heart at once deeply loving and deeply *hallowed*. She seemed to cast bright and hopeful gleams towards the “new house” rising unfinished from a clump of trees on the brow of a gentle slope. She had laid away some of her darlings among the cedars in the garden; but she was now beginning to emerge from the darker shades of poverty, and was about to secure a *better house*, a sweeter home, for the dear ones who were left to her love.

But, ah! the “new house” was destined to remain unfinished

forever! The cedars in the garden! The lovely form pointed me to the cedars in the garden, and then faded from my view. I followed her pointing, and stood solitary and desolate among the cedars in the garden! Amid their deep, dark shade was a grave—her grave, already grass-grown from age! Lilies—sweet white lilies—were bending over it, and dropping their fragrance upon the sacred dust.—

The boy in the swing uttered a low, deep moan, and burst into tears—tears of intense yearning for the unknown blessing of a mother's love!

LINTON STEPHENS.

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#### THE SOUTH ACCEPTS THE SITUATION.

I HAVE attempted, Mr. Chairman, to state these views fully, in order that the Southern people, the people whom I in part represent here, shall be fully apprised of the precise character and force of the public opinion which bears upon their present condition and their future destiny. I shall endeavor as a representative of the South to appreciate the value of these grave apprehensions. In doing so I shall speak as one who feels that he represents in part a people who even in their desolation are no unimportant element in the national life; who have accepted with manly sincerity the changes which the war has brought; who know that they have the confidence of the country to regain, but who are assured that, with a fuller and truer knowledge of their condition, their motives, and their purposes, to which it is our duty here to contribute, they can claim and will receive that restored trust and affection which can alone bind the great sections of this Republic in unity of spirit and in the bonds of peace—that peace which in these days of miserable discord almost passeth the understanding. I believe the apprehension growing out of the united Southern support of the Democratic party is wholly unfounded, and should not stand in the way of the aspirations of a great people for progress and reform in their Government. The

idea that the South under any combination of parties will ever again obtain the control of this great Republic and wield its destinies against the will of its mighty people, is of all ideas the most visionary and baseless.

Sir, if such an idea has any effect whatever with the North, no such hallucination inflames the imagination of the South. The Southern people are a prostrate people. They have been defeated in war, and they have been made to know and feel that the sacrifices, the humiliation, and helplessness of defeat are theirs; while the North has reaped the rich results of a victorious war, and has interfused them into the very elements of the national life and constitution. Their institutions, political and social, have been destroyed as completely as if an earthquake had overwhelmed them; their agricultural industries are disorganized; their fertile soil sterilized by an all-devouring taxation; their educational institutions languishing; their population impoverished, and so inferior in numbers as to place them in every department of the Government in such a hopeless minority that, so far from ruling the interest of other sections, they are impotent to protect a single interest or right of their own.

Sir, even if such a dream were in their mind, the occasion for it is gone. The conflicts in the past grew out of questions connected with slavery, its area, and the maintenance of its constitutional right, its political privileges, and its property interests. These questions have been eliminated from the problem of American politics, and with them have gone all the passions and antagonism to which they gave rise. Nor is there any influence or incident connected with their present condition which makes them not fully homogeneous with the whole American people; nor anything, except harsh and ungracious administration, to prevent their sympathy and identity with the interest and destiny of the American nation. She feels that she must be either part of the nation, or its province; must be part of the Government, or held in duress under it. With her people national patriotism is a philosophy, a moral and political necessity. To obey the laws of their country and to rec-

ognize its authority over themselves would be, as they well know, degrading to their character. As Southern men, they know that to keep up the high moral standard of a high-spirited people obedience must emanate from patriotic love and not from ignoble fear. Their very sectionalism, which has hitherto tended to insulate, now identifies them with the national life, and makes them cultivate that wider and broader patriotism which is coextensive with the Union. They have no aspirations not bounded by the horizon of that Union, no purpose adverse to the national instincts, no scheme that looks to the disturbance of the elective franchise as it exists in the Constitution.

L. Q. C. LAMAR.

LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR was born in Georgia, September 17, 1825, and graduated at Emory College, 1845; studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1847; removed to Mississippi in 1849, and was elected Adjunct Professor Mathematics in the University of that State, but resigned in 1850 and returned to Georgia, where he served as a member of the Legislature in 1853; in 1854 he again removed to Mississippi and was elected to the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses of the United States, resigning in 1860 to take his seat in the Secession Convention; served in the Confederate Army as Colonel of Infantry; in 1863, was sent on important diplomatic mission to Russia by President Davis; served two terms in Congress after the reconstruction of Mississippi, and in 1877 took his seat in U. S. Senate. He is a recognized leader in Southern politics, and is distinguished for his conservative statesmanship, ability in debate, and polished oratory.

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### LOVE.

**B**LESSED be the God of Love for making man in his own image, and all nature in accord! It is love which adds brightness to the sunbeam, beauty and fragrance to the flower, symmetry to form, and harmony to sound; which deprives the thunder-cloud of its terrors, turns despair to hope, and takes the sting away from death. It gives pleasure to the toils of life, and always stands as the crown of their reward. Man aspires to be wise, admires justice and holiness, seeks after knowledge, and strives for power over nature, but he feels love; it alone can completely fill his nature, it alone of all his attributes, is always present, and it alone can be made nearly perfect here

on earth. His wisdom may prove folly; his justice, cruelty; his holiness, sinful weakness; his knowledge, a vain boast; and of his power he may despair; but his love knows neither despair, cruelty, sinfulness, folly, nor vain boasting. It is always the very perfection of perfection; makes crooked things straight; rough places smooth; ugliness beautiful; stupidity intelligent; and even vice it often transforms to virtue. Man could neither bear to live, nor living bear to die without it. And when, in addition to his own exquisite feeling of that perfect sense, he knows that all of it with which another is endowed—and she one of the most lovely and loving of God's loving creatures—is bestowed upon him as its object, he feels a pride of his own dignity, and an appreciation of his own blessedness as a man, which no other contemplation of his nature can impart.

JOHN S. HOLT.

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### THE CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA.

**S**PURRING onward, Captain Nolan  
Spurring furiously is seen—  
And although the road meanders;  
His no heavy steed of Flanders,  
But one fit for the commanders  
Of her Majesty the Queen.

Halting where the noble squadrons  
Stood impatient of delay,  
Out he drew his brief despatches,  
Which their leader quickly snatches;  
At a glance their meaning catches:  
They are ordered to the fray.

All that morning they had waited,  
As their frowning faces showed;  
Horses stamping, riders fretting,

And their teeth together setting,  
Not a single sword-blade wetting,  
As the battle ebbed and flowed.

Now the fevered spell is broken:  
Every man feels twice as large;  
Every heart is fiercely leaping,  
As a lion roused from sleeping,  
For they know they shall be sweeping  
In a moment to the charge.

Brightly gleam six hundred sabres.  
And the brazen trumpets ring:  
Steeds are gathered, spurs are driven,  
And the heavens wildly riven  
With a mad shout upward given,  
Scaring vultures on the wing.

Stern its meaning: was not Gallia  
Looking down on Albion's sons?  
In each mind this thought implanted,  
Undismayed and all undaunted,  
By the battle-fields enchanted,  
On they ride upon the guns.

Onward, on the chargers trample,  
Quicker falls each iron heel,  
And the headlong pace grows faster;  
Noble steed and noble master,  
Rushing on to red disaster,  
Where the heavy cannons peal.

In the van rides Captain Nolan,  
Wide his flying tresses wave;  
And his heavy broadsword flashes,  
As upon the foe he dashes:  
God! his face turns white as ashes,  
He has ridden to his grave.

Down he fell, prone from his saddle,  
Without motion, without breath.  
Never more at trumpet to waken—  
He the very first one taken  
From the bough so sorely shaken  
In the vintage-time of Death.

In a moment, in a twinkling  
He was gathered to his rest;  
In the time for which he'd waited—  
With his gallant heart elated—  
Down went Nolan, decorated  
With a death-wound on his breast.

Comrades still are onward charging,  
He is lying on the sod;  
Onward still their steeds are rushing  
Where the shot and shell are crushing,  
From his corpse the blood is gushing,  
And his soul is with his God.

As they spur on, what strange visions  
Flit across each rider's brain:  
Thoughts of maidens fair, of mothers,  
Friends and sisters, wives and brothers,  
Blent with images of others,  
Whom they ne'er shall see again.

Onward still the squadrons thunder,—  
Knightly hearts were theirs, and brave;  
Men and horses, without number,  
All the furrowed ground encumber,  
Falling fast to their last slumber,—  
Bloody slumber! bloody grave!

Of that charge at Balaklava,  
In its chivalry sublime,  
Vivid, grand, historic pages

Shall descend to future ages;  
Poets, painters, hoary sages,  
Shall record it for all time.

Telling how those English horsemen  
Rode the Russian gunners down;  
How with ranks all torn and shattered,  
How with helmets hacked and battered,  
How with swords and arms blood-spattered  
They won honor and renown.

'Twas "not war," but it was splendid  
As a dream of old romance;  
Thinking which their Gallic neighbors  
Thrilled to watch them at their labors  
Hewing red graves with their sabres,  
In that wonderful advance.

Down went many a gallant soldier;  
Down went many a stout dragoon;  
Lying grim, and stark, and gory,  
On the crimson field of glory,  
Leaving us a noble story,  
And their white-cliffed home a boon.

Full of hopes and aspirations  
Were their hearts at dawn of day;  
Now with forms all rent and broken,  
Bearing each some frightful token  
Of a scene ne'er to be spoken,  
In their silent sleep they lay.

Here a noble charger stiffens,  
There his rider grasps the hilt  
Of his sabre, lying bloody  
By his side, upon the muddy  
Trampled ground, which, darkly ruddy,  
Shows the blood that he has spilt.



And to-night the moon shall shudder  
As she looks down on the moor,  
Where the dead of hostile races  
Slumber, slaughtered in their places,  
All their rigid, ghastly faces  
Spattered hideously with gore.

And the sleepers! ah, the sleepers  
Made a Westminster that day,  
'Mid the seething battle's lava!  
And each man that fell shall have a  
Proud inscription—*Balaklava*,  
Which shall never fade away.

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

JAMES BARRON HOPE, poet and journalist, is a native of Hampton, Va. He has published two volumes, one entitled simply, *Poems*, the other *Leoni di Moneta, and Other Poems*. *Balaklava*, the most successful of his productions, was highly commended by the press of England, and drew from the Queen a special acknowledgment. Captain Hope is at present editor of the *Norfolk Landmark*.

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## TEXAS BESTOWED ON THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

MORE than thirty years ago I met repeatedly in Paris a personage very noted in European history during the early years of the present century, The Prince of Peace—*El Principe de la Paz*—Don Manuel Godoy. This personage said to me that his master, Charles IV., King of Spain, had bestowed on him the province of Texas, to be an apanage of the house of Godoy. The King had also assigned to him the young women in the Female Asylums of Spain to go thither—that is, to come hither—together with two thousand soldiers, for the settlement and permanent inhabitation of this our present State of Texas.

The soldiers were designated, the transports were being got in readiness to sail, when the French invasion of Spain, under Na-

poleon, at this moment, made the troops needed at home. The enterprise was arrested; the Spanish damsels were restored to their asylums, and the mighty events in Spain, following in quick succession and involving nearly all Europe, prevented it from being ever resumed. There appears no reason for doubting the narrative. The whole was a fitting incident in the history of the Spanish Court during those hideous times.

When I used to see the Prince, then seventy-six or seventy-eight years old, he still exhibited traces of that beauty of Antinous which, more than thirty years before, had wrought the infamy of the court in which he ruled, the all-powerful favorite of the Queen as well as of the King. He was living in very plain apartments, on the fifth story, in a small street near the boulevard. His sole means of subsistence in his age and in his poverty, he said to me, was five thousand francs paid to him annually by King Louis Phillipe—a salary he was once entitled to as a grand officer of the Legion of Honor. I sometimes saw him wrapped in a Spanish cloak, sauntering solitary on the boulevards, gazing at the things displayed in the shop windows.

ASHBEL SMITH.

ASHBEL SMITH, the diplomatist of the Texas Revolution, was born in Hartford, Conn., 1806. He graduated at Yale College, went to North Carolina, and there studied law, but on account of ill health abandoned it for medicine, the study of which he completed in Paris, where he was during the last year of his stay *externe* in the Necker Hospital. Returning to North Carolina, he practised his profession till 1836, when, in response to call for volunteers to oppose Santa Anna's invasion, he hastened to Texas, but did not arrive until after the battle of San Jacinto; was appointed Surgeon-General of the Texan army; and, in 1838, was one of the Commissioners who negotiated the first treaty of Texas with the Comanche Indians. Under President Houston's second administration he was Minister Plenipotentiary from the Republic of Texas to Great Britain and France, residing alternately in London and Paris; he also visited Rome on a diplomatic mission to Pope Gregory XVI. On his return from Europe he was appointed Secretary of State under President Anson Jones, and in view of impending annexation, returned to Europe to close up diplomatic relations with the European powers. While Secretary of State he negotiated a treaty with Mexico—accepted by the Mexican Congress—which placed Texas in the position of acknowledged independence before the world; this treaty was rejected by the Texas Congress, which accepted in preference the annexation resolutions.

Entering the Confederate army as Captain, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel on the field of Shiloh, for gallantry; was for a while Inspector-General of the Army in North Mississippi; then succeeded to the colonelcy of his regiment, the 2d Texas Infantry; after the fall of Vicksburg he commanded a brigade or division until the close of the war, when he was in command of the defences of Galveston.

He long since ceased to practise medicine *for pay*. The social, political, and material

questions of the day—but especially education, finance, and scientific agriculture—have ever engaged his profoundest study, and in their solution and practical application for the advancement of the true interests of his State, he has been prominent, active, and successful. Possessing a wonderful versatility of mind, he is no less remarkable for his scientific attainments and linguistic accomplishments than for his political sagacity. Some of his scientific papers have been republished with commendation in the European journals; and he has been elected a member of various learned and scientific bodies on both continents. During his absence as Honorary Commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1878, he has been nominated State Senator.

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## I SIGH FOR THE LAND OF THE CYPRESS AND PINE.

**I** SIGH for the land of the Cypress and Pine,  
Where the jessamine blooms and the gay woodbine;  
Where the moss droops low from the green oak tree,—  
Oh! that sunbright land is the land for me!

The snowy flower of the orange there,  
Sheds its sweet fragrance through the air;  
And the Indian rose delights to twine  
Its branches with the laughing vine.

There the deer leaps light through the open glade,  
Or hides him far in the forest shade,  
When the woods resound in the dewy morn  
With the clang of the merry hunter's horn.

There the humming-bird of rainbow plume,  
Hangs o'er the scarlet creeper's bloom;  
While 'midst the leaves, his varying dyes  
Sparkle like half-seen fairy eyes.

There the echoes ring through the livelong day  
With the mock-bird's changeful roundelay;  
And at night when the scene is calm and still,  
With the moan of the plaintive whip-poor-will.

Oh! I sigh for the land of the Cypress and Pine,  
Of the laurel, the rose, and the gay woodbine;  
Where the long gray moss decks the rugged oak tree—  
That sunbright land is the land for me.

SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON.

SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON, M. D., was born in Charleston, S. C., 1797. After graduating in Yale College, and then in medicine at University of Pennsylvania, he practised his profession many years in his native city, and established the Medical College there. In 1847 he was Professor in University of New York, and after the war (having returned South and lost everything in the contest) he accepted a chair in Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, which he filled until his death a few years ago. His published volumes have been on medicine or collateral subjects, except *Essays on Slavery*, 1845. He is said to have delivered the first temperance lecture south of Mason and Dixon's line. His essays on literary and scientific subjects have been numerous, and his occasional verses are remarkable for simple grace and true feeling.

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### BOSTON LECTURE ON SLAVERY.

THE opponents of slavery, passing by the question of material interests, insist that its effects on the society where it exists is to demoralize and enervate it, and render it incapable of advancement and a high civilization; and upon the citizen, to debase him morally and intellectually. Such is not the lesson taught by history, either sacred or profane, nor the experience of the past or present.

To the Hebrew race were committed the oracles of the Most High; slaveholding priests administered at His altar, and slaveholding prophets and patriarchs received His revelations, and taught them to their own, and transmitted them to all future generations of men. The highest forms of ancient civilization, and the noblest development of the individual man, are to be found in the ancient slaveholding commonwealths of Greece and Rome. In eloquence, in rhetoric, in poetry and painting, in architecture and sculpture, you must still go and search amid the wreck and ruins of their genius for the "pride of every model and the perfection of every master," and the language and literature of both, stamped with immortality, passes on to mingle

itself with the thought and the speech of all lands and all centuries. Time will not allow me to multiply illustrations. That domestic slavery neither enfeebles nor deteriorates our race; that it is not inconsistent with the highest advancement of man and society, is the lesson taught by all ancient and confirmed by all modern history. Its effects in strengthening the attachment of the dominant race to liberty, was eloquently expressed by Mr. Burke, the most accomplished and philosophical statesman England ever produced. In his speech on conciliation with America, he uses the following strong language: "Where this is the case, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so, and these people of the Southern colonies are much more strongly, and with a higher and much more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient commonwealths, such were our Gothic ancestors, and such in our day were the Poles; such will be all masters of slaves who are not slaves themselves. In such a people the haughtiness of domination combines itself with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible."

ROBERT TOOMBS.

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## VETO OF INTERNATIONAL R. R. BILL.

**I**T is said that the people will not repudiate the bonds, if we will issue them—that they will pay them rather than bring dishonor on the State. In other words, that by a species of legerdemain the representatives of the people should place their constituents in a position where *volens volens*—right or wrong—they would be compelled to pay in order to save the honor of the State.

In the first place, I do not believe that any action we can take will control the determination of the people on this subject; and, in the next, have no hesitation in saying that in a representative government such an argument should find no ad-

vocates. It is precisely on this process of reasoning that this company sought, and the Twelfth Legislature granted the original subsidy; that mountains of debt have been piled on all the States of the South since 1865;—that the monstrous frauds on the State and National Government have been perpetrated during the past decade; that “rings” and powerful combinations composed of men of great wealth and political influence, by the liberal use of money and other means in the manufacture of a factitious pressure of a false clamor, of an unreal and fraudulent public sentiment for the occasion, have controlled governments and representatives against the will and interest of the people. It is on this argument, aided by the benefits and blandishments which the power of capital can control, that governments in these latter days are diverted from legitimate channels, seduced from their allegiance to the people, and subordinated to the interests of rings, jobbers, and plunderers.

While the great importance of settling this question is admitted, I deem it of infinitely greater moment that it be established beyond question that the people of Texas can and will control their government against all such influences. The agencies which for weeks past have beleaguered this Capitol like an investing army, in the interest of the International Railroad Company, are not those of the tax-paying people of Texas. Let us not mistake their clamor for the voice of our constituents. If these influences are once seated in power in Texas no man can tell if ever they will be dislodged, and a debauched government and plundered people will be the inevitable results. Influences like these once revelled in power in the lobbies of this Capitol, and the people trembled for consequences they were powerless to avert. The corruptions of that time are still fresh in our memories. The sewers of a plague-stricken city are not more unclean than were the channels through which the legislation of the country flowed. The brood of troubles hatched out during that period of corrupt lobby domination still vex and oppress the people; and to-day we are dealing with the chief among them. I ask that we draw upon our bitter experience of that period for wisdom to guide us to-day, and that we per-

mit no influence, no clamor, no combination, no cunningly wrought delusion on the subject of State credit, and no coalition of individual and local with corporation interests, either to seduce or drive us into a measure which, if executed, will sorely oppress the general mass of the people, and, if successfully resisted, will cover the State with the disgrace of repudiation.

RICHARD COKE.

RICHARD COKE was born in Virginia, March 13, 1829, and was educated at William and Mary College. After studying law he emigrated to Texas in 1850; was elected Judge of Supreme Court of that State in 1866, but was removed next year by General Sheridan as "an impediment to Reconstruction." In 1873 he was elected Governor of Texas, and re-elected in 1876, resigning in 1877 to take his seat in the U. S. Senate.

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### THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION THE ONLY SURE BASIS FOR CIVIL FREEDOM.

**A** PURE Christian religion, the religion of the Bible, is the only secure basis for civil freedom. No republics except those founded on the Bible have ever sought to raise the masses from ignorance. In truth, every nation in the world at all conspicuous, taking a prominent part in commerce or enterprise, is professedly Christian. Within Christendom may be found all that is valuable in art, or science, or civilization. Christianity is the moral force of the universe, almost miraculous in its achievements; and this beneficent, ameliorating, civilizing power, this grand instrument of the world's progress, is inseparable from the Bible. A godless nation cannot be permanently free; but when God's rights are allowed, man's very soon follow. France, in trying to copy our example, failed to comprehend the religious substratum. Deluded by its vain ideas, she set reason above God, built temples to its worship, and caused the Bible to be burned by the common hangman. She abolished the Sabbath, decreed death an eternal sleep, rebelled against heaven,—and went down in a sea of blood. The republic, drunk with crime and infamy, staggered and reeled, and fell into the arms of mili-

tary despotism. The infidel encyclopedists were the harbingers of Napoleon, crying in the blood-red streets of Paris, *Prepare ye the way for a despot!* As there was no love for the Bible, nor reverence for God, the people were necessarily incapable of a free government.

J. L. M. CURRY.

### TINTORETTO'S LAST PAINTING.

**O** BITTER, bitter truth ! I see it now,  
 Heightening the lofty calmness of her face,  
 Until it seems transfigured: On her brow  
 The gray mists settle. I begin to trace  
 The whitening circle round her lips; the fine  
 Curve of the nostril pinches, . . . ah, the sign  
 Indubitable ! I dare thrust aside  
 No longer what ye oft in vain have tried  
 To force upon my sight, that day by day  
 My Venice-lily drops her leaves away,  
 While I have seen no fading,—I, who should  
 Have known it earliest.

Only thirty years  
 For this unfolding flush of womanhood  
 To fruiten into ripeness: O, if tears  
 Could bribe, how soon my harvested fourscore  
 Should take the thirty's place! For I have had  
 Life's large in-gathering, and I crave no more.  
 But she, . . . she just begins to taste how glad  
 The mellow clusters are,—when see!—the woe!  
 One blast of mortal ravage, and here lies  
 Before my startled eyes,  
 The laden vine, uprooted at a blow.



My *Paradiso*\* does not hold a face  
 That is not richer through my darling's gift:  
 One angel has the hushed, adoring lift  
 Of her arched lids; another wears the grace  
 That dimples round her flexile mouth; and one  
 —The nearest to The Mother and her Son—  
 Borrows the tawny glory of her hair:  
 And yet,—how strange!—as full and perfect whole,  
 Her form, her features, all the breathing soul  
 Of her, I have not pictured elsewhere.

Tommàso, bring my colors hither: Haste!  
 We have no time to waste.  
 Draw back the curtain; in the fairest light  
 Set forth my easel,—I am blind to-night,  
 Blind through my weeping. But I must not lose  
 Even the shadow's shadow. Now they prop  
 Her for the breeze: There! just as I would choose;  
 They smooth the pillows. Dear Ottavia, drop  
 Your Persian scarf across her couch, that so  
 Its wine-red flecks may interfuse the cold  
 Blanch of the linen's deadened snow.

Nay,—hold!  
 Give her no hint; forbear to let her know  
 That the old doting father fain would snatch  
 This phantom from death's grip. My child! my child!  
 My inmost soul rebels, unreconciled!  
 Heart sinks, hand palsies, while I strive to match  
 Such beatific loveliness with blot  
 Of earthly color. All my tints but seem  
 Ashen and muddy to reflect the gleam  
 Of those celestial eyes fast-fixed on what  
 Spirits alone can see. Ah! now,—she smiles—

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\* Tintoretto's masterpiece.

Look on my canvas: if the wish beguiles  
Not judgment, I have caught a glimmer here  
Of the old shine that used to flash so clear  
    Across our evening circle,—like the last  
Long sunset ray aslant our gray lagunes,  
    When she would lean, with Veronese anear,  
Beside the sill, and listen to the tunes  
    Of gondoliers who' neath our windows passed.  
Now softly bid Ottavia loosen out  
    Her golden thriddled hair; and bring a rose  
    From yonder vase, and let her fingers close,  
    —Poor, fragile fingers!—the green stem about.

Yea,—so! But all is blurred through rush of tears:  
    Only the vanished, mocking long ago,  
Frescoed with memories of her happy years,  
    Betwixt me and the canvas seems to glow.

    And now,—and now!  
Her hair rays off,—an aureole round her brow:  
And see! Tommàso, see! I understand  
Not what I do: for, in her slackening hand,  
I've put a palm-branch where I meant the rose  
    Should drop its spark of warmth the whiteness o'er;  
How wan she looks! Surely the pallor grows,—  
    Nay, push the easel back, . . . I can no more!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

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## THE CENTENNIAL OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

**S**HOULD any friend of this measure ask whether I favor a celebration of the Declaration of American Independence, I tell him yes; but the celebration I desire to see and for the world to witness is far different from the one he is seeking to provide. He would diligently search for what at best is a doubtful power, and exercise it to get at the public Treasury.

He would lay his hands on the money of forty million people without instructions as to how they wish the celebration conducted, and hand it over to a private corporation to be used and spent as a few privileged members may see fit. He would deliver over \$1,500,000 of the public money to be spent for one reading of the Declaration of Independence and one oration at one spot. He would tax the people of Georgia \$45,000 to be spent in Philadelphia alone, for the benefit of the few, when not one in one hundred of the people of that State will be able to visit the scene where their money had already been taken to provide a vicarious demonstration in Philadelphia. He would substitute a purchased ceremony for a heartfelt patriotic outburst. He would set the example of the Government assuming control of the celebration of the Fourth of July, and discourage the accustomed annual celebration by the people.

Such is not my idea of what the scene should be on that memorable day. I would have it a simultaneous movement of forty million people along the continent. It should begin as the gray dawn first lights up the cliffs of Maine, and rise and roll with the sun in deafening shout, until his parting smile, as if in sorrow at leaving a scene so happy, saddens and fades into the gloom of night. As the lark watching for the purpling East springs from its nest with merry note; as the mocking-bird rises on buoyant wing and joyously revels in the melody of its own song; so would I hear the children of this land, the future mothers and statesmen of America, as they rise on that morning, pour out their hearts in one universal carol. The husbandman should leave the field, the mechanic his bench, the lawyer his brief, the clergyman his study, the furnace and spindle hush their hum and clang, and busy commerce furl her sails. If American oratory has not lost its spell; if its silver tongue has not been enchanted into silence by the golden wand, the inspiration of the day and theme should kindle every habitable grove with burning words. "Not in Jerusalem, nor in this mountain"; not in Philadelphia, nor alone in Independence Hall, but wherever the flag of our country is given to the

breeze, should Americans do honor to the day that ushered into being the infant Messiah of nations. Beneath our feet in the Celestial Empire, in the islands of all the seas, before the face of kings, the scattered sentinels and disciples of freedom on that day should testify their faith by fitting sacrifice.

Let this celebration be grander in moral sublimity than the celebration of the Greeks on the banks of the classic Alpheus, where those who were lately foes met as friends and their wrongs were forgotten. Let it be more joyous than the song and dance of the Jewish hosts on the banks of the Red Sea. Let it be freer than the jubilees of Israel and prouder than the proudest triumphal march of Roman Emperor. Thus, and only thus, can we give a fitting testimony to mankind of our joy over the declaration of our right to be free and of our admiration and love for the heroes by whose sacrificial blood our freedom was secured and constitutional government established and maintained.

T. M. NORWOOD.

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### THE SENTIMENTS OF THE SOUTH IN 1860.

THE South never has "calculated," and never will "calculate," the value of the Union. Without a trace of mercenary feeling in her nature, without counting its advantages or disadvantages, she clings to it with filial affection as a thing to be revered, and too sacred for traffic or speculation. We are well aware that, by enormous concessions of territory, and by acquiescing in a system of unequal taxation, we have contributed a large excess over our quota to the common stock; but we find our compensation in the development and prosperity of our common country. Whatever concerns it, or any part of it, interests us, and we have ever been willing to make any sacrifice short of a constitutional right. With this sentiment for the country and for the Union deeply rooted in the South, we contemplate a dissolution as men contemplate the extinction of their long-cherished and fondest hopes.

But when our Northern brethren ask us to surrender slavery and its natural extension in territories adapted to its growth, they ask in the spirit of a footpad who demands your purse with a pistol at your breast. When they interfere with it by the law-making power, they exercise a function that finds no warrant in the Constitution. When they attempt, as they have attempted, to arm our slaves against us, and instigate a powerful and contented people to the commission of crimes, *they* sever the bonds of Union, and drive us to seek shelter and safety under a separate and distinct government. We separated from England for the mere assertion of a right which she was willing to qualify or surrender, and which had never occasioned any actual evil. When we leave the present Union, we shall leave it to preserve our property from spoliation, our homesteads from rapine and murder. We shall stand justified in our own conscience and before mankind; justified as every people stand justified in history, who, having patiently endured injustice for the sake of peace, finally draw the sword for the sake of independence. We shall quit the Union, be that day of sorrow early or late, as loyal to its covenants as when first our fathers formed it, loving and regretting it to the last; glorying in its early traditions and mourning its sudden fall, ever mindful of the patriot friends at the North who have co-operated with us to maintain it, and reserving for them the places of honor around our altars and firesides;—but with the resolution, inflexible as destiny, to defend our rights in their whole extent, or perish with them!

J. F. H. CLAIBORNE.

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### LET US WORK FOR THE FUTURE.

THE statesman should remember that while he is mortal, the State is immortal. Nothing is worthy to be dignified by the name of statesmanship which simply rattles the dry bones of the dead past, or is bounded by the living present. True statesmanship contemplates the whole line of years that

underlie the immortal existence of the State. In laying the foundation of a great cathedral, the architect considers the interests of unborn generations who shall enter its sacred courts to worship. Thus the Cathedral of Cologne, began in the twelfth century, is not yet completed. When its foundations were laid, it was well known that none present at the laying of the corner-stone would ever see raised its buttressed walls. They worked for the future. So it may be that we are but laying the foundations of the great educational structure which future times will complete. But because we are not to see its towers and turrets courting the clouds, are we to refuse to work on the foundation? The three million revolutionary sires and matrons fought the battles that bequeathed to their posterity the blessings of freedom. Little did they enjoy, in the unbroken wilderness, to compensate them for the privations they suffered. If it could be proven (and it cannot) that we are not getting the worth of our money, we are making an outlay that will increase the advantages of those who shall succeed us. And if future generations should have occasion to bless us for having provided for their interest in advance by a wise forecasting, then we may be sure, by anticipation, that we have made no mistake by contemplating a line of years stretching beyond our own immediate lives and selfish concerns.

H. A. M. HENDERSON.

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### AMMONS VS. ARNOLD;

#### AN ACTION FOR SLANDER.

**G**ENTLEMEN of the Jury: To compress within the compass of a brief argument a case like this, in which the points are so many and the mass of testimony so vast, is exceedingly difficult. But I know that after your session of five days in the trial of this cause you must be weary, and therefore I promise you as much brevity as clearness and duty to my client will allow.

And, first of all, I will say to you that counsel for the defendant have evaded—perhaps wisely—the real issue in the case. I will recur to it at the proper time, and face the facts upon which my client's case must stand or fall.

From lawful action of the plaintiff—action commanded by reason, humanity, civilization, the laws of his country, and his duty as a good citizen—they have sought to draw an inference adverse to the truth of his cause. Because, when charged with theft, he did not fell the slanderer to the earth—because he did not, then and there, take the law into his own hands and seek reparation in the infliction of punishment on the body of the defendant—because he did not violate the laws of his country by the commission of an assault and battery, or worse—they argue thence his guilt and the truth of the charge. Heavens, this is a court of justice! Are we savages? Is it possible that under the ægis of the Constitution, within the sacred precincts of a court of our country, before men sworn to decide according to law and evidence, beneath the full blaze of the civilization of the nineteenth century, the conclusion of guilt can be drawn from obedience to law? Such enormous doctrines would overthrow the foundations of all government, and tear down the fair fabric of civilization itself—would forever banish peace and order from the land, and call in anarchy and violence—would whet the knife of the assassin, crown the bowl of the poisoner, and fill every nostril with the hot steam of human gore.

No, gentlemen, the Constitution, the laws of the land, say that the plaintiff shall appeal to your just and equal judgment for his vindication. They gave this court, these jurors, his counsel compulsory process for the attendance of witnesses, and only the most honorable conclusions can be drawn from his manly obedience to law. He has made his appeal in peace to the laws for redress;—and shall he be driven hence with contumely and scorn because he has done so?

The opposing counsel have sought to envelop this cause in an atmosphere unworthy of its solemn character. They have tried to overwhelm it with the mire of vituperation and abuse;

have fed you on the slop and offal of distempered fancies; and have poured upon the plaintiff torrents of denunciation and the bitterest invectives. Let us, escaping, ascend the mount of reason, and feel the cool breezes that forever play around its summit.

We are not considering common things—the dross of life. We are considering reputation—the immortal part of us, priceless—more delicate, because its essence is more subtle than the tint of the rose that perfumes your pathway, or than the first streakings of the morning light that lace the eastern sky when—

“Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.”

It is the bloom of the soul—a principle that must blast and blacken in the regions of the damned, or shine in the starry courts of Heaven amid principalities and powers, cherubim and seraphim, throughout ten thousand ages.

Never has a cause been submitted to a jury of this county in which the consequences involved, the public interest excited, the manifold emotions evoked, would so inflame the imagination of the orator—if he were here. I know my incompetence. I know that the God of nature hath denied me the faculty, the power of utterance, to stir men’s souls. Those flashing bolts of thought which crush and consume are not mine to launch. But while I have not the gift of expression, it is mine *to feel* in the highest degree all the inspirations of this momentous occasion. At such a time and in such a cause as this, if I were granted even a humble tithe of the glorious utterance of “Harry of the West,” or of that distinguished man, your former fellow-citizen, whose history is inseparably interwoven with yours,—I might, under this exaltation of the soul, with these electric thrills of sympathy pouring into my heart from this great audience praying for my client’s happy deliverance, overleap the barriers that hedge the spirit in, and, horsed on the fiery coursers of the imagination, might sail upon the bosom of the clouds, or ride upon the wings of the wind.

D. C. ALLEN.



## THE CAUSE OF STATE LOYALTY AT THE SOUTH.

**W**HILE we who are the vanquished in this battle must of necessity leave to a calmer and wiser posterity to judge of the intrinsic worth of that struggle, as it bears upon the principles of constitutional liberty, and as it must affect the future history of the American people, there is one duty not only possible but imperative; a duty which we owe alike to the living and to the dead; and that is the preservation in perpetual and tender remembrance of the lives of those who, to use a phrase scarcely too sacred for so unselfish a sacrifice, died in the hope that we might live.

Especially is this our duty, because in the South a choice between the parties and principles at issue was scarcely possible. From causes which it is exceedingly interesting to trace, but which I cannot now develop, the feeling of State loyalty had acquired throughout the South an almost fanatic intensity—particularly in the old Colonial States did this devotion to the State assume that blended character of affection and duty which gives in the old world such a chivalrous coloring to loyalty to the Crown. The existence of large hereditary estates, the transmission from generation to generation of social and political consideration, the institution of slavery, creating of the whole white race a privileged class, through whom the pride and power of its highest representatives were naturally diffused, all contributed to give a peculiarly personal and family feeling to the ordinary relation of citizen to the commonwealth. Federal honors were undervalued, and even Federal power was underrated, except as they were reflected back from the interests and prejudices of the State.

When, therefore, by the formal and constitutional act of the States, secession from the Federal Government was declared in 1860 and 1861, it is almost impossible for any one not familiar with the habits and thoughts of the South to understand how completely the question of duty was settled for Southern men.

Shrewd, practical men who had no faith in the result, old and eminent men who had grown gray in service under the national flag, had their doubts and their misgivings; but there was no hesitation as to what they were to do. Especially to that great body of men just coming into manhood, who were preparing to take their places as the thinkers and actors of the next generation, was this call of the State an imperative summons. The fathers and mothers who had reared them, the society whose traditions gave both refinement and assurance to their young ambition, the college in which the creed of Mr. Calhoun was the text-book of their political studies, the friends with whom they planned their future, the very land they loved, dear to them as thoughtless boys, dearer to them as thoughtful men, were all impersonate, living, speaking, commanding in the State of which they were children.

Never in the history of the world has there been a nobler response to a more thoroughly recognized duty: nowhere anything more truly glorious than this outburst of the youth and manhood of the South. And now that the end has come, and we have seen it, it seems to me, that to a man of humanity, I care not in what section his sympathies may have been nurtured, there never has been a sadder or sublimer spectacle than these earnest and devoted men, their young and vigorous columns marching through Richmond to the Potomac, like the combatants of ancient Rome, beneath the imperial throne in the amphitheatre, and exclaiming with uplifted arms, "*morituri te salutamus!*"

WILLIAM HENRY TRESCOT.

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### THE SOUTH FAITHFUL TO HER DUTIES.

I AM admonished not to tread on ground on which the smothered fires are not yet extinguished; but though I walk barefooted and blindfolded over burning ploughshares, in this I ought not to hesitate, for he who with a right heart bravely

treads the path of truth and duty has nothing to fear. Yes, Senators, duty more sacred than life commands me to ask on what field in the late ever-to-be-deplored war did the South betray anything but the highest qualities of the best of men? Where were the evidences of her decline and degeneracy? Ask your noble patriots who met her no less noble sons on a hundred ensanguined fields. Read the reports of your generals and all contemporaneous history, and you will look in vain for but one response. I will draw no contrasts between those brave armies, those true, devoted men on either side. I only wish their great struggle had been a united effort to expand the area of free institutions, to extend the light of American civilization, to enlarge and magnify all the beneficent influences of American liberty. While I shed tears over the loss of the gallant men of both armies, I rejoice in their common bravery, truth, fortitude, and splendid achievements, and still more in the fact that none but Americans could have resisted as we did, and that none but Americans could have persevered as you did; yet I but speak the simple truth before the world and before Heaven, when I declare that human history from the beginning has failed to furnish a brighter example of all the devoted qualities of soldiers' duty than was daily exhibited in the army of the South. I need not recall those who formed that glittering line of bayonets on Marye's burning hill; who met the red storm of blood and fire at Chancellorsville; who stepped like bridegrooms to a marriage-feast up the stony ridge at Gettysburg, and meeting death from foemen worthy of their steel, fell back like the sullen roar of broken waters. I need not recall those noble spirits who drew their expiring breath in the mortal trenches at Petersburg, or who bore their wasted forms and looked for the last time upon earth upon the bleak hills of Appomattox.

No, Senators, we are worthy to be your countrymen, worthy to be the patriot-brothers of your own ever-glorious and honored men who prevailed against us. Instead of carping, and criminating, and taunting, let us bury deep and forever every recollection of that war that does not revive the common honor,

and courage, and Christian humanity of the North, and the South, and the whole American people. If there be any cloud upon the arms of either, thank God there is glory enough for the arms of both, and that glory belongs to the American people. Are not the victories of Pompey and Cæsar the common renown of Rome? Are not the "red rose" and the "white rose" now intertwined in the crown of England's history? Is it indelicate for me to remind you that the noble Greeks, the Athenians and the Spartans, erected monuments of perishable wood to celebrate victories over their countrymen? They built them, for their triumphs over foreign foes, of enduring marble and brass. The brave Romans, whose conquering legions made the world their empire, never permitted a triumph to any victor in their civil wars. Those nations of antiquity would not perpetuate their own stripes. Shall this Christian Union be less magnanimous than the republics of the idolatrous ages?

The Southern States tender you their faithful support of the Government; they offer you their treasure in peace, their valor in war, their resolution to pay their part of the national debt, incurred for their coercion; they desire to extend to you the trust and affection of warm and loyal hearts, and for all this they give you the pledge of an honor that was never broken. What more can you wish? Will you refuse these proffered duties; will you repel these priceless offerings; will you insult this generous spirit? Will you treat with incredulity and disdain these honorable conciliations? Will you return for them alienation, taunt, and mockery? Or will you receive them with just confidence, with reciprocal affection, with unreserved patriotism? What more do you desire? Do you hope to see us descend to self-abasement and self-degradation? Do you expect us to dishonor our history, to deny our convictions, to humble and debase our manhood, to forget our duty, and to cover our names with inextinguishable shame, by false, cowardly, servile pretences, and professions that would shock every sentiment of truth in our bosoms? Let me tell you, Senators, this can never, never be! These proud States will not come on bended knees and bow their majestic forms on the steps of this

Capitol, mortified, humiliated, prostrated in the dust. Better, a thousand times better, that the stars on the flag of the Republic which bear the names of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, be blotted out forever, like the lost Pleiad, from the constellation, than become pale and feeble satellites to represent dishonored and degraded sisters!

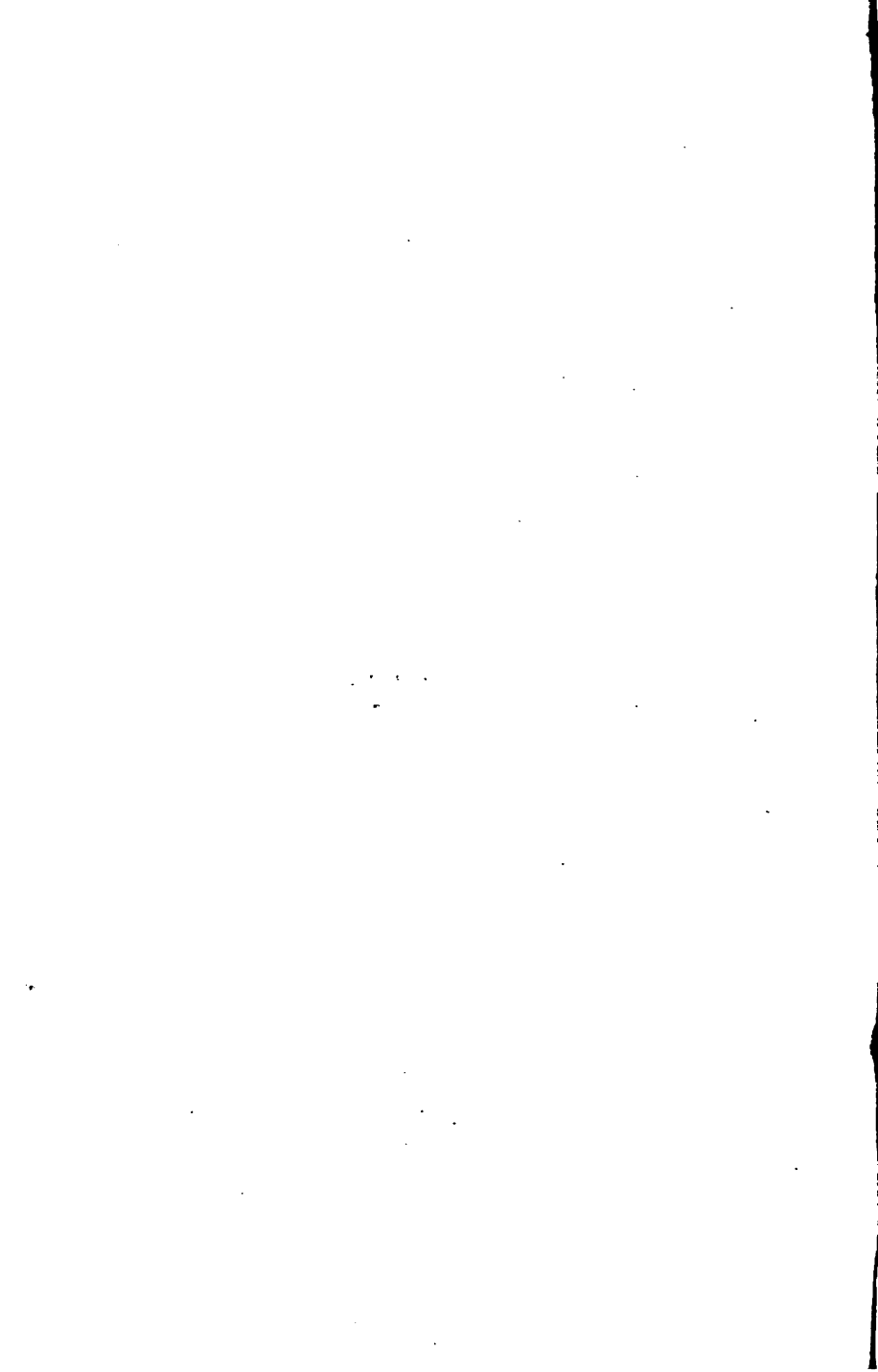
MATT. W. RANSOM.

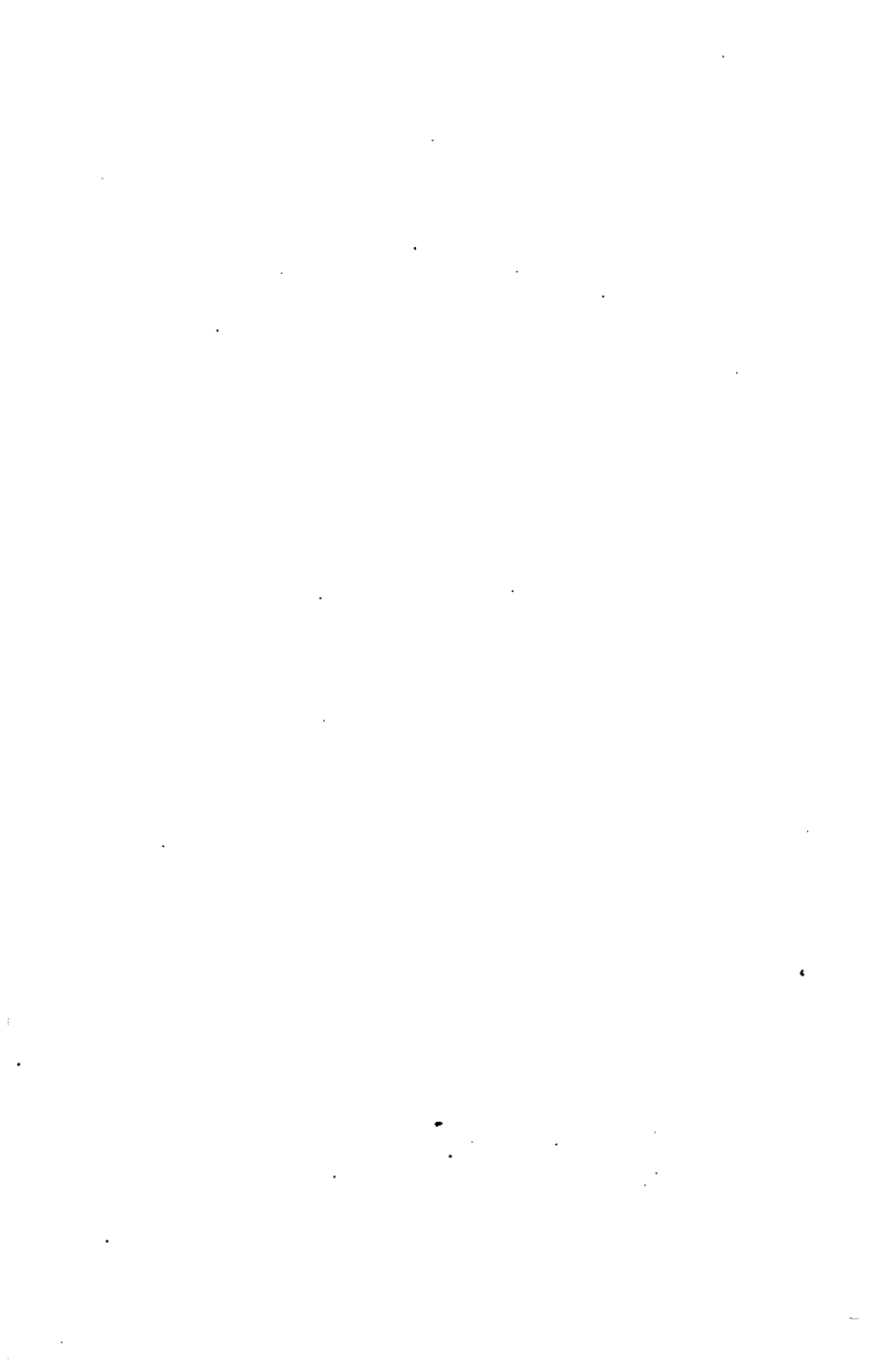
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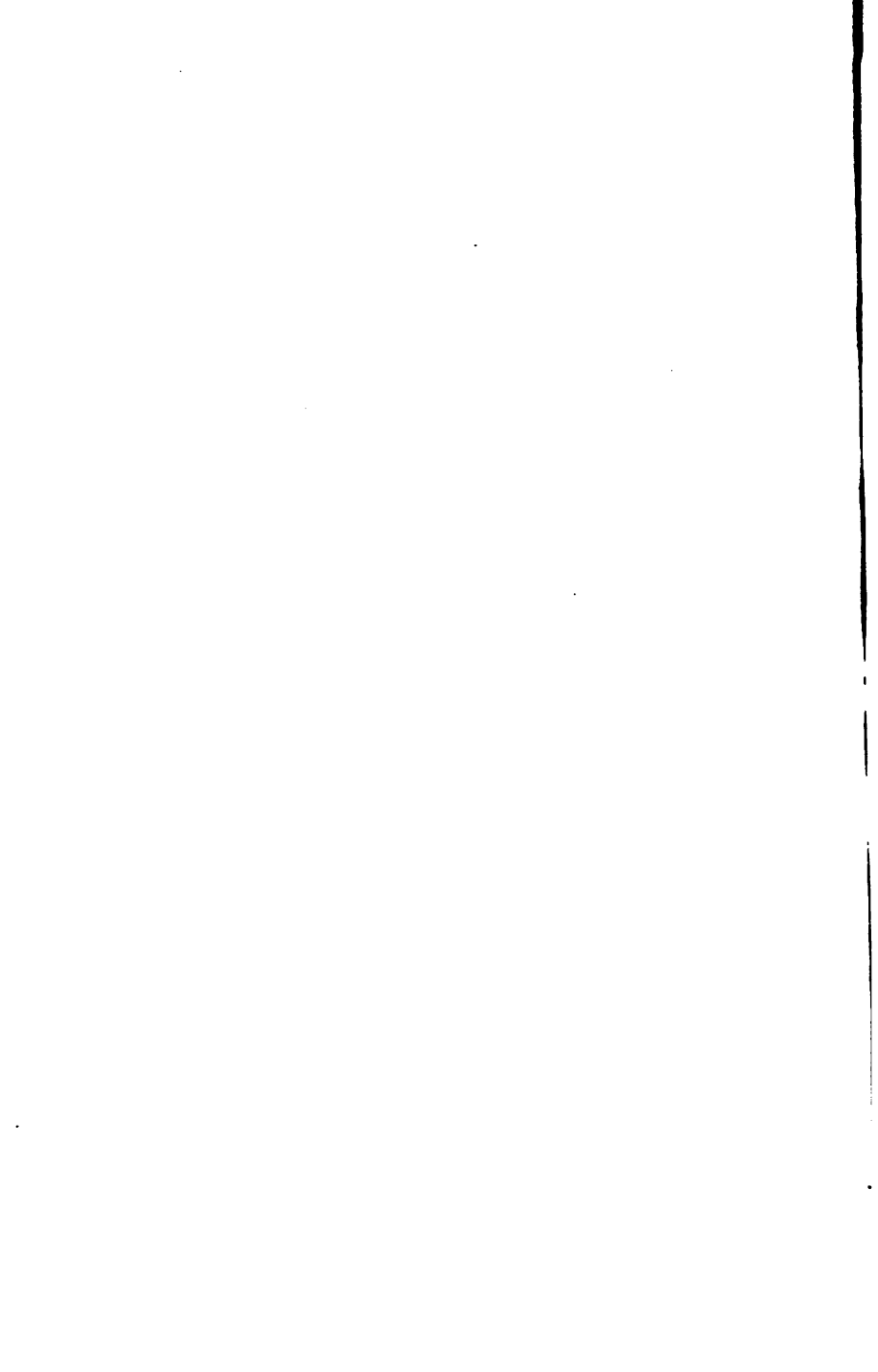
### THE MOCKING-BIRD IN THE JASMINE VINE.

OF all the woodland flowers of earlier Spring,  
 These golden jasmynes, each an air-hung bower,  
 Meet for the Queen of Fairies' tiring hour,  
 Seem loveliest and most fair in blossoming;—  
 How yonder mock-bird thrills his fervid wing  
 And long, lithe throat, where twinkling flower on flower  
 Rains the globed dewdrops down, a diamond shower,  
 O'er his brown head, poised as in act to sing;—  
 Lo! the swift sunshine floods the flowery urns,  
 Girding their delicate gold with matchless light,  
 Till the blent life of bough, leaf, blossom, burns;  
 Then, then outbursts the mock-bird clear and loud,  
 Half-drunk with perfume, veiled by radiance bright,—  
 A star of music in a fiery cloud!

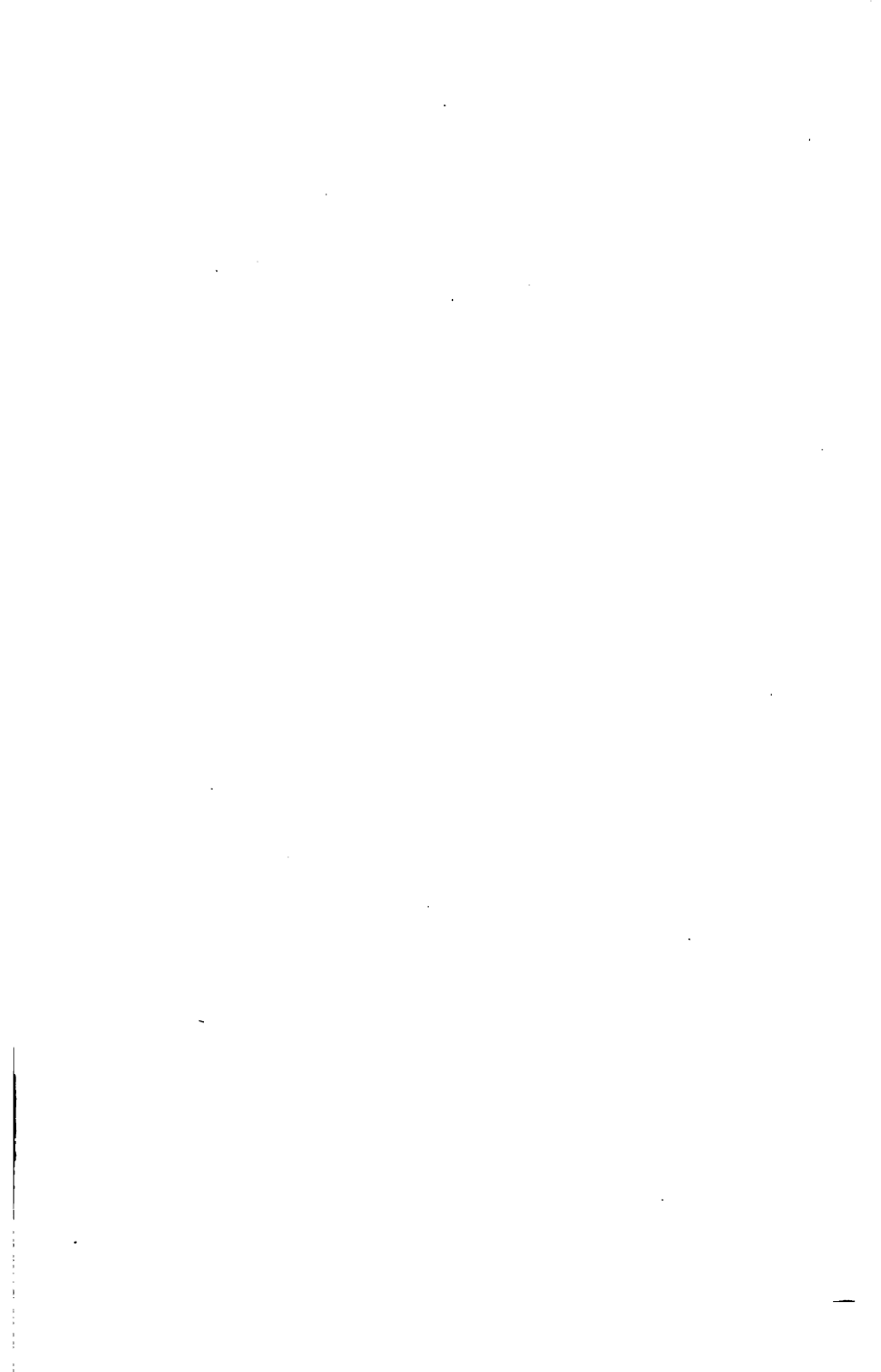
PAUL H. HAYNE.

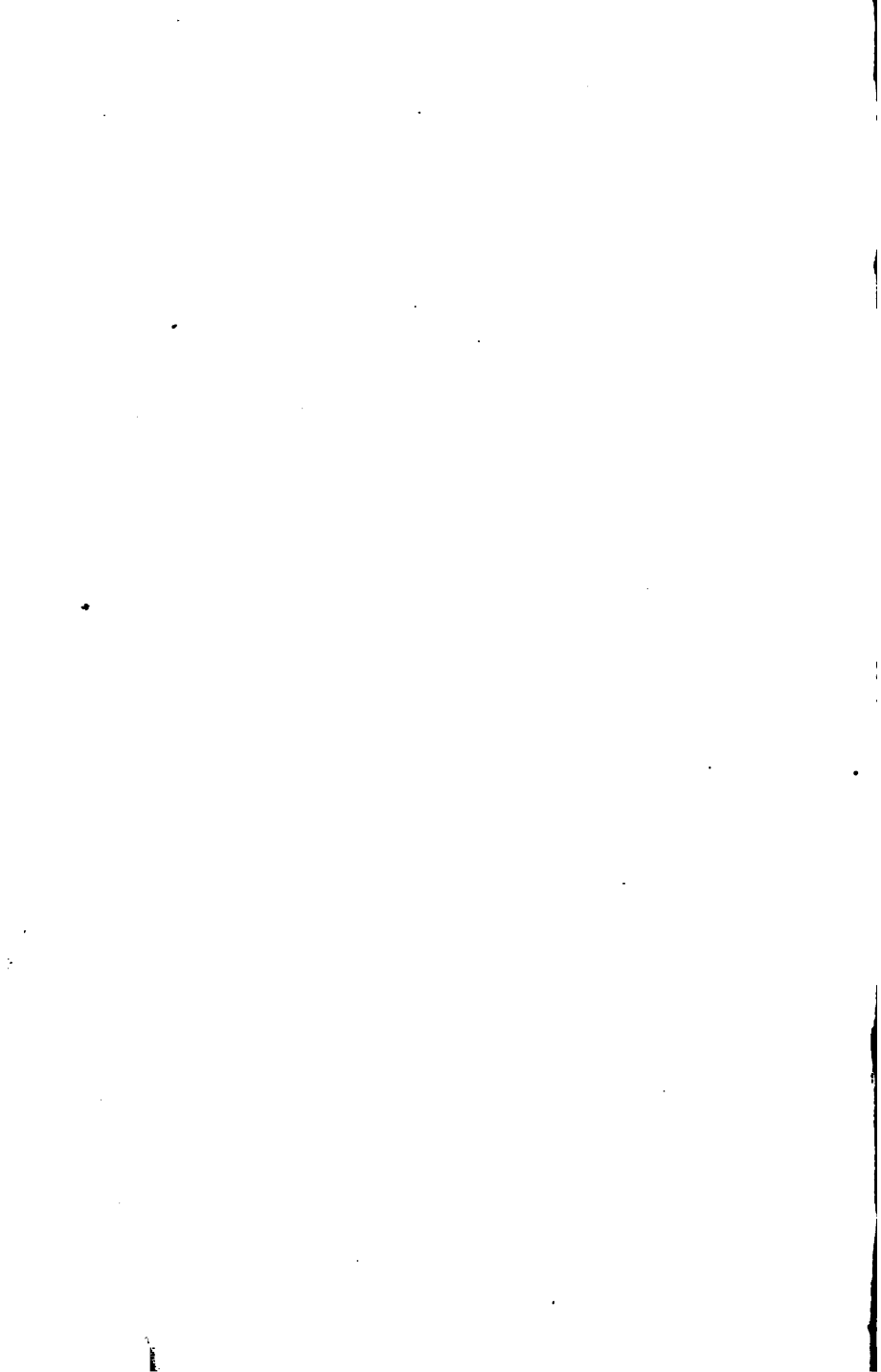


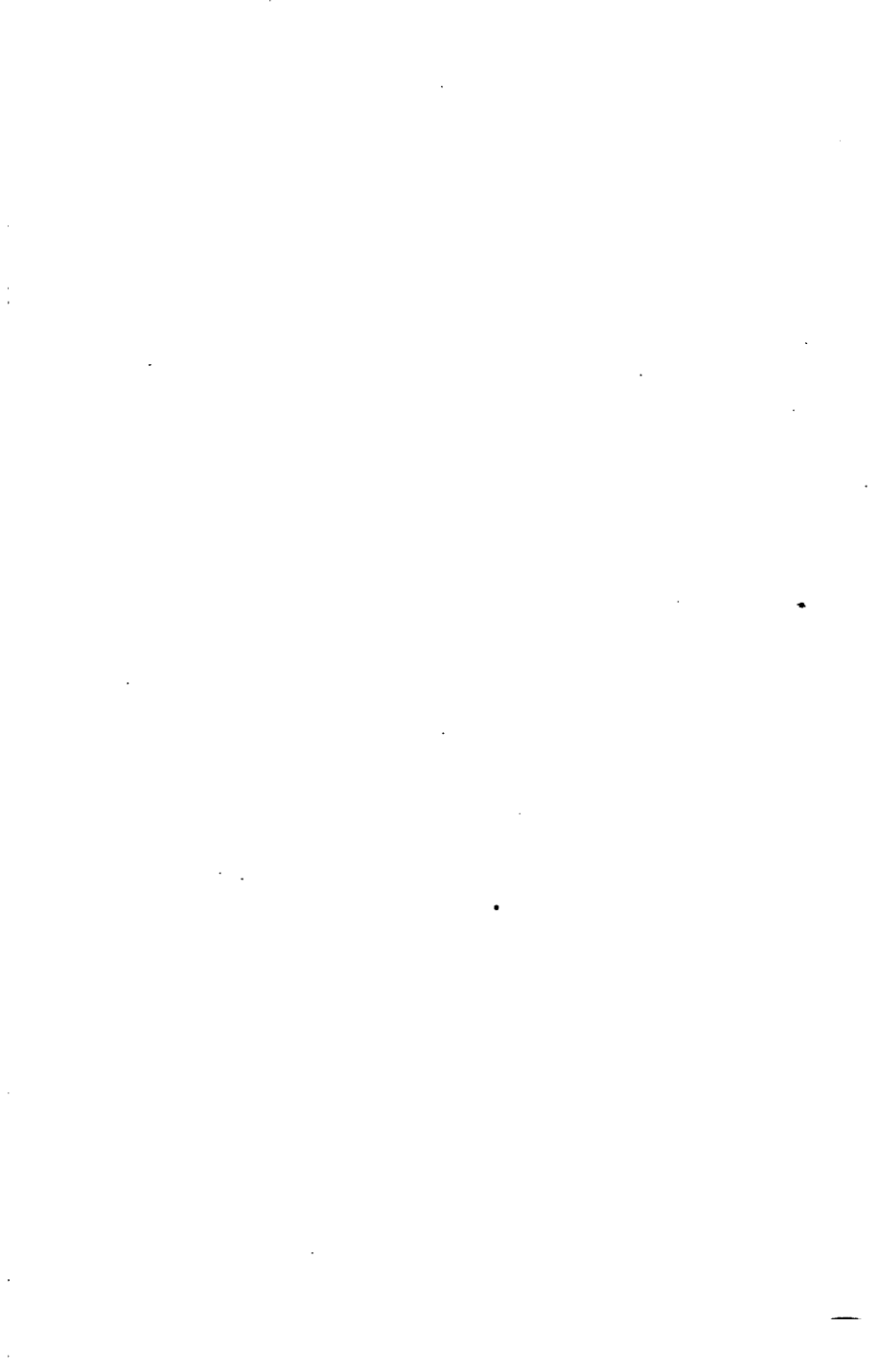


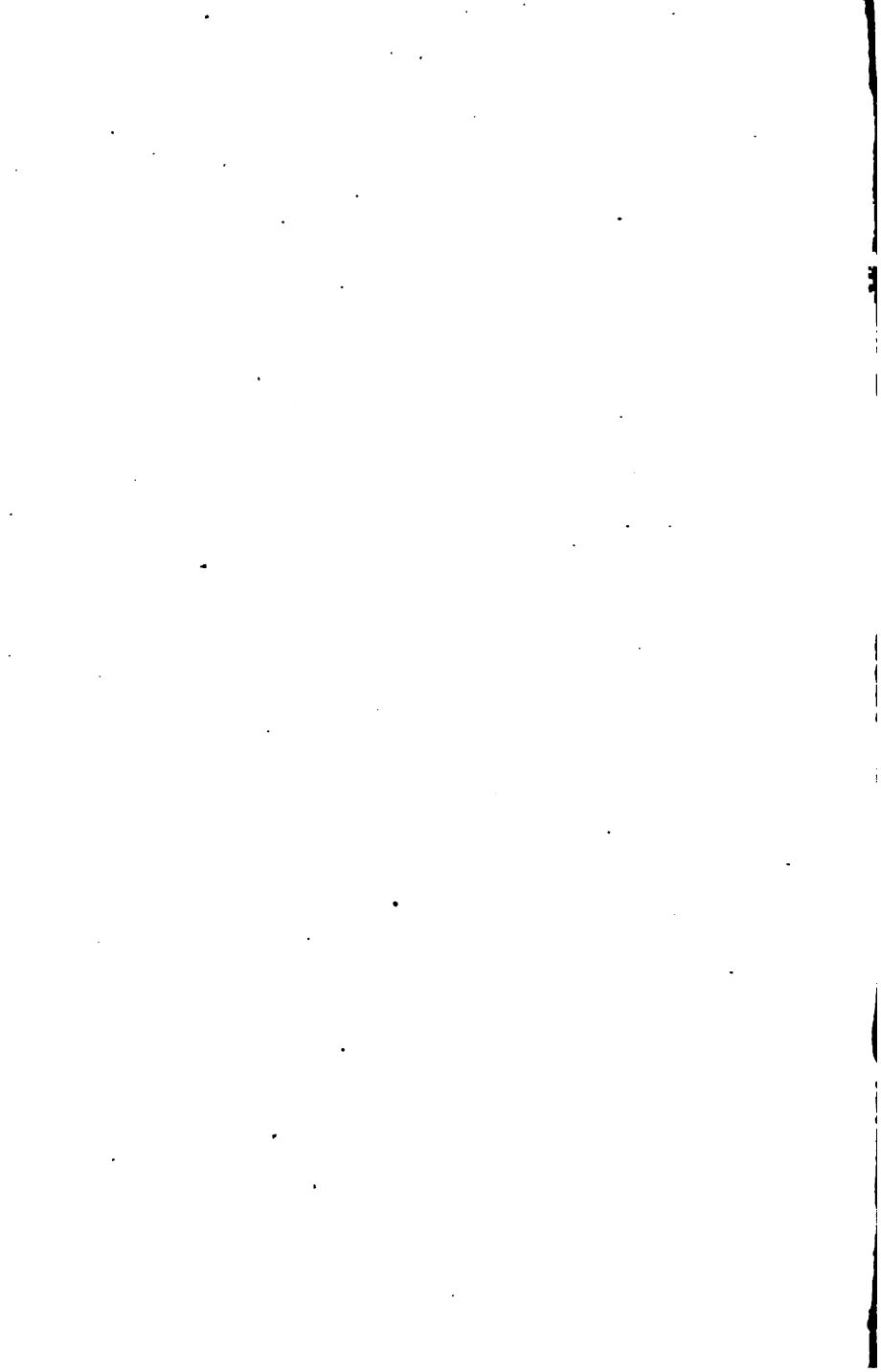












120

